★ Nov. 13, 1943

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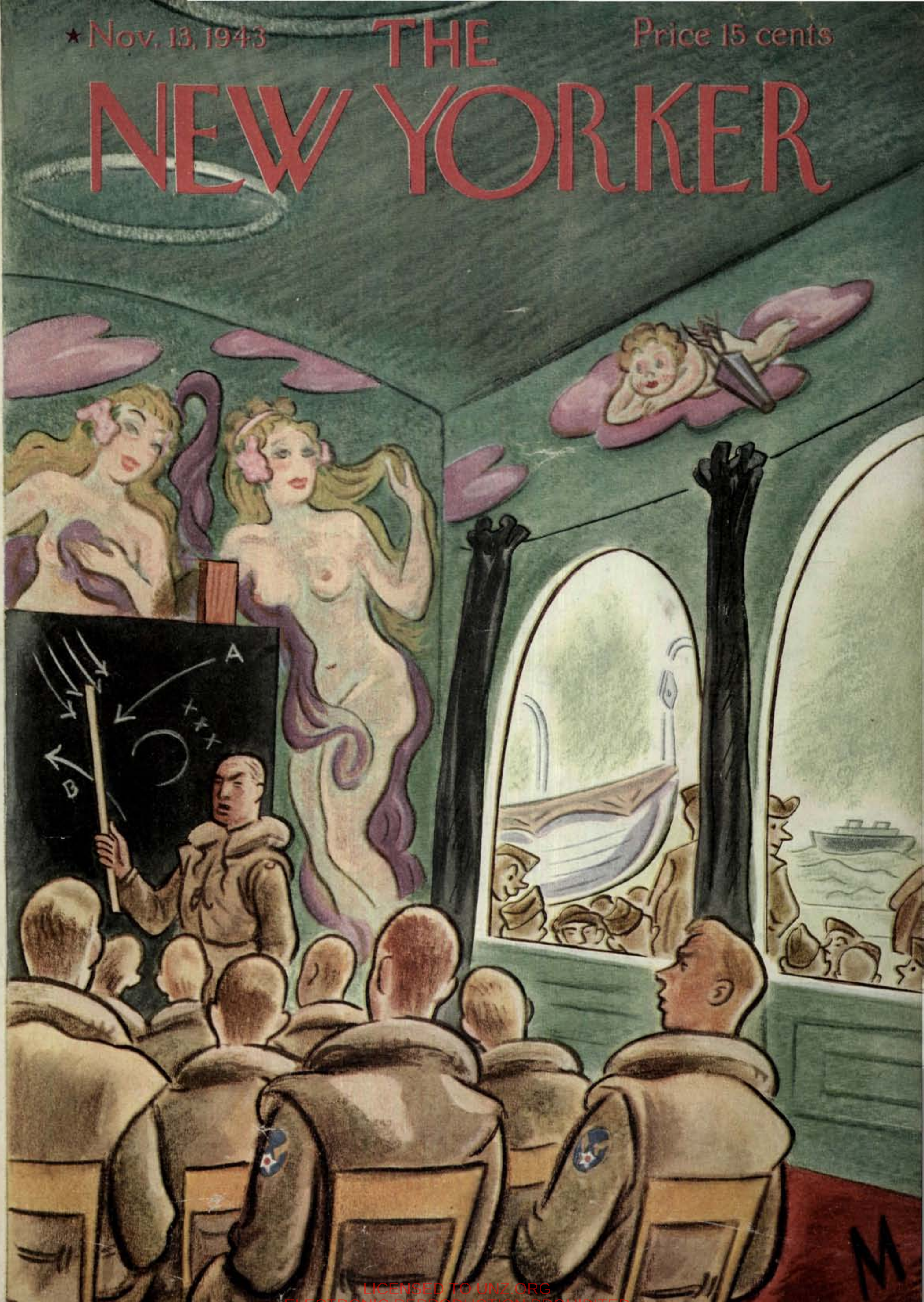
THE NEW YORKER



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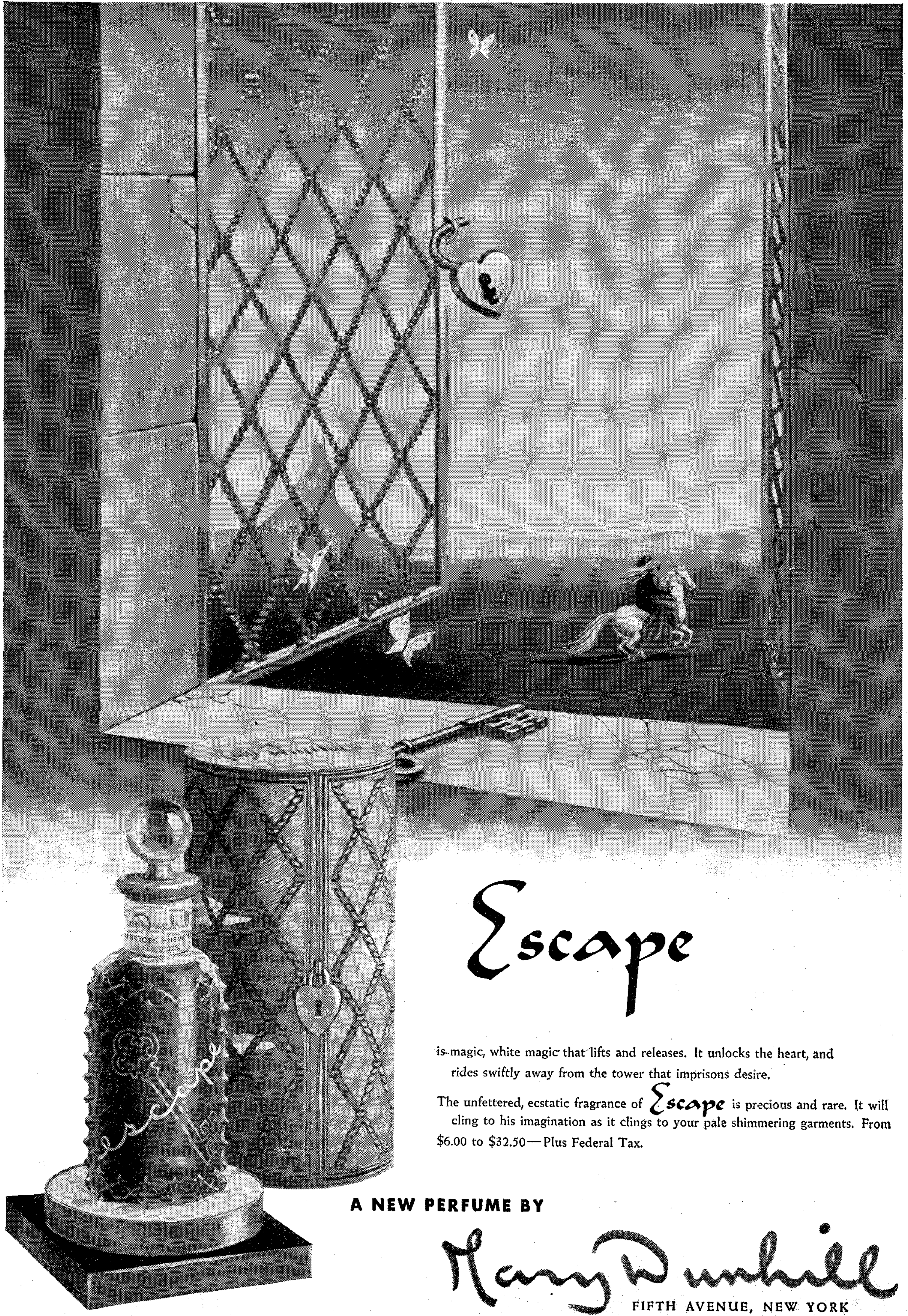

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Another Love Story—Not quite like the epigrams that Oscar used to make. Roland Young, Margaret Lindsay, and Arthur Margetson are among those in Frederick Lonsdale's insanely complicated comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Now in its third year, this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Joseph Fields' farce about present-day Washington seems to contain all the necessary ingredients. Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan are among the ladies who upset the government. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very interesting woman. Helen Hayes, however, is magnificent. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—A mild comedy, of interest largely to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. The pleasant, competent cast is headed by Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 11, at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Manhattan Nocturne—Dignified but misguided attempt to write a play about a tired novelist and a virtuous prostitute. Eddie Dowling heads the cast. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Naked Genius—A comedy, dealing vaguely with the life of Gypsy Rose Lee, with some grace notes by George S. Kaufman. Pretty silly and tiresome. With Joan Blondell. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A New Life—Elmer Rice's rather disappointing study, with abundant obstetrical details, of a mother's struggle to save her child from its plutocratic grandparents. Produced by the Playwrights' Company, with Betty Field, George Lambert, and Ann Thomas. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:45. Closes Sat., Nov. 13.)

Othello—Margaret Webster and the Theatre Guild are responsible for this majestic revival. Paul Robeson is very impressive as a Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Outrageous Fortune—Rose Franken tries to deal simultaneously with homosexuality and intolerance but hasn't a great deal to say about either. A fine cast includes Elsie Ferguson, Maria Ouspenskaya, Margalo Gillmore, and Frederic Tozere. (48th Street, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—A simple-minded, sometimes funny piece about pregnant ladies and the current housing shortage. With Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—What to do when you have a little Nazi in your home. An honest, if not always credible, attempt to solve a difficult postwar problem. With Skippy Homeier, Ralph Bellamy, and Shirley Booth. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—The main attraction of this melodrama is Elisabeth Bergner, who puts in a sound, workmanlike evening. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

I'll Take the High Road—A comedy by Lucille Prumbs, with Jeanne Cagney and Len Doyle. Staged by Sanford Meisner and produced by Clifford Hayman and Milton Berle. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 11, at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Artists and Models—A very expensive collection of rubbish, somewhat redeemed by the singing of Jane Froman. Marty May, Jackie Gleason, and Collette Lyons are among the unfortunate comics in it. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Early to Bed—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and just about as elementary as it sounds. The cast includes Muriel Angelus, Richard Kollmar, and Mary Small. Fats Waller wrote the music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laugh Time—Frank Fay, Bert Wheeler, and many others, including some excellent dogs, in a very satisfactory vaudeville show. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40, and Sun. at 2:15 and 5:30.)

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25 WEST 43RD STREET
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ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The Merry Widow—An earnest, expensive revival, with Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth, and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. The cast includes Betty Garde, Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—This Nash-Perelman-Weill comedy won't replace "Oklahoma!," but it is very pretty and engaging just the same. Mary Martin plays the statue who turns into a beautiful girl, and Kenny Baker, John Boles, Teddy Hart, and Paula Laurence are among those who admire her. Agnes De Mille's ballets are wonderful. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Rosalinda—A colorful adaptation of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Moves on Mon., Nov. 15, to the 46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 11, at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—How Ethel Merman won the war by learning to receive radio programs with her teeth. Cole Porter wrote the music for this big, good-natured show, which also contains Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Star and Garter—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it. Rowdy but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Milton Berle leads a large cast through this rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

What's Up—A musical comedy with Jimmy Savo and Gloria Warren. Staged by George Balanchine and produced by Mark Warnow. Opens Thurs., Nov. 11. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Innocent Voyage—A dramatization by Paul Osborn of Richard Hughes' novel, published here as "A High Wind in Jamaica." With Oscar Homolka, Herbert Berghof, and Clarence Derwent. Staged by Paul Osborn and produced by the Theatre Guild. Opens Mon., Nov. 15. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lady, Behave!—A comedy by Alfred L. Golden, with Pert Kelton, Jack Sheehan, and Carol Stone. Produced by High Bennett. Opens Tues., Nov. 16. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Connecticut Yankee—A modernized version of the old musical comedy based on Mark Twain's story. Herbert Fields, Richard Rodgers, and Lorenz Hart wrote it, and the cast includes Vivienne Segal, Dick Foran, and Julie Warren. Opens Wed., Nov. 17. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs., except Nov. 18, and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—Moss Hart's play about the United States Army Air Forces, with a cast of Army men and civilians. Staged and produced by Mr. Hart as an Army Emergency Relief Fund benefit. Opens Sat., Nov. 20. Benefit preview Fri., Nov. 19, at 8:15, for United Neighborhood Houses; for tickets, call LE 2-8635. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

MISCELLANY

Night of Stars—The annual benefit for the United Jewish Appeal, with entertainment by any number of Broadway stars and other celebrities: Tues., Nov. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)

Argentinita—With Pilar Lopez and her company: Sat. and Sun., Nov. 13-14, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

American Concert Ballet—George Balanchine directing a dance group in four new numbers: Sun., Nov. 14, at 3:30 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400, Ext. 46.)

Katherine Dunham—With her company in a program of primitive and jazz dances. (Martin Beck, 45,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:45. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:45. Closes Sun., Nov. 14.)

Ice Show—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40, and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mat. Thurs., Nov. 11, at 2:40.)

Children's Entertainment—The Children's Repertory Theatre presents "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs": Sat., Nov. 13 and 20, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has plenty of space for dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Ray Heatherton's orchestra, along with an ice revue, is in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—A fine place to hear good jazz. Hazel Scott, Mildred Bailey, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis, Sonny Kendis's orchestra, Frank Marti's samba band, and some strictly Manhattan palm trees.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The show here is not supplied by the management. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo Beach, 51 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—The only beach in the state that's comfortable this time of year. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, all done up in red, white, and blue, offers Fred and Elaine Barry and Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde holds forth in the Persian Room, and there is also Bob Grant's orchestra.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—The Oval Room has a small Continental orchestra that plays for dancing during the dinner hour.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room puts on an ice show at the supper hour, and Freddy Miller's orchestra is around all evening. . . . Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras play for dancing in the Maisonette.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—It's still the same old Stork Club. Russ Smith's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Ben Cutler's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's and Mischa Borr's orchestras play in the Wedgwood Room, where there is also a supper show that includes Frank Sinatra and Milada and Volkoff, the dancers. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a sequestered place, with Maxine Sullivan heading the show. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Mme. Claude Alphand is here to remind you of Paris. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): not quite a one-woman show, but almost. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): if you haven't been to "Oklahoma!," you can at least listen to Celeste Holm here. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music makes an agreeable background for the chatter. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a log fire, a view of the Park, and some unobtrusive music.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls, with Val Olman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band; Dwight Fiske turns up at the supper hour. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; George Morris's orchestra and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): this is not, like its namesake, out of bounds for servicemen; Danny Yates' orchestra. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and cheerful, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and some entertainment. . . . **RIOBAMBA,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): a big and rather noisy show; Mickey Alpert's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **CASABLANCA,** 161 E. 54 (EL 5-9592): you can get in and out of here without a passport; Ernie Holst's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Enric Madriguera's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **LINCOLN,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for folk songs by Richard Dyer-Bennett. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): big and lively, with not just one stage, but two, for the floor show. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): girls, acrobats, trained dogs, and Georgie Price. . . . **FOLIES BERGÈRE,** 232 W. 47 (CI 6-8020): Sally Rand's fan dance is the high spot of a semi-burlesque show; Chavez' rumba band. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco and many others in an all-Negro show; Don Redman's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Machito's rumba band and a show headed by Joey Faye—all in a tropical setting. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with a rumba band and some entertainment.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and Mary Lou Williams, folk songs by Josh White, and dances by Pearl Primus. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): an orchestra featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): you'll find Billie Holiday singing the blues here. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Art Tatum plays the piano, and there's also Ben Webster's orchestra. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Coleman Hawkins and the Clarence Profit Trio supply the music in this midtown saloon.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be open on Armistice Day, Nov. 11.)

Allied Artists of America—Oils, sculpture, water colors, and other works in the thirtieth annual exhibition sponsored by this group: New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. and Armistice Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 28.

Milton Avery—Recent water colors of American scenes: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., Nov. 15.

Eugene Berman—Recent oils with a mythological background: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Charles Burchfield—Eight new paintings, with the emphasis on forest and country scenes: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 20.

Marc Chagall—Recent oils and gouaches of American and Mexican subjects: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 27.

Cloisters, Fort Tryon Pk. at 190—Militant and protective saints, as shown in medieval sculpture and painting. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Drawings—The annual exhibition of work by masters from the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 27.

Arthur Ewart—Fresh interpretations of Mexican landscapes: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 13.

Lyonel Feininger—A retrospective showing of paintings, water colors, and drawings; also, oil portraits by Louise Nevelson: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays, except Armistice Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 20.

French—At the **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57: Erich Maria Remarque's collection of work by Cézanne, Degas, Delacroix, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 13. . . . **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: a painting apiece, some never before shown here, by twelve nineteenth-century masters—Cézanne, Corot, Courbet, Gauguin, etc. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 4.

William Glackens—The annual exhibition in the late artist's home, at 10 W. 9. Daily 2 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 5.

Groups—At the **NORLYST,** 59 W. 56: paintings by younger Americans, many of them new to New York. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 13. . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART,** 18 E. 57: small paintings by members of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 13. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: paintings by Leon Kroll, Maurice Sterne, Robert Brackman, and other Americans. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 27. . . . **FEIGL,** 601 Madison, at 57: a loan show of work by a dozen women painters from the seventeenth century to the present. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 20.

Gerrit Hondius—Metropolitan and circus scenes and landscapes of the New England coast: Marquie, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 20.

Paul Klee—Twenty-four oils painted between 1910 and 1939: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 12.

Käthe Kollwitz—Works in several mediums, done between 1890 and 1934: Galerie St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 4.

Jean Liberté—Expressionist oils and gouaches: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 27.

John Lonergan—Recent gouaches of Rockport, Maine: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 13.

John Marin—More about Maine: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 9.

Leo Michelson—A comprehensive exhibition of drawings and paintings in this Latvian artist's first show in New York: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Mon., Nov. 15.

Louis Monza—Primitive paintings by a New York house painter: Artists', 43 W. 55. Tues., 1 to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 22.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Battle drawings made on the spot by members of the Marine Corps (through Jan. 9); also, constructions, jewelry, toys, and drawings by Alexander Calder, in a retrospective showing of his work (through Jan. 16). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan exhibition of water colors, constructions, oils, and other works by such artists as Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, and Warner Phelps. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. and Armistice Day, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

B. J. O. Nordfeldt—Recent paintings, mostly of Southern scenes: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 12.

Madeline Pereny—Semi-abstract work by a Hungarian artist: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 27.

Philip Pieck—Oils by a Roman Catholic priest who is also an Expressionist: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 13.

Jackson Pollock—Paintings by an American abstractionist: Art of this Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 27.

Sculpture—Thirty bronzes by Renoir, Degas, and Matisse: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 13.

André Dunoyer de Segonzac—Oils and water colors done before the war: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 27.

Everett Shinn—Retrospective exhibition of paintings: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 27.

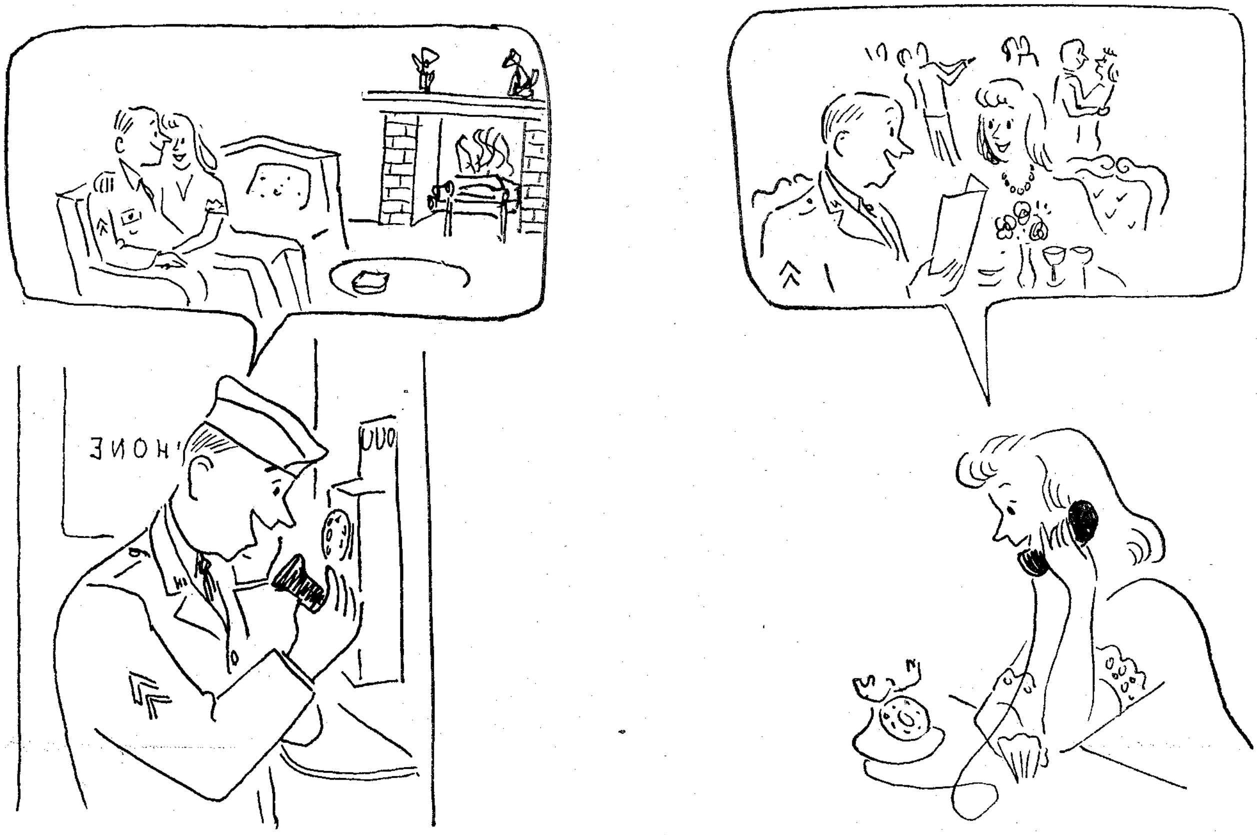
Joseph Stella—A retrospective show of paintings: A.C.A. 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 27.

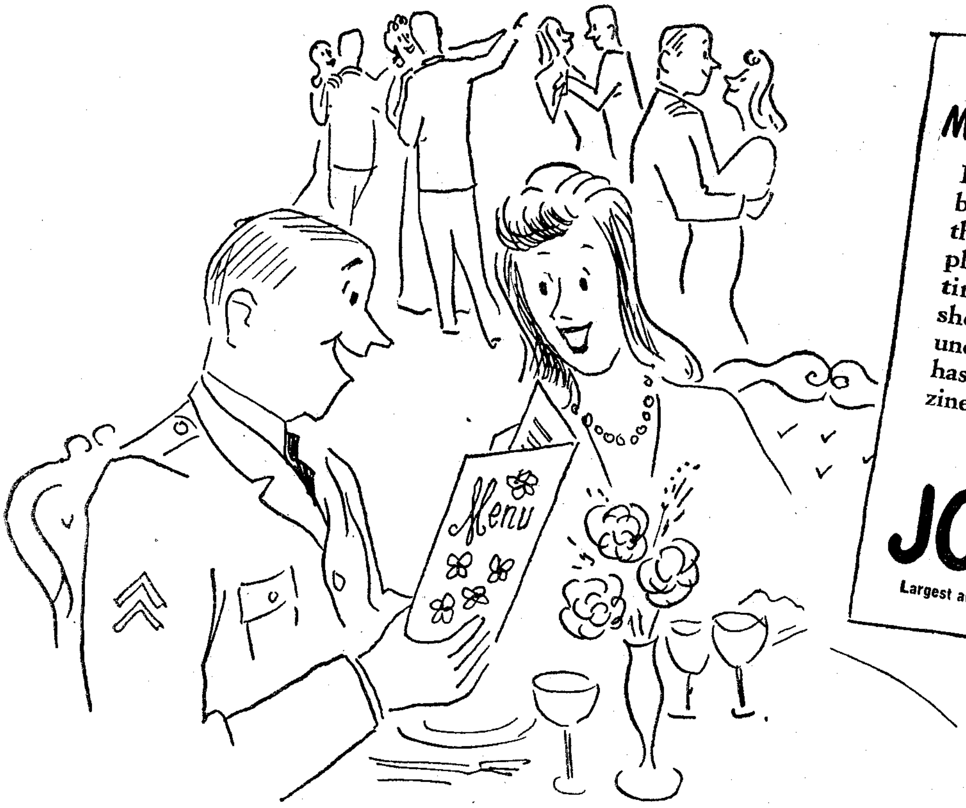
Hedda Sterne—Egg tempera paintings, combining a number of influences: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 13.

Tamayo—New paintings by one of the younger Mexican artists: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 4.

Andrew Wyeth—Recent Pennsylvania landscapes:

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!





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It's experiences like this that bring the admiring male to the realization that women's plans usually result in a good time for everybody. Nor should he find it difficult to understand why the Journal has the largest audited magazine circulation in the world.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 20.

Karl Zerbe—Encaustic paintings, including a few of Boston scenes, by this German-born artist: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 20.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting: Thurs., Nov. 11, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 12, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sun., Nov. 14, at 3 P.M. Artur Rodzinski conducting: Wed., Nov. 17, at 8:45 P.M., and Fri., Nov. 19, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Joseph Schuster, 'cello, and William Lincer, viola, Nov. 11, 12, and 14; Leonard Pennario, piano, Nov. 17 and 19.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolf Ganz conducting: Sat., Nov. 13, at 11 A.M.

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., Nov. 18, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., Nov. 20, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloist, William Kapell, Nov. 20.) . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri., Nov. 19, at 8:30 P.M.

Janet Fairbank—Soprano. Thurs., Nov. 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Marisa Regules—Piano. Fri., Nov. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Tchaikovsky Concert—Maria Kurenko, soprano; Nadia Reisenberg, piano; Mischa Mischakoff, violin; and Leonard Rose, 'cello. Sat., Nov. 13, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Jennie Tourel—Mezzo-soprano. Sat., Nov. 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Jan Smeterlin—Piano. Sun., Nov. 14, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

New Friends of Music—The Busch Quartet. Sun., Nov. 14, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Erno Balogh—Piano. Mon., Nov. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Alfred Mirovitch—Piano. Mon., Nov. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Muriel Kerr—Piano. Tues., Nov. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

John Charles Thomas—Baritone. Tues., Nov. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Aleksander Halmann—Piano. Wed., Nov. 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. Sat., Nov. 20, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Lawrence Tibbett—Baritone. Sat., Nov. 20, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

SPORTS

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Fritzie Zivic vs. Jacob La Motta, middleweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Nov. 12. Bob Montgomery vs. Beau Jack, for the lightweight title, 15 rounds, Fri., Nov. 19. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M. Main bouts at 10 P.M.

Football—College games at Baker Field: Columbia vs. Navy, Sat., Nov. 13, at 2:30 P.M.; Columbia vs. Colgate, Sat., Nov. 20, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Professional games: Giants vs. Chicago Bears, Polo Grounds, Sun., Nov. 14, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia-Pittsburgh, Ebbets Field, Sun., Nov. 14, at 2:30 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Boston, Sat., Nov. 13; Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Nov. 18; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series games: Sun., Nov. 14, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M.

Hunt Race—United Hunts Racing Association, Belmont Park, Mon., Nov. 15, at 1:15 P.M. Special trains will leave Penn Station at times to be announced.

Racing—Victory Week, a post-season war-relief-benefit meeting, daily at Jamaica at 1:45 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 13. (Victory Handicap, Nov. 13.) Frequent special trains leave Penn Station between 11 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **chrysler bldg.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka, as well as booby traps and official photographs captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **metropolitan museum**, 5 Ave. at 82: "The Soviet Artist in the War," an exhibition of original war posters and of photographs showing cultural activities in Russia at war; also, about a hundred and fifty pictures of prewar Greece, in an exhibition sponsored by the Greek War Relief Society. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—The development of America from 1492 to 1792, as shown by maps, autograph manuscripts and letters, books, and other material. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 27.

Flower Show—The annual autumn showing of chrysanthemums and other blooms at the Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor): Thurs., Nov. 11, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; and Fri., Nov. 12, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Photography—The Photography Center of the Museum of Modern Art, at 9 W. 54, has opened with an exhibition of photographic portraits from 1843 to 1943, by such men as Matthew Brady, David O. Hill, Alfred Stieglitz, and Man Ray. Mon. through Fri., 1 to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.

On The Air—President Roosevelt in a short talk for the *Herald Tribune* Forum, Wed., Nov. 17, at 10:45 P.M., WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sun., Nov. 14, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., Nov. 14, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Nov. 13, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Nov. 14, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . Cleveland Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Sun., Nov. 14, at 9 P.M., WOR. . . . Boxing: Fritzie Zivic vs. Jacob La Motta, Fri., Nov. 12; Bob Montgomery vs. Beau Jack, Fri., Nov. 19; at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Football: Columbia vs. Navy, Sat., Nov. 13, at 2:15 P.M., WMCA; Yale vs. Princeton, Sat., Nov. 13, at 2:45 P.M., WOR.

news commentators: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

news via short wave: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

Auctions—At the **parke-bernet galleries**, 30 E. 57—Historical prints and Staffordshire ware from the collection of the late Richard T. Haines Halsey: Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 11-12, at 2 P.M. . . . French and English furniture and decorations owned by Major Edward Bowes: Sat., Nov. 13, at 2 P.M. . . . Part three of the Alexander Biddle papers, including historical American autographs: Tues. and Wed., Nov. 16-17, at 8:15 P.M.

kende galleries, at the Jay Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Imperial Russian porcelains and eighteenth-century furniture from the collections of Mrs. George Reichman and others: Fri. and Sat., Nov. 12-13, at 2 P.M.

Note—The Post Office Department has announced that Christmas gifts this year should be in the mail by Dec. 10, in order to reach their destinations on time.

MOTION PICTURES

The Adventures of Tartu—Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson in an English-made thriller about sabotage and espionage in Czechoslovakia. Not a Hitchcock picture, but almost as good. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Nov. 12.)

For Whom the Bell Tolls—A handsome adaptation, notable for its fast pace, its Technicolor, and some fine bits of acting, though politically shaky. Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Katina Paxinou, and Akim Tamiroff. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Holy Matrimony—A new version of Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive," with Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley making it everything you could ask. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Nov. 12. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., Nov. 15. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; through Wed., Nov. 17. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 14-15.)

Johnny Come Lately—The talents of James Cagney and Grace George are pleasantly employed in this fragile little period piece about small-town journalism in your grandfather's day. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Nov. 17. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 13-15. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Nov. 16-20.)

The More the Merrier—The bright side of the housing difficulties in Washington, with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., Nov. 13-15.)

The North Star—Lillian Hellman has written a movie about the Russians that combines good international thinking with fine cinema art. The cast includes Erich von Stroheim, Walter Huston, Anne Baxter, and Ann Harding. (Victoria, B'way at 46; Mon. through Fri. at 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. at 2:45, 5:45, 8:45, and 11:45 P.M.; and Sun. at 2:45, 5:45, and 8:45 P.M. . . . Palace; B'way at 47, continuous showings daily.)

Old Acquaintance—Bette Davis puts in some good work in an adaptation of the play of a few years ago about a pair of women novelists. Miriam Hopkins is the other one, and John Loder is the leading male. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Sahara—Excitement in the North African campaign, with Humphrey Bogart, Rex Ingram, J. Carrol Naish, and no women. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

True to Life—A comedy that is not entirely laughable but has plenty of good moments. The cast includes Dick Powell, Franchot Tone, Mary Martin, and Victor Moore. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Nov. 15. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Nov. 17.)

Watch on the Rhine—An excellent treatment of Lillian Hellman's play, with Paul Lukas and others from the Broadway cast and Bette Davis to boot. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Nov. 12-13. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., Nov. 12-14.)

REVIVALS

Confessions of a Cheat (1938)—Sacha Guitry as a cardsharp in the French picture "Le Roman d'un Tricheur," now with English narrative. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Sat., Nov. 17-20.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Romance on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 12-15. . . . Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 13-16.)

Joy of Living (1938)—Fluffy little comedy with Kern music. Irene Dunne and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., Nov. 14-16.)

Ladies in Retirement (1941)—Three batty sisters and a lonely cottage on the heath. Ida Lupino, Elsa Lanchester, and Louis Hayward. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Nov. 14-15.)

The Long Voyage Home (1940)—John Ford's composite of some early O'Neill plays. With Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., Nov. 12.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—Where people live forever. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Nov. 12-15. . . . Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., Nov. 13-16.)

Love Crazy (1941)—Myrna Loy and William Powell, marriage and madness. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 16-17.)

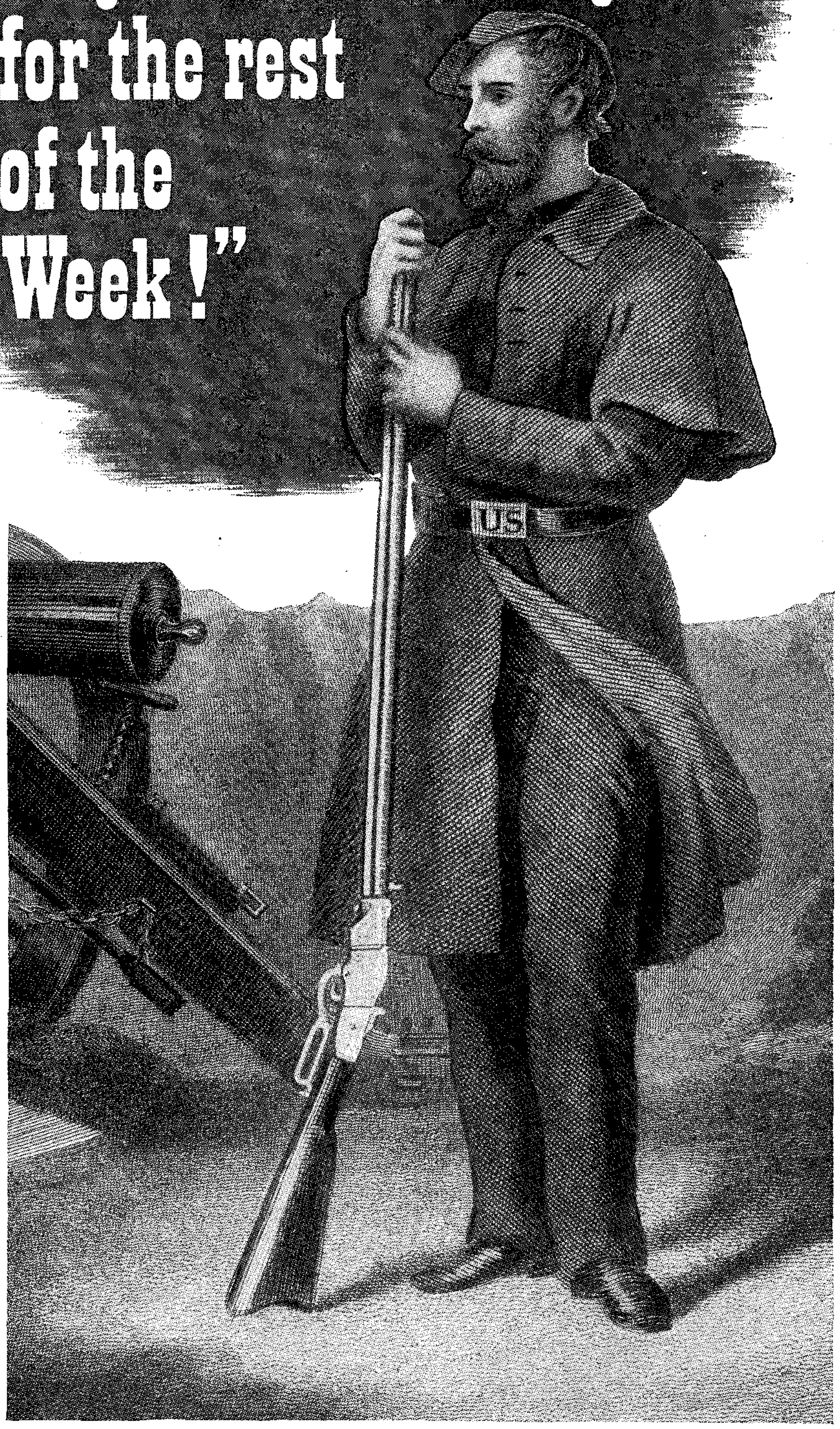
M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. German film with English dialogue. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Nov. 11.)

Mr. Deeds Goes to Town (1936)—The Capra comedy about a fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., Nov. 14-16.)

Stand-in (1937)—A satire on Hollywood. Joan Blondell and Leslie Howard. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., Nov. 16-17.)

Stolen Life (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Nov. 16-18.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—**thurs., nov. 11:** "Underworld" (1927), with George Bancroft. **fri. and sat., nov. 12-13:** "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927), in German. **sun. and mon., nov. 14-15:** "The Cat and the Canary" (1927), with Laura La Plante and Tully Marshall. **tues. and wed., nov. 16-17:** "The Lights of New York" (1928), first all-talkie, with Helene Costello. **thurs. and fri., nov. 18-19:** "Little Caesar" (1930), with Edward G. Robinson. **from**



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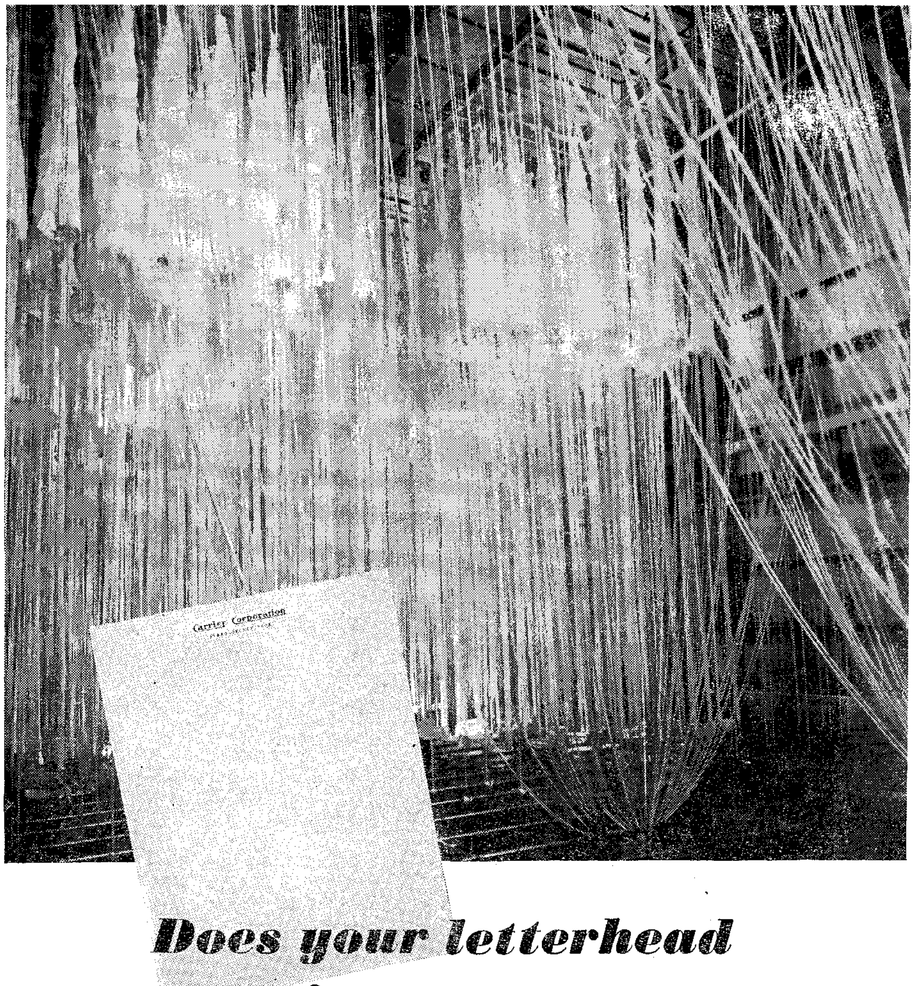

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

SAT., NOV. 20: "Public Enemy" (1931), with James Cagney.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

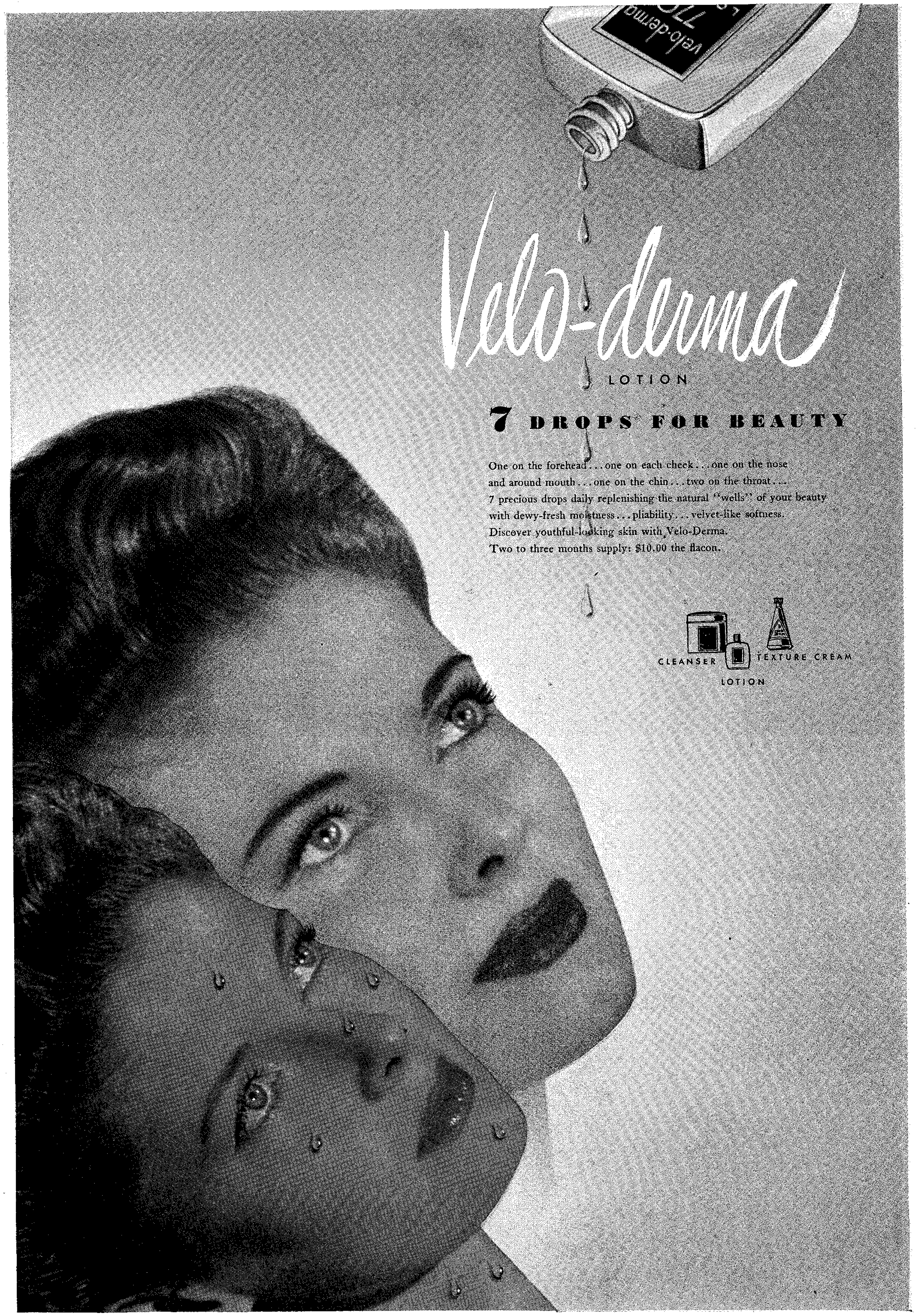
VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301): women to put in at least nine hours a week as staff assistants in nursery schools; women to take a short lecture course in nutrition and then work about six hours a week in public markets and consumer centres, advising housewives on rationing and budgeting. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to take a short lecture course and then do clerical work on a regular schedule in Red Cross offices and information centres; women to spend as much time as they can spare making surgical dressings or sewing for servicemen and war victims. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics, map-reading, and other subjects, work three days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies; women to staff salvage depots throughout the city, keeping records of the collection and disposal of salvage, and also to act as salvage captains in their own apartment buildings. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to serve about six hours a week as general helpers in wards, clinics, and dietary departments of hospitals; men to take a hospital training course and then put in about six hours a week as orderlies in wards.

NATIONAL WAR FUND—The C.D.V.O. is recruiting volunteers who can work either during the day or in the evening canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the current campaign.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper of all kinds is especially needed at the moment, and scrap metal and rags are also wanted. The New York City Salvage Division, Empire State Bldg., Fifth Ave. at 34th (MU 3-9669), will give you the address of a collection depot near your home. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives. Pour whatever fat you can spare (both the deep frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean can and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Tin cans should be kept separate from other refuse and turned over to your building superintendent, who will see that they reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners who want to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park Ave., at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . The American Women's Voluntary Services, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. At the moment there is a demand for furniture, portable phonographs, radios, playing cards, and ping pong and pool tables. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. The organization is also collecting junk jewelry for servicemen to use for barter in primitive areas. . . . Russian War Relief, Inc., has appealed for all kinds of clothing, in good condition, to be sent to the Soviet Union. Contributions should be mailed or taken to the organization's warehouse, 401 Washington St. (WA 5-9208). . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments (brasses and accordions are especially needed) to be distributed by the Red Cross to Army and Navy hospitals and transport ships. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410.



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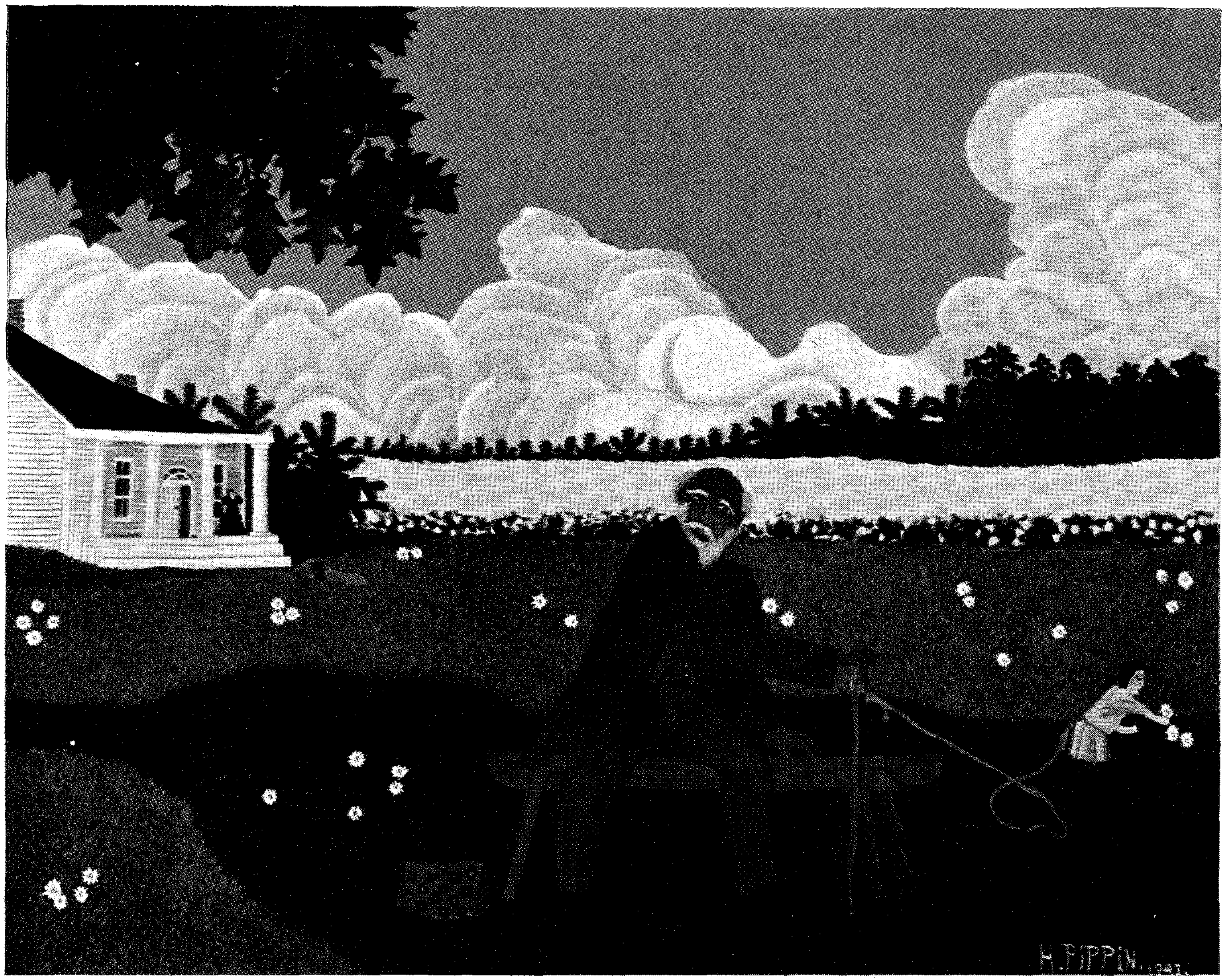

Song of the Soil

"I's Comin'," a painting by Horace Pippin. This is an interpretation of Stephen Foster's "Old Black Joe." The work-worn old servant hears the voices of his friends "gone from the cotton fields away." Painted for the Capehart Collection by the famous negro painter, Horace Pippin, who has been represented in numerous major museums and galleries, including: The San Francisco Museum of Art, Cleveland Museum and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. His work is also in many private collections, notably The Barnes Foundation, Merion, Pa., and The Whitney Museum. . . . Portfolios of reproductions of the Capehart Collection may be secured at nominal charge from your Capehart dealer, or from the Capehart Division, Fort Wayne 1, Ind.

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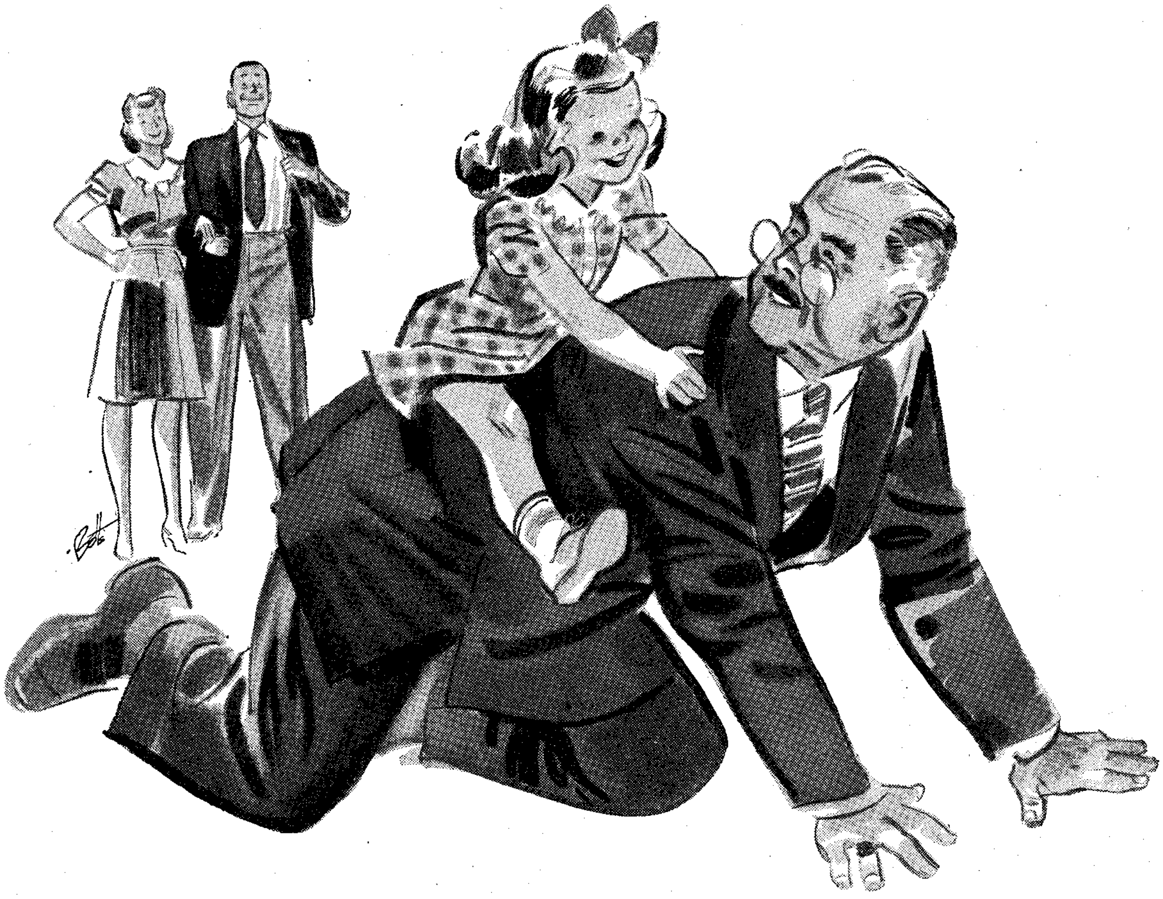


The Chairman of the Board Makes a Sale

HE'S the essence of dignity when he meets with his directors.

He commands the respect, if not the awe, of his associates These few may well be controlled by dignity and awe.

But, in his family circle, in the privacy that is home, he discards his austere manner and becomes the favorite of the *whole family*, young and old. Yes the chairman of the board knows how to handle people as individuals. A pity that he sometimes lets his definition of dignity influence his selection of advertising media.

Somebody should tell him that though dignity and the austere manner may have their proper place, they can be out of place too... especially among his customers. They are made up of individuals and families—families who get a kick out of vital, homey things—who read "the comics" every week. Yes, who love "the comics," for their vitality and their human qualities.

Customers, after all, are people. In Puck-The Comic Weekly they're following the weekly ups and downs of "Tillie The Toiler" or "Jiggs and Maggie"—and then reading right on down the page through the message of some wise advertiser. They're chuckling over "Donald Duck" and "The Katzenjammer Kids," raising an eyebrow over Ripley's tales, zooming along with "Flash Gordon"—AND—carrying that same attentiveness and interest on to the messages addressed to this amazingly receptive family market.

When choosing a medium to carry your advertising message, whether selling or institutional, consider the following:

1.. More people (men, women and children) read "the comics" than any other entertainment feature.

2.. Visibility and readership are tops because Puck-The Comic Weekly accepts only one advertisement to a page.

3.. Puck produces results. A leading dentifrice manufacturer used a single color page in 1933. Year after year for the past ten this advertiser has increased his schedule. Today he is one of the most consistent users of space in Puck-The Comic Weekly.

Puck-The Comic Weekly is distributed to more than 6,000,000 families through 15 great Sunday newspapers from coast to coast and is read by over 20,000,000 people—men, women and children.

"The comics" are tops with growing children as well as adults, so sales minded executives with an eye to the future should ask to see and carefully consider Puck's analysis of "Your Customers of Tomorrow," a sound presentation chock-full of sales information. Puck-The Comic Weekly, 959 Eighth Avenue, New York—Hearst Building, Chicago.

WHEN THE DINNER GONG PLAYS 'MESS CALL'

The dining-car steward becomes mess sergeant, with chefs and waiters doing KP duty, when a detachment of service men is on the move.

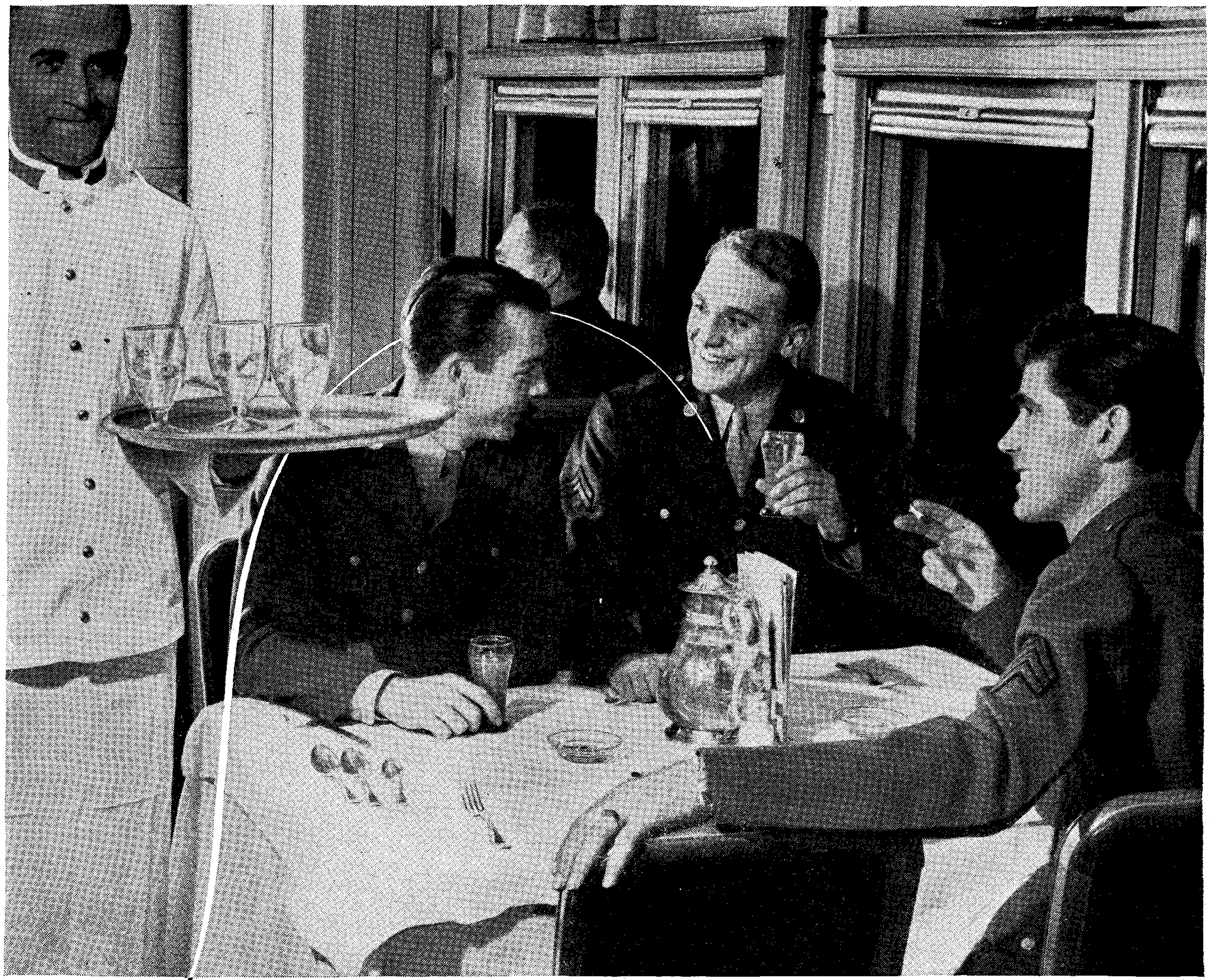
Feeding thousands upon thousands of travelers daily—men and women of the armed forces, as well as civilians—is another of the war jobs that American railroads are doing so well.

Civilians who must travel can help the railroads and themselves in these ways:

- Eat before you leave or after you arrive.
- Be considerate—eat and leave the diner promptly.
- Before you grumble about waiting, why not compare the necessity of your trip with that of a soldier.

* * *

Helping feed soldier and civilian travelers is another war-essential job in which Libbey Safedge Glassware plays an important part. On dining cars everywhere, you'll recognize Libbey Safedge Glasses by their smooth, chip-resistant rims. Libbey Glass Company, Toledo. Established 1818.

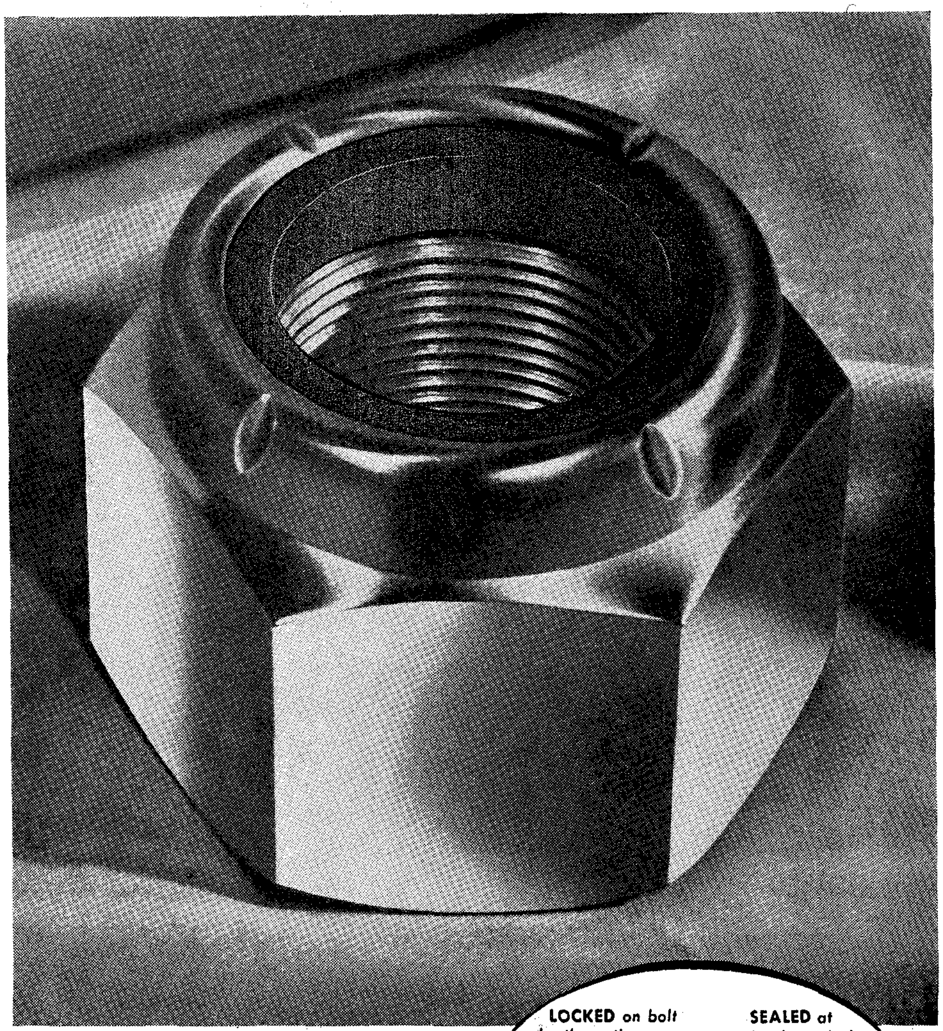


Libbey *Safedge* GLASSWARE

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

SERVING THOSE WHO SERVE AMERICA

KNOW WHAT THIS IS?



Obviously this is a nut.

But it's far more than just that. It is a special kind of nut.

It is a nut that holds fast. Even severe vibration won't shake it loose.

It is an Elastic Stop Nut.

When it is turned on a bolt it locks — automatically. It can be taken off and put back on time and time again and still keep its locking effectiveness.

The secret is the red elastic collar. This molds itself to the bolt threads. It hugs them snugly and keeps all the nut and bolt threads pressing tight against each other.

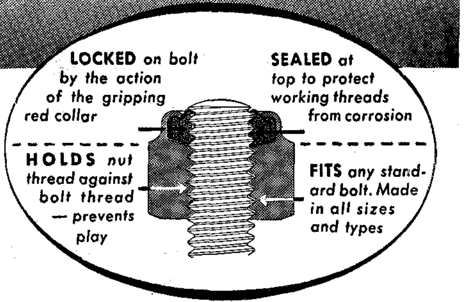
That's why nothing can make it jiggle off.

All the Elastic Stop Nuts we can make go on America's planes, tanks, guns and war equipment. Literally billions of them are in use.

But as far as we know, not one in a million has ever failed to do its job.

Later on these nuts will become available to fasten peacetime products.

Then you can expect cars, radios, household appliances and all other kinds of equipment to be stronger, quieter, safer and free from frequent servicing.


LOCKED on bolt by the action of the gripping red collar
SEALED at top to protect working threads from corrosion
HOLDS nut thread against bolt thread — prevents play
FITS any standard bolt. Made in all sizes and types

ELASTIC STOP NUTS

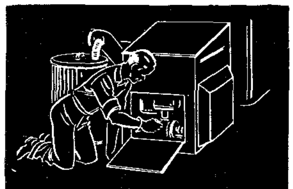
Lock fast to make things last

ESNA TRADE MARK

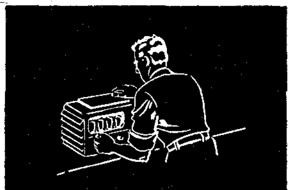
BACK THE ATTACK . . . BUY WAR BONDS

ELASTIC STOP NUT CORPORATION OF AMERICA • UNION, NEW JERSEY AND LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Sewing machines will need less "fixing" and last longer when tight-gripping Elastic Stop Nuts are used.



Coal stokers have many moving parts where the tight grip of Elastic Stop Nuts can prevent service interruptions.



Radio sets will last longer, keep a truer tone, with Elastic Stop Nuts holding important fastenings firm and tight.

Lacy loveliness . . . inspired by
the charm of delicacy . . . interpreted
in Vanity Fair's rich rayon jersey.
Scarce, to be sure . . . but like
all things rare, far more appreciated.

Vanity Fair

VANITY FAIR MILLS, INC., READING, PENNSYLVANIA

BUY BONDS TODAY FOR VICTORY TOMORROW

HUTCHINSON

TO A LADY WHO'S NEVER KNOWN THE WONDERS OF PEACE...

You don't remember those Sunday drives . . . those picnics at the beach . . . you were too little.

You don't remember your father without a uniform . . . he looked nice in sports clothes.

You don't remember the days when people enjoyed good living, wholesome pleasures . . .

. . . Things like music—that wasn't made for marching! . . . like a symphony filling the night with rich and magic sounds.

You've been cheated, dear lady . . . cheated by greed and hate and ugliness.

But we'll make it up to you . . . somehow . . . sometime . . . when it's all over.

TODAY, more than ever, thoughtful parents realize the need of fine music for their children.

Right now, we at Stromberg-Carlson are making only communications equipment for war. Tomorrow, we'll bring you the finest radios we've ever made.

When that 'tomorrow' comes, we hope you'll think of us . . . we hope you'll give your child the benefits of fine music in all its greatness . . . through a Stromberg-Carlson.

Until then . . . Buy War Bonds! Buy them for fighting weapons today . . . for jobs in peace . . . for the good things to come.

When you consider your postwar radio, it is good to remember that a Stromberg-Carlson gives you the benefits of half a century of experience . . . The skill that pioneered in FM Radio . . . plus new developments that have come out of our research and work for war. Today we're proud to be among those who have won the Army-Navy "E" Award. Tomorrow we'll be proud to make fine radios and communications equipment for you.

IN WAR AND PEACE...THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A

STROMBERG-CARLSON

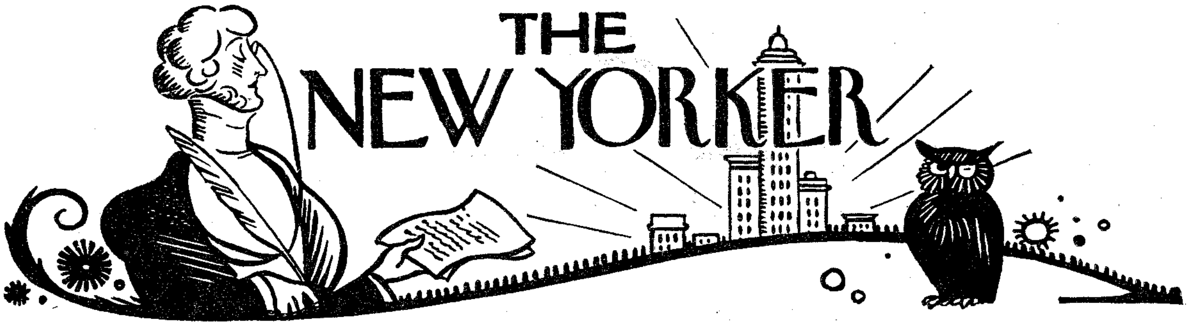
© 1943, STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y. **B. ALTMAN & CO.** MUrray Hill 9-7000

Huge Dramatic Bow

at the hipline! A touch of snowy white at the neckline. Here's news in a dress that forecasts a silhouette and a fashion for the year 1944! Navy, black or brown rayon crepe. White pique trimming. Rayon taffeta bow. Sizes 10 to 20, 39.95.

Altman misses' dresses, third floor



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

We wish to report that the most cogent comment we have heard on the Moscow pact was made in front of Macy's Broadway entrance at 4:43 P.M. on the day the afternoon papers broke the news. It was delivered to a colored woman by a medium-sized colored man wearing yellow shoes, who looked up from the *Journal-American* he was reading and addressed his companion firmly in the following words: "Now we and the Bear has *got* somewhere."

On November 1st, we learn from an official order sent us by a thoughtful friend, a small revolution occurred in the Navy. We quote from the order, albeit in the realization that the Navy has its own mysterious way of saying things and that landbound people sometimes don't know what it's talking about:

> For other than formal occasions, all officers shall wear undress caps with polished black visors and black braid chin straps, which is a modification of the former rule requiring all officers to wear polished chins with gold lace straps and polished visors. This of course does not affect the wearing of garrison caps with polished tops and gold lace insignia. For formal wear, dress caps with embroidered visors and polished officers above the rank of commander shall be worn. Officers below the rank of black braid may wear dress Lieut. Comdr. with chin straps.
>
> Sleeve stripes on service blue coats shall extend on the outside of the sleeve from seam to seam, only with the exception of dress blues in which the sleeve shall extend from stripe to stripe, leaving a seam on the outside of the gold lace sleeve but maintaining the polished visor which will be worn with a black chin strap.
>
> Working uniforms of gray with plastic caps and undress buttons shall be worn with shirts and below the rank of Commander trousers will be worn with plastic shoulder markings of gray unless the stripe encircles completely the sleeve from seam to seam, in which case the khaki shall be worn until the supply of white shirts is exhausted or gold lace on the visors of officers above the rank of Commander, with black socks and blue plastic shoes.

The day this order went into effect, the Navy landed the Army in a surprise attack on Bougainville, the last enemy base in the Solomons, and did it brilliantly. In the Pacific, the Japanese fleet seemed sadly outclassed; in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, the submarine menace seemed about licked. The only conclusion we can come to is that the Navy has decided that things look pretty good at the moment, and that it can afford to knock off for a few minutes and worry about the seam on the outside of the gold lace sleeve, or the black braid chin strap with the floy floy.

"We shape our buildings and afterward our buildings shape us," said Mr. Churchill, addressing Parliament on the subject of plans for rebuilding the bombed-out House of Commons. He had a lot of good reasons for wanting to keep the British legislature just as it used to be—a rectangular chamber instead of a semicircular one, so that the dividing line between Liberal and Conservative could be marked by an aisle a man would think twice before crossing; restricted space, which would automatically provide, on great occasions when all the M.P.'s turned up, "a sense of crowd and urgency;" no desks, because the outs tend to bang the tops and upset the Government. It all sounded fine to us, and we immediately got to work on a housing plan for our own Congress. As it is, the stately inanities of federal architecture have a deadening effect on the mental processes of senator and representative alike. Our plans call for committee rooms, offices, and so forth, to be designed and furnished as nearly as possible like a room in a Statler hotel. In the familiar atmosphere of Corona Coronas, White Rock, ham sandwiches, and mysterious telephone calls, our lawmakers may recapture, in their conduct of national affairs, the same sense of personal urgency that attended their nomination and election.

We admire the fiction that has come out of this war more than we did that produced during the last, possibly because writers this time aren't quite so prone to confuse massacre with football. There is one thing, though, that bothers us almost every time we pick up a magazine. The usual composition of a squad, as we understand it, is twelve men—a corporal and eleven privates. In most of the stories we read, however, there is a further and more subtle classification, and one that gives us a rather queer picture of the United States Army—the literary squad is made up of a corporal, ten men, and a singular character who seems to have quite a lot in common with God. The corporal and his ten subordinates are usually very nicely done, with interesting variations in type and a sound ear for the idiom; they are common soldiers as presumably common soldiers are. The twelfth man is a miracle of perception. No political or social implication of the struggle is too hard for him, no little comedy or tragedy of the barracks escapes his eye or his highly developed sense of irony and pity, no other man has ever lived so lone and lofty in a crowd or been so articulate in Babel. We recognize this man for what he is, of course, and, since writers are notoriously incapable of keeping their surrogates out of their work, we suppose he is inevitable. In the interests of convincing prose, however, we would like to suggest that from now on all writers entering the Army start right in as majors, the lowest rank, we believe, that is supposed to be omniscient.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Because the laws of Pennsylvania permit chartered clubs, but not restaurants, to sell liquor on Sunday, two of Philadelphia's busiest resorts on the Lord's Day are the Vesper New Year's Association and the Mercantile Literary Association.

The bus-station porters in Algiers wear numbered identification tags, like the ones at Grand Central. Only difference is they wear them in their ears.

Black, Starr & Gorham recently had a request for a cocktail ring that would go well with slacks.

Pulsating Hay

PROBABLY the only reason Victor Appleton never wrote a book called "Tom Swift and his Pulsating Bed" was that he never thought of it. Twenty years ago, when Appleton was turning out "Tom Swift and his Aerial Warship," "Tom Swift and his Electric Rifle," and the rest, the pulsating bed was not even a dream. Now, however, thanks to the Simmons mattress company, it is a living, pulsating reality. Last week, we went over to Abraham & Straus's, where the thing was being not only demonstrated but sold, and there we were informed by Mr. Emil Selk, a representative of the Simmons company, that if we had insomnia and ninety-nine fifty, we couldn't do better than the pulsating bed.

Mr. Selk and a Miss Creight, a mature registered nurse whom the Simmons company has employed as a demonstrator, were receiving visitors in Abraham & Straus's model bedroom. The endorsement of the new product by the American Medical Association is pending, but it has already won the unqualified support of Miss Creight. "I have been with this bed a long time, and there are still depths which I haven't plumbed," she told us. "I refer to it as the miracle bed." She said that it had already done wonders in government hospitals, where it had been tried on soldiers suffering from shock. She began to speak of its therapeutic qualities, but Mr. Selk, who is playing it safe until the A.M.A. comes through, raised a warning hand. "Or *beneficial* qualities, rather," said Miss Creight. We joined a small group of lady shoppers who were gathered around the miracle bed and noted that it looked just like the usual box-spring-and-mattress job, except for an electric cord and switch which stemmed from the box part. "It's a real work of Simmons inner-spring art," said Mr. Selk. He explained that the pulsation came from a small, gyratory motor in the box springs which produces twenty-five hundred or three thousand circles of motion a minute. Taking a quarter from his pocket, he went on to say that the motor's gyratory action stimulated the circulatory action of the bloodstream. Presumably to prove this point, he turned on the switch and put the quarter on the mattress, where it proceeded to revolve clockwise in a deliberate sort of way.

One of the ladies who had wandered in was persuaded by Miss Creight to have a try at the bed, and she lay gingerly down on her back. After less than a minute's worth, she started to get up again, but Miss Creight protested that a quarter of an hour was the minimum for effective treatment. "You got to give it a chance to work, just like castor oil," said Mr. Selk heartily. The patient subsided. "Will it cure a cold?" asked an onlooker. "Madam," said Miss Creight carefully, "it is so beneficial to a cold that a cold will go away." When her fifteen minutes were up, the patient got up, said "That's very interesting," and walked away. "She looked a hundred and fifty per cent better, don't you agree?" Miss Creight asked the assembly at large. The lady in search of a cold cure offered herself next, and Miss Creight arranged her on her stomach, explaining that the ideal treatment included a few minutes prone as well as supine. "You know," she said, "there are so many people who come in here and rave about this bed that it's downright embarrassing to me. Isn't it a remarkable buy for ninety-nine fifty?" "My God," said the prone lady, "I thought it was *nine*-fifty." She got up and went out briskly, straightening her hat. "Probably threw her circulation off just for ninety dollars," said Mr. Selk grumpily.

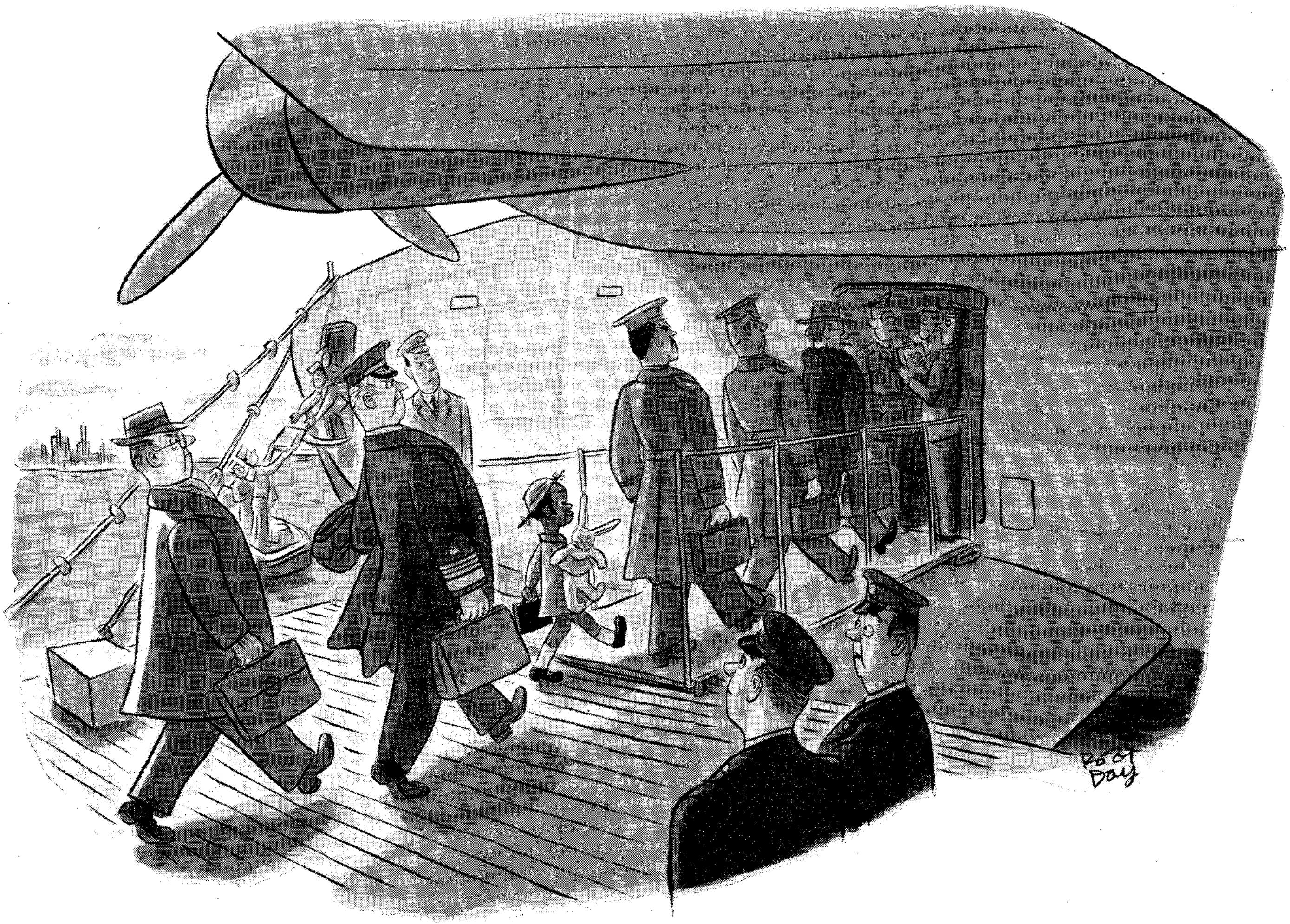
Before we left, we had a go at it ourself. The sensation was rather pleasant, and maybe relaxing, at that. Our only complaint was that it seemed like something of a letdown when the motor was turned off. Incidentally, Mr. Selk said that it was a good idea to turn the motor off when you felt yourself about to go to sleep, although people had been known to doze off, with no ill effects, while it was on. No ill effects but the electric bill, anyhow.

Outranked

A BRAND-NEW ensign arrived at a nearby naval station, plainly convinced that one of his most important duties was to keep the enlisted men jacked up in the matter of saluting. He bawled out several men the first day he was there, but along toward evening he met his match. A grizzled and cynical-looking bluejacket to whom he addressed a word of reproof set him back on his heels by snarling, "Since when does a pharmacist's mate have to salute an ensign?" "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," the ensign muttered, springing to attention. The story got around and he had to be transferred, for the good of his own morale.

Complications in Easton

TWO weeks ago, at five o'clock of a nippy Sunday morning, the gas works supplying the city of Easton, Pennsylvania, blew up, depriving the greater part of a population of thirty-four thousand of its cooking facilities. Easton is fairly far afield for us—although the Chamber of Commerce announces, whether boastfully or regretfully, that it is "a hundred minutes from New York City"—but we think a report on life in Easton during the past two weeks has a certain historical interest. With the war going the way it is, we may well have no other test in this



"She has a Number 1 priority rating. That's all I know."

• •

region of how the American citizen stands up under a municipal disaster. Well, on that Sunday, according to a comprehensive report we have received from one of the citizens, things were just about at a standstill. People who had been lucky enough to get Sunday roasts had to leave them in the refrigerator unroasted, and everybody ate sandwiches. When the stores opened on Monday, there was a run on Sterno stoves and electric grills, but there weren't anywhere near enough to go round. The grocery stores found that blue-point items were more popular than brown-point ones, an unheated can of beans obviously being better fare than a raw steak.

People soon figured out ways of cooking, or at least warming up, their meals. An electric iron turned upside down will, in time, grill a couple of strips of bacon. Members of the what-next set were of course all supplied with outdoor charcoal grills, but the weather unfortunately turned rainy; somebody then figured out that the grills could be used on concrete garage floors. The local press advised its readers to heat bricks in the furnace and then to warm pots over them. Some housewives fixed up racks inside the furnace and did their cooking that way. The bakeries offered to let people use their stoves during off hours, and the women in the poorer part of town, who had always cooked on coal or kerosene stoves, obligingly found room for casseroles and stewpans brought by flustered matrons in Buicks. The Red Cross set up a distribution centre for cooking equipment lent by people with a spare stove or grill in the attic, and to a certain extent took over the preparation of babies' formulas.

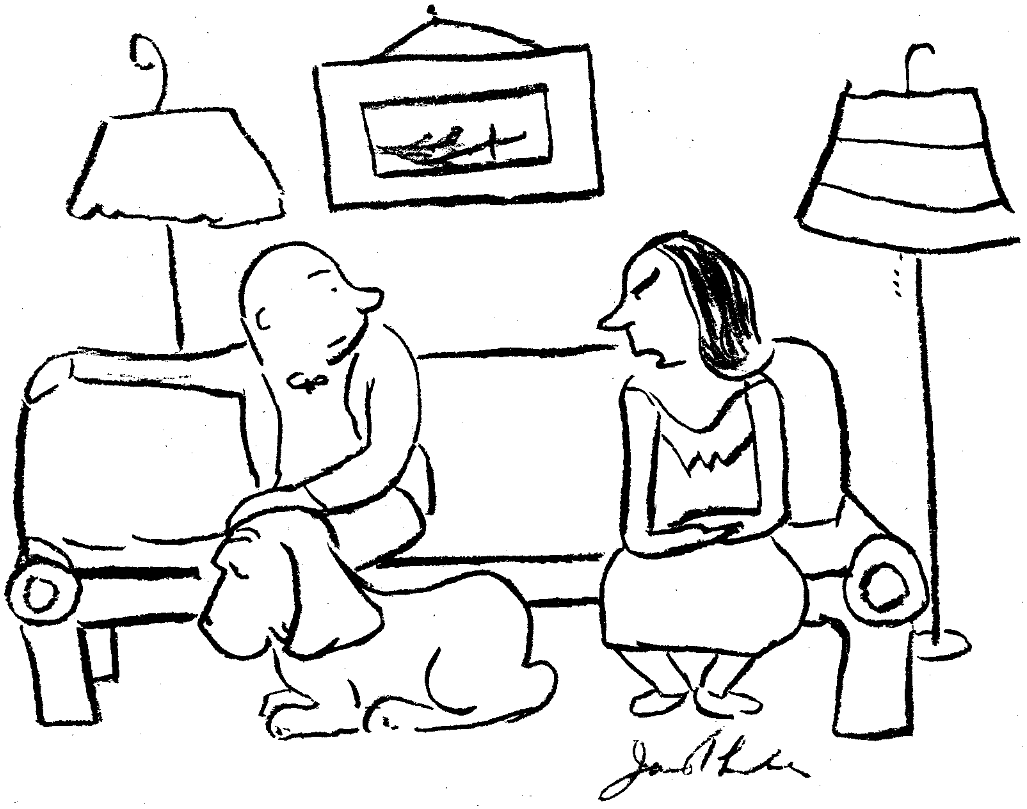
At the time the report on Easton was submitted to us, Easton still had no gas, and people whose hot-water supply didn't depend on gas were still keeping open house for friends who needed a bath; it was a fairly common sight to see an entire family in bathrobe and slippers trotting along the street, bound to or from a shower. One Easton tragedy was that of a lady who had a beautiful roast of beef, which she put into an aluminum pan, and then put the pan right on top of the bed of coals in the furnace. She peeked in some time later and found roast and pan both gone.

Point of View

ONE of the local galleries recently had an exhibition devoted to a collection of paintings about the war. A nice old lady who came in out of the rain complained to the attendant that the pictures were all very depressing. "So is war, Madam," he said. "Nonsense!" she cried. "Look at the poets—they make war *beautiful!*"

Gone

CONSIDERING that we had banqueted well aboard the Normandie when first she came to port, and have called around to see her occasionally through the years since then, including the period when she was on her side in the mud, we considered it only proper



"That's right, now try to win him away from me."

to be present at the most recent public episode in her career. Consequently we were among a group of newspaper photographers and other journalists who gathered at Pier 88 on the North River at the invitation of the Navy one morning last week. We were all to embark on various small boats and accompany the Normandie as she was towed downriver from her berth at the pier part way to an unnamed drydock where she is to undergo refitting. At a certain point in the Upper Bay she was to vanish back of a censorial smoke screen, and all observers were to be put ashore at the Barge Office, at the Battery. Among the sixty individuals on the pier were four lady reporters, apparently to cover the woman's angle of this phenomenon, and a handful of Navy public-relations officers, who scurried here and there to keep the flock from straying. One of them was wearing the recently approved gray collar-attached shirt, which must be a godsend these days, with laundries what they are and things like the Normandie to handle.

After the photographers had been culled and escorted to boats of their own, the other journalists were led aboard a Coast Guard cutter. Right off, a public-relations officer was seen puffing a pipe. "Guess the smoking lamp's been lit," said one flamboyantly nautical reporter, who knew that this was how a Navy man would say the smoking period had begun. The cutter pulled into midstream, affording us all an excellent view of the Normandie, still in her slip, massive and gray, her flat top deck a paradise for shuffleboard players. Several hundred workmen, a good many of them needed to handle the tow lines, stood there, behind a temporary guardrail. A squadron of Meseck, Brady & McAllister and Dalzell tugs hovered in the slip or under the stern at the end of hawsers. When they started to move the ship, the workmen raised their construction helmets and cheered. "It's aground!" gasped a lady reporter, but this proved to be mere hen talk. The hull moved gradually into the middle of the river as the photographers aboard their minuscule launches snapped pictures furiously.

Navigation of the big ship on the trip downstream was a noisy if simple process. Wooden wing bridges had been installed, port and starboard, and a Navy officer stood first on one and then on the other. He had a whistle and when he wanted any one of the four groups of tugs operating alongside and ahead and astern to move at half speed he blew one sharp blast, meanwhile signalling with his hand to the group concerned. If he wanted full speed, he blew a series of sharp blasts. The tugs signalled back with their whistles. Thus, by a system of checks and balances, the Normandie and her entourage made about two knots against a flood tide, which had been purposely selected to help steady her. The Normandie did not fly a flag. This, a Navy officer aboard the cutter explained to us, was a matter of protocol. The Normandie (as we continue to think of her) was taken over from the French Line by the government and renamed the Lafayette, thus becoming an American ship, but she has never been commissioned. Until she is commissioned, she can't fly the Stars and Stripes. For the last part of our journey, the cutter loafed along on the starboard side of the ship, until we came to that magic point in the Upper Bay where, as far as news is concerned, she vanished, to become for the rest of the war just like all other Navy ships, anonymous and unreportable.

Mystery

FELLOW we know was walking through the display of war materials at the Chrysler Building and suddenly realized with a start that he had strayed into a section devoted to silver services belonging to Major Edward (Bong) Bowes. Seeing a young woman with a sheaf of papers, obviously a Chrysler attaché, he accosted her and asked what Major Bowes' silver was doing in a display devoted to war materials. "Well," she said, "you see, Chrysler is sponsoring this exhibition, and Major Bowes broadcasts for Chrysler, and—oh, hell, *I* don't know."

Field at Fifty

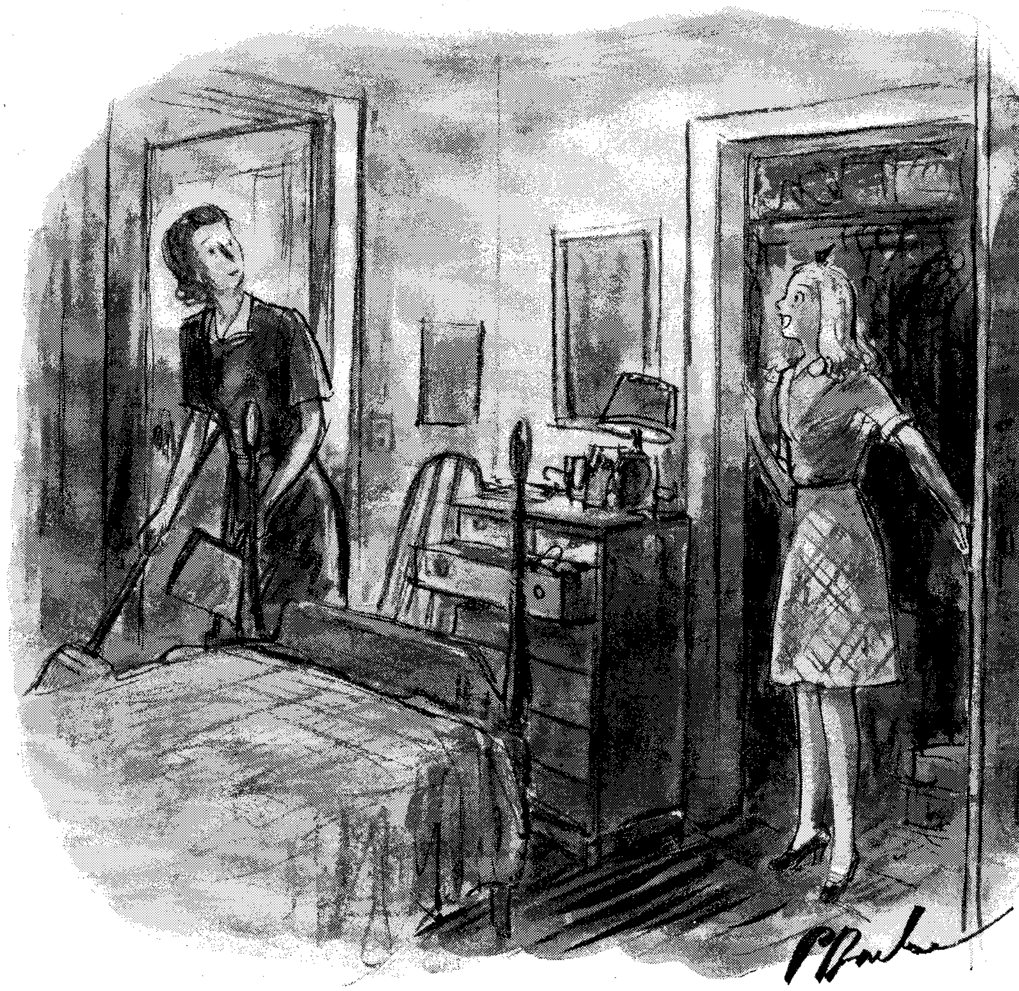
MARSHALL FIELD spends most of his time in Chicago these days, but he has an office here in town and we managed to catch him there last week. Since reaching the age of fifty and inheriting an additional seventy million dollars, Field has become a journalistic must, and we felt that we could no longer look our confreres in the eye unless we advanced some theory as to why he's as socially conscious as he is. Our first observation is that his New York office is a rather simple establishment. There's only a single secretary, and Field's private office, finished in natural wood, is only about three times the size of the one allotted to our cinema critic. A moderate-sized man, with no noticeable mannerisms, Field looks fifty years old, no more and no less. He seems resigned to philosophizing, and hearing others philosophize, about his fortune, business enterprises, and neuroses, if any. His own opinion, if that counts, is that he isn't very different from other rich men. "Most of them have ideas of social progress," he told us. All in all, we would sum him up as a socially conscious man who is lousy with dough and trying to make the best of it in a changing world.

He thinks that his famous remark, "I happen to have been left a great deal of money, I don't know what is going to happen to it, and I don't give a damn," should be considered in its proper context. It was made in a speech before the American Public Welfare Administration, and the point he was trying to make was that he wouldn't encourage or even tolerate Fascism in the hope of keeping his fortune. "I'd rather not have my money than have my whole social feeling warped, the way it happened to some wealthy French people," he explained to us. He has a tempered admiration for the profit system, and thinks it should be retained, "with certain rules of decency imposed on it." He thinks that we'll soon have to do something about unemployment, and about the economics of scarcity in general. "It's absurd for factories to be closing down when millions of people need what the factories can turn out," he says, reasonably. As for the class struggle, he doesn't believe it exists in this country. "I think that there are pressure groups, and that all pressure groups are healthy," he says. "They ought to set each other off and eventually we'd arrive at a darned sound conclusion."

Field devotes his working day to business matters relative to his estate, and to the Chicago *Sun*. He says his feeling about his wealth is not guilt but responsibility. "Some darned worth-while things can be done with it," he added. He's really steamed up about the *Sun*, and considers it his lifework from now on. Ultimately, he expects it to make a profit, too. He likes to talk newspaper business, of which he plainly has a good grasp. He wishes *PM* well, but he no longer has any connection with it except the financial one. Sometimes he doesn't agree with its way of doing things, but he never objects. The *Sun* is a different matter. He has a hand in the actual day-to-day running of the paper, and is currently embroiled with the local traction interests, like an editor in a movie. He is a registered Democrat. When Roosevelt first ran for President, Field was a Republican and voted against him. "Seems odd now, looking back on that," he mused.

L'Addition

WE tell such stories as the following without mentioning place names, because we realize that they reflect a state of affairs that is temporary. Anyway, a man went into a hotel coffee shop for his breakfast and settled on the sixty-cent club breakfast: choice of fruit or cereal, waffles with bacon or country sausage, and coffee. "I'll take coffee, grapefruit, and waffles with sausage," he told the waitress. "Meatless Tuesday," she reminded him. "You'll have to take the waffles plain." "O.K., plain," he said. When the check came, it was for seventy-five cents. "Look," he told the waitress, "I had the sixty-cent club breakfast." "No you didn't," she said. "You had waffles without sausage or bacon. That's à la carte."



"I think I've got it now, Mom. Listen: Second floor—women's clothing, lingerie, Bride's Shop and Junior Deb department. Third floor—yard goods, curtain material, Sewing Centre, and tearoom. Fourth floor—hardware, furniture, model kitchen, and Home Centre, sporting goods, cameras and photographic supplies. Fifth floor . . ."

THE LIEUTENANT

At the foot of the rather steep stairs Bresnahan began to smile, partly because he wanted to be smiling and partly because there was Haley, sitting behind his cash register and at work on the crossword puzzle which he practically never finished. It was just like old times, or anyway that much was like old times. Bresnahan wanted everything to be like old times. It was the middle of the afternoon and men and boys were playing various kinds of pool games at four or five of the ten tables. That was about normal. Haley's place was always crowded at night; you always had to wait for a table if you came after seven o'clock, but it did all right in the afternoon, too. Something Bresnahan had never particularly noticed before, though: even when a poolroom is half full in the afternoon it is always much quieter than you'd expect. Maybe because everybody just came in out of the daylight and you didn't feel like acting up or yelling your head off in the daylight. Whatever the reason for it, there it was: the place was quieter than you would expect from a half-filled poolroom.

Bresnahan made his way to the cigar counter, where Haley was working on his puzzle. Haley looked up casually and looked back again at his puzzle. Then he recognized Bresnahan. "Hello, Red," said Haley. He got off his stool and put out his hand.

Bresnahan grinned. "Hello, Jerry."

"I didn't hardly know you in the uniform. You look all right, kid."

"Well, feeling O.K."

"How long you got?" said Haley.

"Here, or altogether?"

"Altogether," said Haley.

"Well, I'll only be in New York till Thursday. Then they're sending me out making speeches in defense plants."

"Yeah," said Haley. By this time several of the young men of Bresnahan's age came over to say hello, and he was busy shaking hands, but there wasn't anyone he knew very well or liked very much, and something in the way Haley said "Yeah" worried him. It was what he was afraid of, what he had been afraid of secretly ever since he had left Guadal. It made him more polite than he would otherwise have been to jerks like Haas, for instance, who used to go to Bund meetings and shoot off his mouth about what a wonderful guy Hitler was. He was polite too to Murphy and Griffiths, who were for Coughlin, and once asked him did he have English blood, joining the Marines when the right thing for us to do was stay the hell out of it. But these jerks didn't matter. It was Haley he worried about. Haley had been in a war, too, the other one. He was different.

"What's this one, Red?" said some kid whose name he didn't remember.

"That's the Purple Heart," said another kid. "I know that one, but what's this one? I never saw one like this. The stripes are going the wrong way."

"That's a unit citation," said Red. "We all got it."

"What's this one?"

"The Distinguished Service Cross," said one kid. "Isn't it, Red?"

"Yeah, that's right. The D.S.C.," said Red.

"What's these two, or are they the same one?"

"One's for being in before Pearl," said Red.

"Yeah, my brother got one of them."

"The other's for being in the Pacific," said Red.

"And you're a lieutenant. First or second?"

"Second, you dope," said a kid. "First is silver, gold is for second. Why is that, Red?"

"Christ knows. I don't," said Red. He wished they would go away.

"How'd you get along at City Hall?"

"Yeah. You and La G'ardia, how about that? You tell him about the banquet? You tell him about the club giving you a banquet?" said Murphy.

"Yeah. Is La G'ardia coming to the banquet?" said Griffiths.

"I don't know. Did you invite him?" said Red.

"Are you kidding?" said Murphy. "La G'ardia?"

It was coming, and Red knew it. Murphy and Griffiths were putting the needle in. He would lose his temper, take a poke at them, and they would all say what he was afraid they would say, and what was not true: swelled head. Then Haley spoke.

"Why don't you guys go back and play pool and stop being a goddam nuisance?" They didn't all go right away, but it was enough to break it up, and pretty soon Bresnahan was alone with Haley.

"Have a drink, Red?" Haley kept a bottle of whiskey hidden illegally behind the cigarettes.

"I'll take a beer, thanks, Jer'."

Haley set up the beers on the cigar counter. He raised his glass. "All the best, Red," he said.

"Best to you, Jerry," said Red.

"You didn't marry that movin'-picture actress," said Jerry. "The one it said in the paper."

"I was never going to. I'm not gonna marry anybody—not for a while yet. Why should I?"

"Yeah, I guess you're getting plenty," said Haley.

"I didn't mean that."

"Maybe not, but there's plenty around." Haley pointed his glass at Bresnahan's chest.

"Well, I guess you ought to know," said Red.

"No, it was different in my day. We all came back together, those that were left of us. I guess every son of a bitch in the regiment got the Crah de Guerre. Well, so did the regiment, for that matter. They hung it on the regimental colors."

"Yeah, I know," said Bresnahan.

"Anyway, I was married and had two kids by that time. I come back and went to work drivin' a team of horses. Through truckin' was how I got into selling booze. No, there was no movin'-picture actresses after us. No newsreel movies. John F. Hylan was mayor then, I remember, but the only time I ever got close enough to shake hands with him was years later when he come to the club one night."

"Well, everything's publicity nowadays, I guess," said Red.

"You can say that again," said Haley.

"And anyway, you got this before I was born," said Red, pointing with his thumb to the D.S.C. ribbon that Haley had in his lapel.

"Yeah. We use to have a saying, that and a nickel will get you a ride on the subway," said Haley. "Have another beer?"

"I'll buy one."

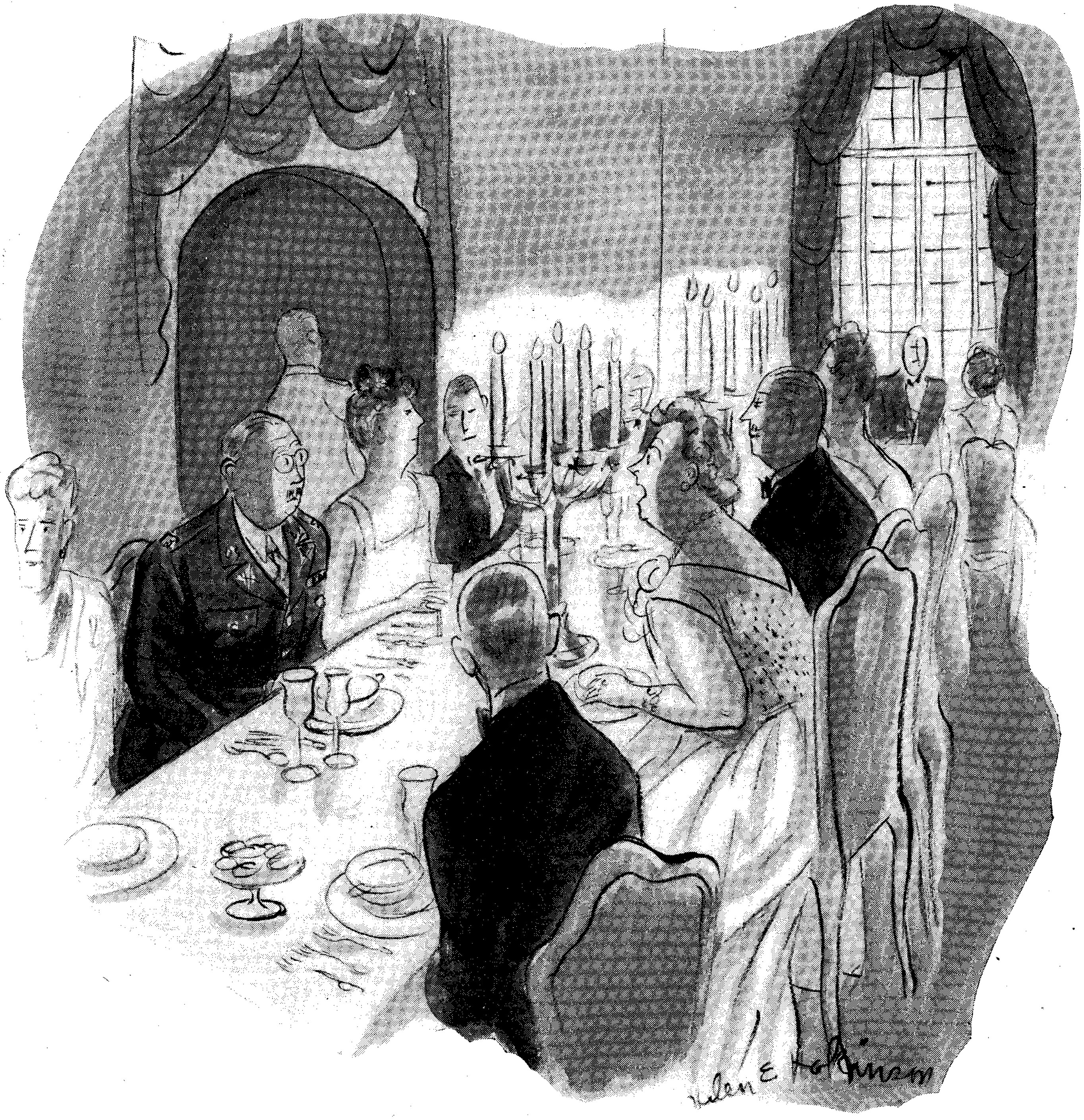
"Cut it out," said Haley. "I won't be at your banquet." He drew two beers, talking the while. "Have to drink to you here."

"I'm sorry you won't be there."

"Oh, I bought a couple tickets, but I'm alone here half the time. Notice they rack 'em up themselves. I put a new rule into effect a couple months ago. No knocking the cues on the floor. Be go to hell if I'm gonna chase up and down, back and forth, racking up for these punks. If they don't like it they can go someplace else."

"Yeah, I don't blame you," said Red.

"You know anybody you'd like to give the tickets to for the banquet?"



"Colonel, why don't you simply go down to Argentina and scare them?"

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"No. If it wasn't for my old man I wouldn't be there myself."

"Oh," said Haley.

"Wuddia mean oh, Jerry? You meant something by the way you said it."

"Well, if it was the Waldorf-Astoria—"

"If you got something to say come on out and say it. You mean I don't want to go to the banquet because it's our district club. You're trying to say I think it ain't good enough for me only you're afraid to come right out with it."

"Afraid? Afraid of what?" said Haley.

"Afraid if you come out with it I'll take you apart."

"Where, Lieutenant? You want to come back here or will I come over on your side of the counter, where there's more room?" Haley laid down his glass.

"Aa-a-h," said Red. "You're getting childish." His hand was not steady as he finished his beer.

"Don't have pity on me, Lieutenant. A man makes a threat to take me apart, I'd like to see if he can do it." He started to come around the counter.

"So long," said Bresnahan, and walked fast to the stairway. Haley started to follow him but halted when he saw Bresnahan was halfway up the steps. He called out something about moving-picture actresses which Bresnahan could not make out over the sound of his own footsteps. Whatever it was, he didn't want to hear it, and when he got outside he didn't like the sunlight and a feeling that he had lost.

—John O'Hara

THE PLEASURES OF TRAVEL

Unfortunately, they had got the seat at the front of the car, the seat opposite the one that was built against the wall of the toilet and couldn't be reversed. It was unfortunate, Mrs. Glaum said, because she did like privacy, and when the very plain woman with the two little girls got on and crowded in facing them, she gave her husband a look of despair. However, she managed a few little smiles of chilly courtesy for the newcomers, and while Mr. Glaum helped the woman with her luggage Mrs. Glaum took out her compact and began making her face.

She had made it in the station, but now she made it again. The two children sat tight together, next to their mother, and watched Mrs. Glaum solemnly. When she had finished her face she took out her comb and worked on her hair.

The woman opposite gave her a nervous look. "Be careful with your feet, girls," she admonished.

Mrs. Glaum straightened her skirt. She was wearing dark blue, of course, for travelling, and a neat little eggshell blouse that wouldn't show soil too quickly. By the time she was settled, the train was well under way and the military were already making tentative sorties into the aisles.

"Now," said Mrs. Glaum to her husband, "if you'd just hand me my knitting."

She opened her blue silk bag and took out a few inches of khaki-colored work. Assuming an erect position, she took hold of her work in a masterful way and then proceeded to knit with cramped absorption. Mr. Glaum suspected she would never acquire that fine, steady motion he had observed in genuine knitters.

After a couple of rows, Mrs. Glaum said to the woman, "It must be dreadful, travelling with children at a time like this."

"Well, it's never easy," the woman answered. The children took their steady gaze away from the hands of Mrs. Glaum and turned it upon their mother.

"Oh, I'm sure you wouldn't be travelling unless you had to. I know we wouldn't."

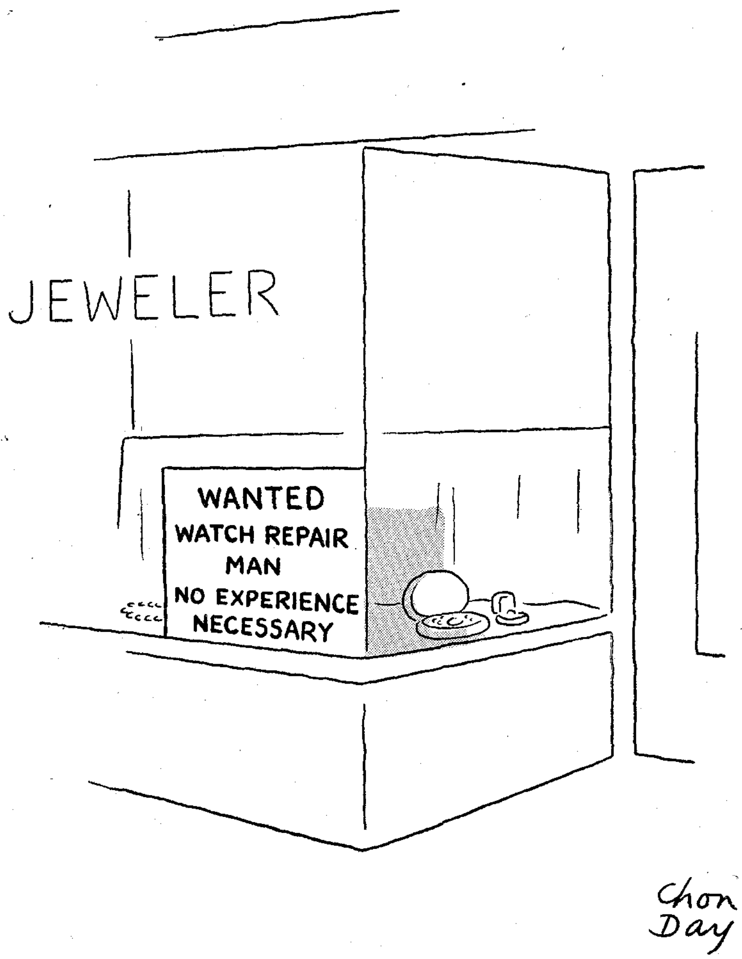
"For some fool reason, their dad's in the Army," the woman said. "I'm taking the kids down to my sister's. Then *I* go back and get a job."

"It does make it hard, but I suppose your husband felt it his duty," Mrs. Glaum said with slight severity.

The woman looked out the window. The older girl was watching her. "I think he *wanted* to get away from us," the woman said. "I think it was just an excuse. He said he was drafted, but I never saw no papers."

Mrs. Glaum glanced at the children and then at her husband. Her looks were as good as words to him; they meant that it was vulgar to confess to strangers and that children should never be allowed to see any rifts in the marriage lute.

"Trouble everywhere these days," Mr. Glaum said. He took a little paper-bound book from his pocket and hurriedly opened it. Though Mrs. Glaum was motionless, he was aware that her secret inward organs of sensitivity were making adjustment to an indelicate situation.



The invisible struggle over, she began in her nicest voice, "I, too, have children and, oh, it does make me so lonesome having to go places without them. We used to have such lovely trips together, all four of us, when Mr. Glaum went to the city on business. We used to take a drawing room. With children it's the only way. If you're just two adults, the chair car or even one of the modern coaches, like this one, is all right, but . . ."

She looked at Mr. Glaum, who was pretending to be intent on his book. When Tom was still a baby in arms, they had once taken a drawing room.

"I didn't even plan to come myself this year. What with the crowds and soldiers and all, it isn't fair, but Mr. Glaum just hates travelling without me. Don't you, dear?"

"What?" said Mr. Glaum, pretending he hadn't heard, for in truth he dreaded going places with her. She was fussy and difficult, always wanting things they couldn't afford.

"I did so hate leaving the children, even though they're really pretty grown up now. Gloria Jean's nearly eighteen, and Tom—that's my baby—is fifteen. But I knew what an ordeal it would be for Mr. Glaum. He's the real baby in our house. Can't bear being alone. Why, do you know, we've hardly been separated so much as a whole day out of our entire married life?"

"Doesn't he ever get restless?" the woman asked. There was a shade of awe in her voice.

"Not Arthur Glaum. He's a real family man."

"I don't guess Charlie was," the woman said. "I wonder if he ever thinks about being at home these days. I wonder does he ever give us a thought."

"Most men like getting off on their own once in a while, but not Arthur Glaum. Arthur—"

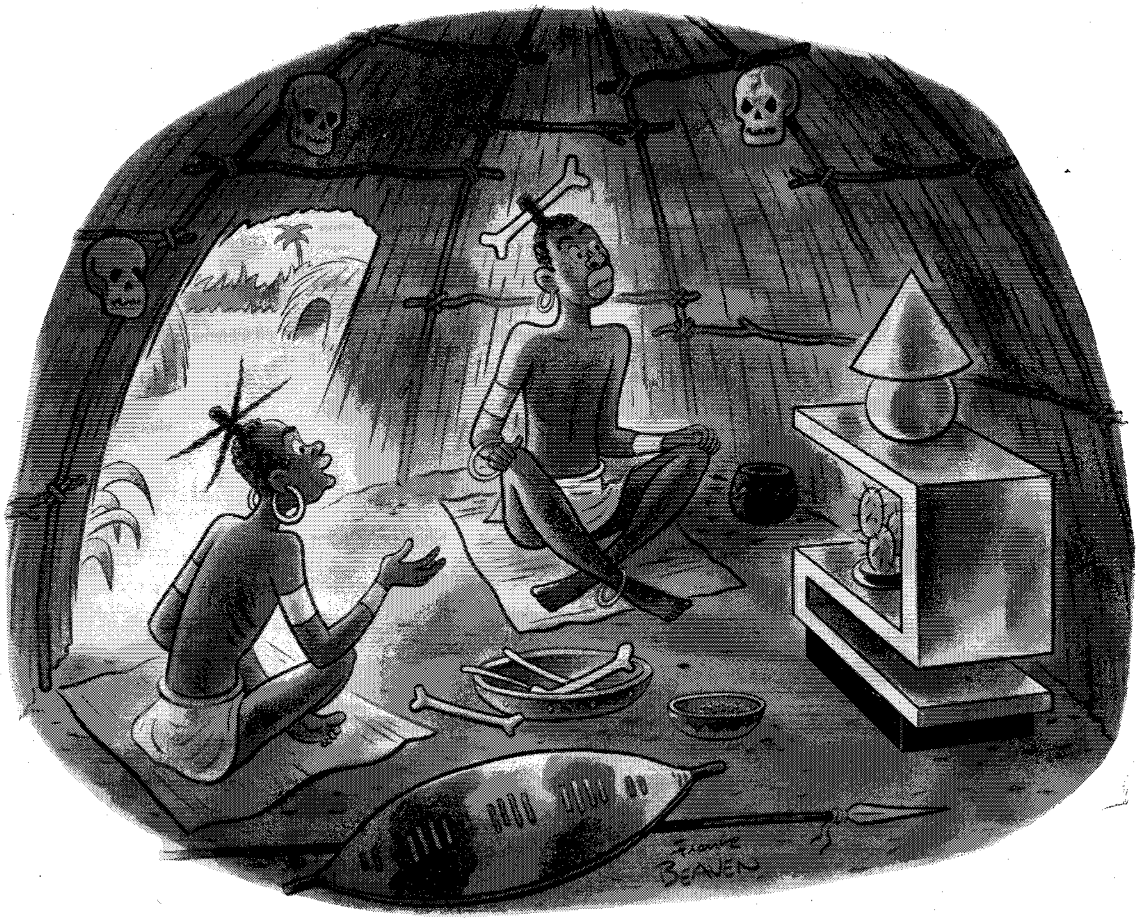
"If you don't mind," Arthur broke in suddenly, "I think I'll go have a drink and let you spread out a bit."

"Run right along," Mrs. Glaum said.

At the end of the car he looked back. His wife had laid aside her knitting and was using her hands to describe with.

He had known from the first she was going to come on this trip with him. Someday he did want to go to the city alone. There were places he wanted to go to, lots of things he wanted to see, by himself.

THE club car was jammed and Mr. Glaum had already a blind feeling in anticipation of the intoxication upon which he had not as yet embarked. Holding his highball and cigarette, he stood staring blankly out the window. Every day she had pretended she just couldn't come, but he had known she'd change her mind when the time came to make reservations. The landscape was streaming past and he was trying to look at it in a blurred way as if he were already drunk. He felt restless. He wanted to talk. He decided on a gentleman about his own age who was sitting with his head thrown back, staring up at the ceiling.



"It does look out of place, I suppose, but the wife likes it."

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"Would you care to have a drink with me?" Mr. Glaum asked.

"Why, yes," said the big man, "of course." He was very simple and direct, with a big, red, open face. They began talking of various cities. They seemed to have been to a lot of the same places and they felt pretty much the same way about them. When they finished their first drink and ordered another, a woman who was sitting in the chair next to the big man glanced at them uneasily and got up and left. Mr. Glaum settled comfortably into the vacated chair. The two men talked on.

As he was starting his third drink, Mr. Glaum suddenly said, "Are you married?"

"Used to be," the man said.

"Did you love your wife?"

"Yes," the man said. "Don't you love yours?"

"Oh, yes," Mr. Glaum replied.

"My wife was too expensive for me," the man went on. "She was very beautiful and expensive, but she felt she could do better by herself. Alone."

"That's very interesting," Mr. Glaum said. "I am almost certain that I love Louisa, but I hate being with her."

"I loved being with Annette," the man said. "She wore the swellest things you ever saw. Came to bed every night soaked in perfume. Wore all kinds of fancy negligees. It was an adventure."

"Why did you leave her, then? Why did you let her go away?"

"Like I said. She did better on her own. She kept me broke all the time and even at that I couldn't be sure where a lot of the stuff was coming from."

"My wife wants to be with me every minute," said Mr. Glaum. "I love my wife best when I'm not with her and when I'm not even thinking about her, if you understand what I mean."

"To me my wife is a beautiful memory," the stranger said. Mr. Glaum looked at him. He was a tall man with an incipient stomach. He had strong, hairy hands and red hair that did not begin to cover the top of a splendidly shaped pink head. He didn't look much like a man who would care for memories.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Glaum, "I must go see to my wife."

LOUISA, he found, had invited the woman to sit next her. The smaller of the two children was asleep, with her head in her sister's lap. The older girl had her eyes fixed avidly on Mrs. Glaum, who was doing her nails. She was using a very long buffer and working with great delicacy and freedom. It was strange, Mr. Glaum thought, that she couldn't handle her knitting needles better. As he came up, the woman took the sleeping child into her own lap.

"You're a little intoxicated," his wife said, watching the careful way he let himself down onto the seat.

"Only three whiskeys, Louisa."

She gave him a smile that meant everything was all right and went on with her conversation. "My grandmother's house was right up on a bluff overlooking the river. It was such a beautiful place for a little girl to go."

She dropped her hands in her lap and shut her eyes. "I can hardly remember Grandpa at all. Grandpa owned most of the town. Oh, it was just a tiny place, of course." She gave forth the kind of

BLOOD IN THE MOONLIGHT
STUDIOS

"O.K., Manny. Offer her five grand a week and be tough about it. Let her think we don't give a damn whether she signs up or not."

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laugh that is called rippling. "Grandma was his darling. He gave her everything. She had the prettiest clothes and the loveliest china. Grandpa spoiled her dreadfully. But do you know, she never seemed to miss him after he was gone. She seemed perfectly happy just walking about her garden."

Mrs. Glaum drew a sigh and put her pretty head on one side in a pretty way. "It's wonderful," she said, "having had a beautiful childhood."

Mr. Glaum again opened his book. Why had he come back here when he had been having such a nice time in the club car? All that stuff about her grandmother and grandfather. Mr. Toomer had owned a saloon, a mill, and a tugboat which Louisa's expansive memory was even now turning into several river boats. He thought of old Mrs. Toomer, in a sunbonnet, looking around at her hollyhocks. Whenever Louisa spoke of them, all these honest, simple objects seemed to increase in size, number, and majesty.

The past, it seemed, was cheering the other woman too, for now she was telling Louisa about her father, who had been a driver of trotting horses and who used to ride her around the race tracks in his sulky. "We had a little spotty dog named Trixie," she said. "I always tried to make him ride too. My, how he barked!" She covered her face with her hands and laughed.

"We certainly do not live the way we used to, do we?" Louisa said. "Now, our little house . . ."

"I think I'll go back to the club car," Mr. Glaum said. "A man there was telling me some very interesting things about the administration."

Mr. Glaum returned to the crowded club car, made directly for the pantry, and ordered another highball. He drank it down quickly, then looked around for his friend. The bald-headed man was drinking with a young woman in uniform. The young woman was holding his hand. Mr. Glaum walked over to join them.

"There's been a lot of talk," the young woman was saying, "about whether or not we should take off our caps when we drink."

"The important thing," said the bald-headed man, "is not what you take off when you drink but what you have on to take off when you lie down. Personally, I should not like removing you from that blue serge. Now my wife used to wear"—he looked up—"but here's a friend of mine. My dear friend, I should like you to meet this young person here. She's the new type of woman, to whom gradually, I suppose, we shall all become accustomed."

Mr. Glaum sat down on the arm of her chair. The young woman put her arm around Mr. Glaum's waist.

"Your friend is charming," she said to the bald-headed man. "He has such a delicate waist. I love a man with a delicate waist."

"Did your wife have a tendency to exaggerate her possessions when she was talking to other women?" Mr. Glaum asked.

"Annette never exaggerated anything," the man said. "She couldn't, because whatever it was, she always had it."

"Why do you worry about other women when, after all, I am here?" the young, military-looking woman asked rather sadly.

"Give us time, for God's sake," said the bald-headed man. "Rome wasn't built in a day."

"Maybe the way Louisa talks is my fault," said Mr. Glaum. "Maybe I don't give her enough stuff."

Beyond the window the passing world was filling with shadow as Mr. Glaum verbally weighed the possibility of his own guilt against his wife's flexible avidity. The bald-headed man argued consolingly in favor of Mr. Glaum, and then all at once the young woman began to cry.

"Talk, talk, talk," she said. "I just don't seem to rate with you boys at all. Oh, my God, I'm so tired."

"Soldiers don't cry," said the bald-headed man. "Why don't you be a good girl and go get us some more drinks."

"Just a sec," she said. She wiped her eyes with her handkerchief. "There now, I'm going to try to please." She took their glasses and went off.

"Maybe it's not just Louisa," Mr.

Glaum said. He was now really drunk. "Maybe it's all of them. Did you notice that young woman's expression? As if something were biting her under her blouse? It often seems to me Louisa has a little, sharp-toothed animal hidden in her dress that keeps biting her."

The young woman reappeared with the drinks and handed one to each of the men. The bald-headed man looked at her closely.

"Yes, I think I see," he said. "Would you like to hop on my knee, young woman?"

She smiled. He opened his legs and she sat down on one heavy thigh and put an arm about his neck. "Comfortable?" she asked.

"Just leave me room to drink," he answered.

As they talked, the evening slipped up on them. The young woman sat quietly on the big man's knees, regarding them drowsily, her eyes almost closed. The train stopped at a station. They got up and stood by a window, looking out. Rain drizzled down the glass. The lights of the town were blurred and animated.

"Towns, little towns," said the girl in uniform dreamily, as if she were singing a torch song. "They go by, they go by, but all I want is just a little bit of now." She pressed the big man's fingers.

The train started with a jerk. They threw their arms about each other to save themselves from falling and sat down again.

The train gathered speed. They were silent now and Mr. Glaum was thinking of Louisa.

"It's night," said the young woman. She opened her eyes wide in a baby stare. "We're going so fast. Do you feel how fast we're going?" She put her finger in her mouth, holding the tip between her teeth and staring like a child.

Louisa was very present in Mr. Glaum's thoughts. "Excuse me," he said. "I feel I must be going."

He walked back through the now darkened coaches. There was a general stirring in the seats as of birds settling into their nests. Some people were already asleep, but others turned nervously, attempting to adjust themselves. Mr. Glaum tripped and fell over three or four very tiny sailors who were sleeping on facing seats at the end of a car, folded together like little animals in a lair, their heads in each other's laps and their feet everywhere. The odor of alcohol hung over them as the natural stench above animals. They seemed very sweet and harmless.

He picked himself up and went on along through the cars.

THE woman with the children was gone. In place of the three lay a young man, sleeping on his side, his knees drawn up. Louisa, too, was asleep. She had made her face again and fixed her hair. Her head was resting against the doily on the seat back and her face was tilted upward. Her hands were folded sweetly in her lap. A thousand tender thoughts passed through Mr. Glaum's heart. She was like a patient being carried to an operating table. She was like a lovely girl laid out for burial. She might very well have been the Lily Maid of Astolat.

Leaning close, he peered into her face. It had relaxed entirely. The little animal must be asleep. There was no pain at the edge of her eyes, none at the corners of her mouth. He watched her face. It was a face he could have watched forever. It was the face he wanted, the face he felt to be her own. Usually it was so busy with this, that, or the other, but at night, in dreams, it had all the things it wanted and didn't have to plan for them or pretend about them.

Louisa, he thought, should die at night. With a face like that, she would get such a good grade in heaven. They would never ask what she had done. They would never even open the book to find out what secret sins had been gnawing her breast, because her face would be testimony of the fact that she had never even been conscious of sin.

—Wendell Wilcox

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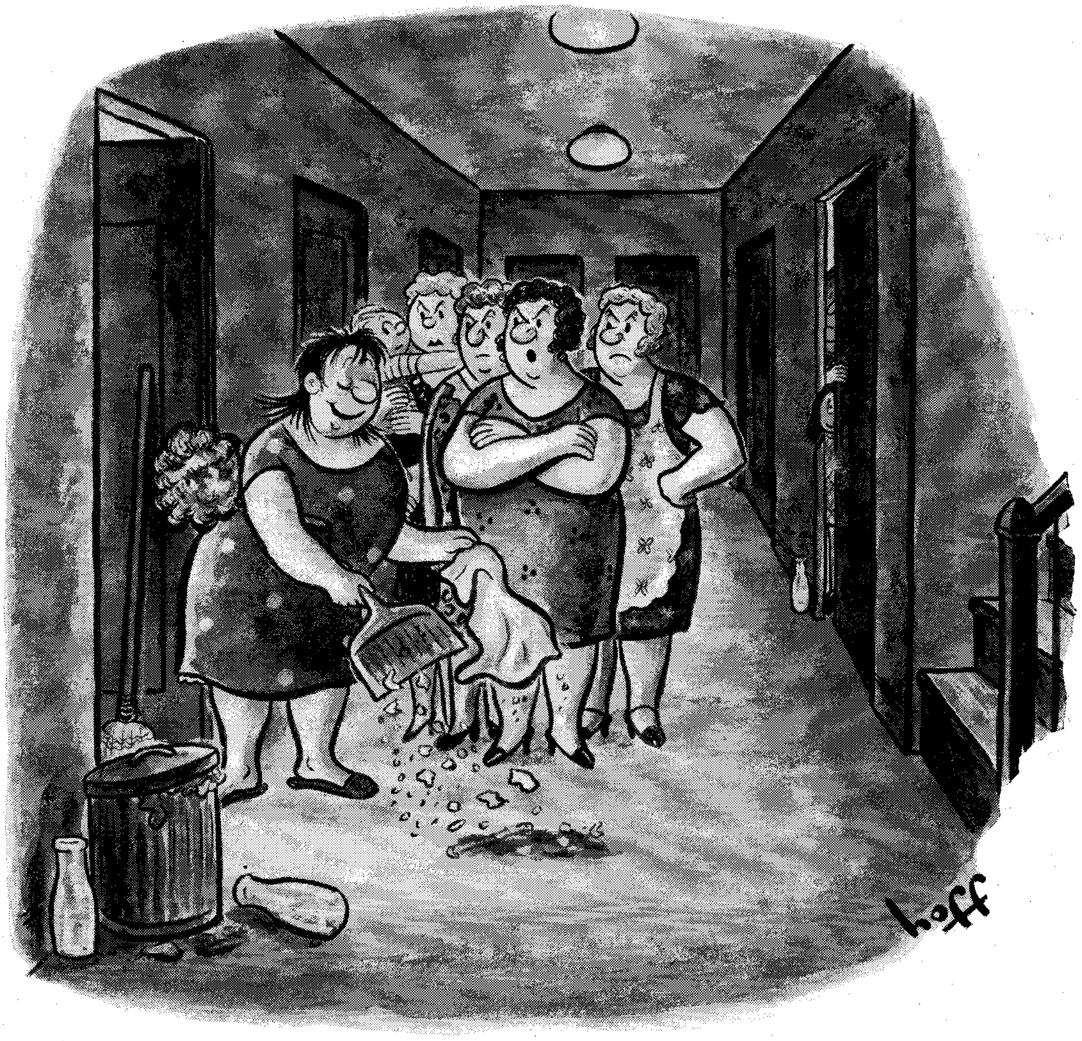
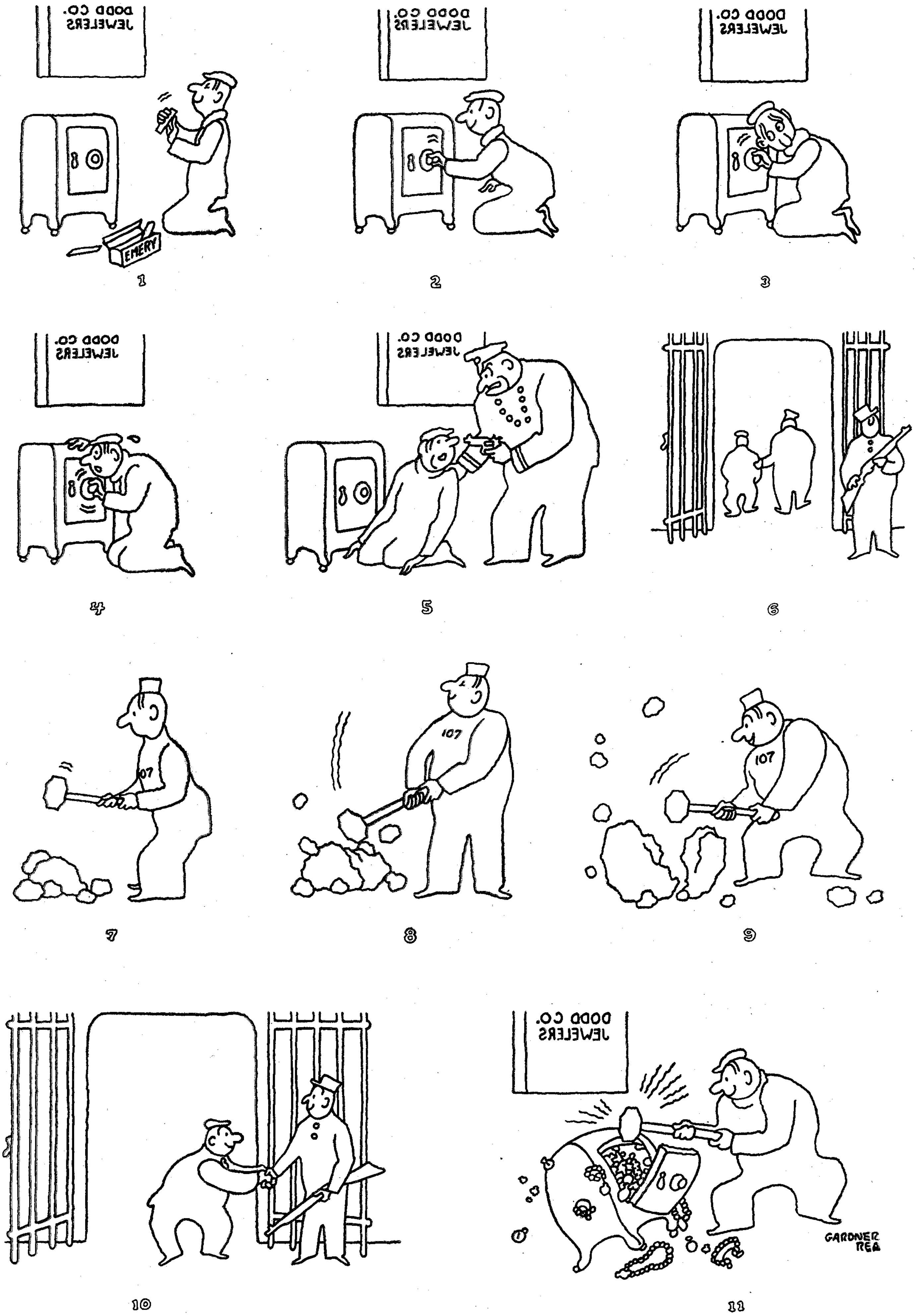
Honest, reliable woman, or sailor's wife. Hswk. Ph. 1369. 9-tf.—*Adv. in the Boulder (Colo.) Camera.*

Make up your mind.



"Mrs. Slavnik, we represent the whole fourth floor."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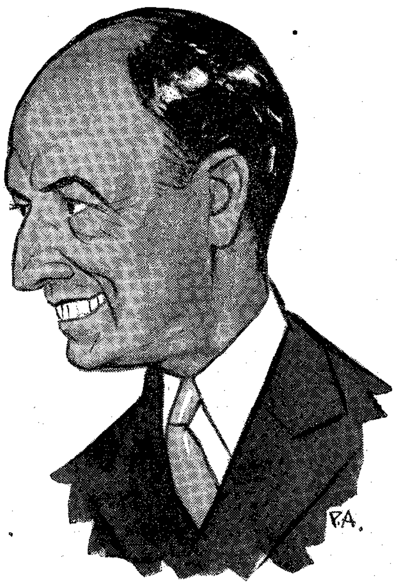
PROFILES

THE THIRTEENTH LABOR OF HERCULES—II



Robert A. Lovett

IT seems to be a fact that a man who was a Marine sergeant or a cavalry officer in the last war can get along without ever being a Marine sergeant or a cavalry officer again, but a man who flew a military plane twenty-five years ago generally hankers after airplanes for the rest of his life. Robert A. Lovett, Assistant Secretary of War for Air, was a bomber pilot in the last war, and although the interval of peace turned him into a Wall Street man and a partner of Brown Brothers Harriman, the threat of another war caused him to act in a way that aroused the curiosity of the other partners in his firm. As early as 1938, Lovett would disappear from the office for an entire afternoon, turning up the next morning as urbane and reticent as ever but with a light in his eye. "We knew something was in the air and, come to find out, it was Bob," says E. Roland Harriman. "He was sneaking over to some flying field and flying a rented plane just to get his hand in again." Lovett was forty-three in 1938 and he had no notion of doing any flying in the war to come, nor did he suspect that he would be in Washington as Air Secretary three years later. He simply felt that war was imminent, that planes were going to be important, and that anyone who had once known something about them had better brush up.

In 1916, the year before America entered the first World War, Lovett was in his second year at Yale. He was later to become a member of Phi Beta Kappa and he had already been elected to the Elizabethan Club on the strength of a paper he wrote suggesting that the line in "Hamlet," "The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviar to the general," referred to Shakespeare's own "Troilus and Cressida," which, according to most authorities, was written after "Hamlet." If correct, this was a real literary discovery, but Lovett's friends feel that it sheds more light on Lovett than on Shakespeare. "I don't think Bob was actually as crazy about Shakespeare as all that," one of them lately remarked. "It's just that when he starts to find out something about anything, boy, he finds out everything!" F. Trubee Davison, another Yale student, had left college a year earlier to drive an ambulance in France, and toward the end of Lovett's sophomore year he came home with such tales of the war and of the newly formed Lafayette Escadrille in particular that a dozen of his friends, including Lovett, Artemus Gates (now Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air), and John Vorys (now a congressman) organized the outfit that was to see action as the Yale Unit of the Naval Reserve Flying Corps.

The boys had to learn to fly first of all, so they got hold of a flying boat named the Mary Ann—a wide-open, flimsy crate whose engine was suspended behind the pilot's head—and adjourned to Peacock Point, on Long Island, for flying lessons under a Mr. Dave McCulloch. They did not lack official encouragement. Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske had spoken well and publicly of aviation as a factor in warfare, saying, "If we got a thousand aeroplanes together and had them well organized to meet an attacking force, we would have aircraft that could drop large bombs and launch torpedoes, and it would help a great deal." Possibly influenced by this remark, Henry P. Davison, father of Trubee, gave the unit a cedar flying boat and, flying that and the Mary Ann, three of the boys—Lovett, Davison, and Gates—qualified as fliers during the summer of 1916, making solo flights after ten hours in the air. The other members of the unit made good soon after.

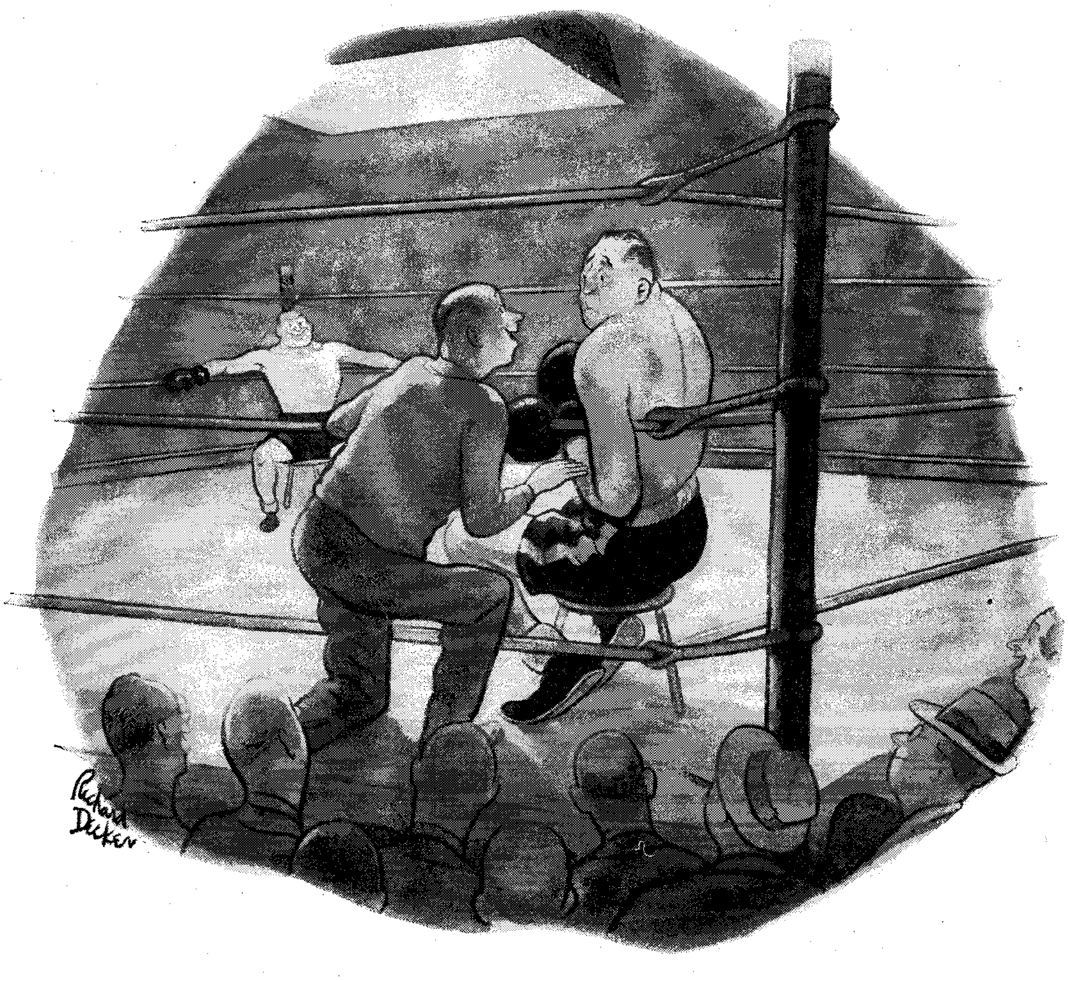
The unit borrowed some money from J. P. Morgan & Co. (Davison's father was a Morgan partner), took in eighteen more men, and gradually acquired four airplanes. Operating this new armada was a debonair and rakehell kind of stunt in 1916, and the exploits of the unit rapidly became legendary during its training period at various places on Long Island. One Sunday, for instance, a couple of the boys got a notion to go to church, so they flew up to New Haven and decorously attended chapel, amid an excited buzz. When, shortly after the boys left Yale and were taken into the Navy, the unit was practicing at Huntington, a man who lived near the field complained that the noise of the planes woke him up at 5 A.M. In a formal note composed by its commanding officer, the unit replied, "Dear Sir: This is war. From now on, we shall start at *four* A.M." Such highhanded conduct as this slightly alienated the public, and newspapers, with an undertone of dislike, began calling the Yale fliers "the millionaire unit." When the unit, flying to Pensacola, made a side trip to Palm Beach, the young men's fancy ways had reached a height which even their loving historian, Ralph D. Paine, describes with a nervous humor in his book called "The First Yale Unit." He writes, "The old-timers such as Trubee Davison, 'Di' Gates, and Bob Lovett went up for short hops on this first day, but the crowd as a whole was permitted to take it easy and rest from the journey. They were rolled about in wheel chairs by African slaves amid tropical gardens and coconut palms. For light exercise they learned how to glance at their new wristwatches with an air of easy nonchalance. From this the more astute intellects evolved the 'wristwatch drill,' which consisted of a fancy step in unison, then crossed feet and an imitation of the regulation salute. For Navy men," Mr. Paine concludes with a blend of melancholy and indulgence, "their manners were still startling and peculiar."

Although Lovett was a passionate and conscientious flier, taking constantly to the air when he might simply have lolled on a Florida beach, he was also a man who got out of his ship, each time he returned, with the immediate idea of raising a little quiet hell. He was Chief Wag of the Wags, the unit's private club, whose members started every sentence with "Being a Wag and therefore a superman" and were celebrated throughout the Naval Reserve as the greatest bunch of kidders in the outfit. He also was the boy things happened to. Once, when the unit was experimenting with a Sperry radio, Lovett was the only one who got an interesting incoming message. High above the clouds, the radio suddenly spoke to him. "Love and caresses," it said, "from Galli Thea, Havana, Cuba." Lovett has never found out who Miss Thea was, and he thinks the message was meant for somebody else.

IN August, 1917, four months after America entered the war, Lovett and Artemus Gates qualified as naval aviators, with the rank of ensign, and were ordered to Navy headquarters in London. Lovett was twenty-two, tall, slim, dark-haired, and full of responsibility. At his station in Felixstowe, he surprised his superior officers by drawing up a plan for night bombing of German submarine bases on the North Sea, which had been tried by the British but was a new idea for our Navy. The Navy authorities grabbed at it, and Lovett followed his own blueprints for air warfare into the thick of every raid. Temporarily attached to a British squadron, he made numerous night raids on German bases in a Handley-Page, along with three other British planes. The squadron dropped about six thousand pounds of explosives each time on Zeebrugge and on the docks at Bruges. "With our full load of bombs, we were unable to climb more than seven thousand or eight thousand feet," he wrote in one report. "This necessitated our bombing from a glide." This early approximation of dive-bombing sounds as modern today as Lovett's insistence, in 1917, that intermittent bombing of enemy bases was a waste of time. "Keep it incessant" was his cry then, and it still is now that he is Air Secretary for the Army.

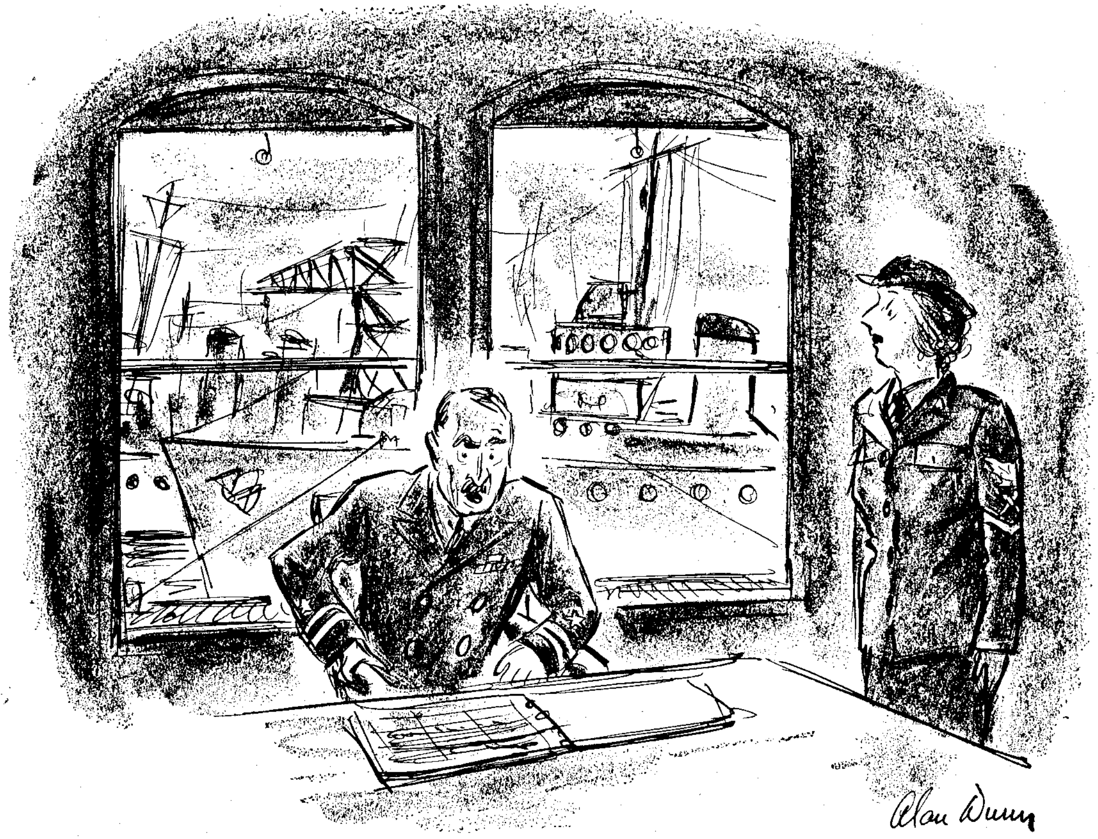
When Lovett was made a squadron commander in the Navy's Northern Bombing Group, which included most of his pals in the Yale Unit, his high position might have caused some embarrassment all round if it hadn't been for his mother and his girl at home, who unconsciously helped to keep any undue awe from creeping into the old companionship. His girl was Miss Adele Brown, with whom he had danced, played tennis, and had a romantic understanding in the lighthearted summers before the war. She sent him a helmet she had knitted for him to wear on night flights, and when he proudly put it on to show to his comrades, he discovered that it was so constructed that the mouth slit exposed his forehead and the rest of his face was a surprised and billowing mask of blue wool. His mother's gifts were even more to the squadron's taste. There was one, however, which they never saw, owing to some whim of the military authorities. This was a trunk containing thirty uniforms, made to measure from an old suit by a fashionable New York tailor. The trunk followed Lovett around a good portion of Europe and finally caught up with him in New York, unopened, after the war ended. His mother's most famous gift was a suit of long underwear made of white Angora, which Lovett hailed as being useful for night flights and gratefully wore on the first bombing mission he participated in after its arrival. The heat from the plane engine, combined with the warmth of the Angora wool, made him sweat and itch so picturesquely that, it is said, his plane did loops that made the German fliers stop in mid-air to stare.

Lovett laughs at these recollections now, but not too heartily. One reason, perhaps, is that they seem remote to a man whose present job is to make the United States Army Air Forces an invincible power against a merciless foe that doesn't understand, among other things, American jokes. Another reason might be that three of the gay, wisecracking members of the Yale Unit—Albert D. Sturtevant, Curtis S. Read, and Kenneth MacLeish—were killed in action. Artemus Gates was captured by the Germans and released after the armistice. Lovett was a lieutenant commander in the United States Naval Air Force when the war ended, and wore the Navy Cross.



"Another thing in your favor—you're not over-confident."

MOST war heroes have to start at the bottom in civilian life. Lovett was luckier than many, because he found two jobs waiting for him when he came home: one with Miss Brown's father in Brown Brothers, the other with his own father, who was president of the Union Pacific. Lovett, resourceful as always, managed everything at once. He married Miss Brown, went to work for her father, and spent his spare time haranguing his own father about the senselessness of the Union Pacific in not establishing airlines to carry mail and freight. "I had him hanging on the ropes," he says, and shakes his head as he recalls a morning when he drove his father, by then chairman of the board of Union Pacific and Carl Gray, the new president, to their office in a snappy roadster he had just bought. During the drive he talked about the air-mail and air-freight idea until the two older men, beaten, agreed to have a survey made to find out whether the plan was practicable. Lovett dropped them off and arrived at his own office just as his telephone rang and his father's voice, simmering along the wire, said, "Have you seen this morning's paper? . . . Take a look at page *one*." Lovett, holding the wire, took a look at page one and saw a picture of an airplane which had crashed into ex-Governor Sulzer's house in New Jersey. The tail of the plane was sticking out of the roof. "Well, that might happen once in a thousand times," Lovett said into the telephone. "Once is enough!" his father hollered, and hung up. Some years later, after Gray and Lovett, Sr., had died, Robert Lovett became a director of the Union Pacific. By that time, though, legislation had made it impossible for railroads to operate airlines which had mail contracts. Lovett still mourns the freak of circumstance that ruined his idea.


Alan Dunn

"Now in transcribing the log, Weldon, you must stick to the official wording. We don't say, 'Fluffy white clouds in a cerulean sky.'"

• •

Probably no man has ever been more thoroughly compensated for a lost hope, however. As Assistant Secretary of War for Air, Lovett has been concerned for the past two years not only with the reorganization of the Army Air Forces and the mass production of military planes but with the use of planes as carriers in a far flashier way than he ever dreamed of for the Union Pacific. He and General Arnold have been given major credit for establishing the Air Transport Command, which is responsible for delivering finished planes and matériel to the fighting fronts around the world. Lovett, speaking calmly and looking like a banker, likes to tell about an exploit the Air Transport Command pulled off only a few months after it began functioning. At one stage of Rommel's drive into Egypt, before he started his epic retreat, the speed of his advance resulted in the destruction of certain ammunition stores of the United Nations. The Allies were consequently desperately short of anti-tank shells. If they had not received a supply, the results would have been disastrous. The Air Transport Command delivered twenty-five thousand pounds of anti-tank ammunition from the United States to the front in Egypt in five days.

When Lovett talks about things like that, or about the fact that America's output of planes has increased from between thirty-five and forty-five hundred a month last December to around eight thousand a month today, his calmness and his resemblance to a banker gradually fade and he is apt to leap from his chair and take a quick turn up and down the green carpet in his office in the Pentagon Building. It is not enthusiasm that sets him to pacing, but a vast and mildly profane impatience for more and faster achievements. Although he insistently disclaims even a share of the credit for the long-range bombing program which the Allies have been following with overwhelming success, he has been well known in Washington for more than two years as a plugger for the long-range bombers, otherwise known as the B-17 (the Flying Fortress) and the B-24 (the Liberator). As long ago as May, 1941, seven months before Pearl Harbor, he told a reporter, "I know that we don't know just who we're going to fight, or just where, but what the hell difference does that make? We're going to fight someone and we're not going to do it in our own front yard. We're going to go get them, and nothing goes and gets like the Flying Fortress." A year later, with the United States in the war, he was still wearing out his office carpet. "We have never *used* airpower so far in this war," he told a reporter. "They tell you you can't lick Germany with airpower, that it can't be done. How the hell do they know? It's never been tried. The hell with the past. Our big stuff is the only thing that can deliver itself to any goddam place in the world and go right into combat. That's one reason I believe in the bomber—high-level, glide, dive, and every other goddam kind."

Lovett appears to have a long-range effectiveness himself. A year after his remarks to the reporter about the need for bombers, American Flying Fortresses began bombing deep inside Germany and taking a hand in the conquest of Sicily. The principal achievement of the Air Forces in the past year, Lovett says, has been to prove that airpower can be an offensive weapon. Among the specific feats he mentions to support his statement are the recent raid on the Messerschmitt factory in Regensburg, the earlier raid on the Renault plant outside of Paris, the taking of Lampedusa and Pantelleria, and the destruction of Axis planes and airfields in Sicily. During the battles of Pantelleria and Lampedusa, Lovett was in North Africa on an inspection trip and had a ringside seat. However, the battle of the Bismarck Sea, earlier this year, in which twenty-two Japanese ships, seventy-two Japanese planes, and fifteen thousand Japanese troops were obliterated, probably affected Lovett more strongly than any other American air victory so far. He was so elated that he broke his own rule against holding press conferences. Speaking before a roomful of reporters, he said, "It was a demonstration which will rank with the Battle of Britain from a defensive standpoint and with the battle of Midway from the standpoint of technique. The outstanding lesson of the Bismarck Sea battle is that if you use airpower properly, you get dividends." When skeptics ask Lovett about the long delay between his public statements and the actions that illustrate them, he clothes himself in calmness like a man putting on a tailcoat. "It takes time," he says, "and besides, there are, of course, a certain number of revolving sons of bitches who can get you loused up."

BY V-MAIL TO ELLEN

Tune which the hearts and waves and engines beat:
"This is the real thing, this is really it!"
Our troopship has a needed deed to do.
But since love sometimes makes men do deeds better,
May Eisenhower forgive me if for you,
Ellen, only for you I write this letter,
Useless to war as any a seagull feather.

Could my New York, so linked with you, wrench free
From laws of gravity and Albany,
She'd sprout big marvellous wings and soar and bring
Wonders to those who miss her most: to me
Washington Bridge, Fifth Avenue buses, or
At least from West Fourteenth a certain square
Where memory's proud peacock struts as king.

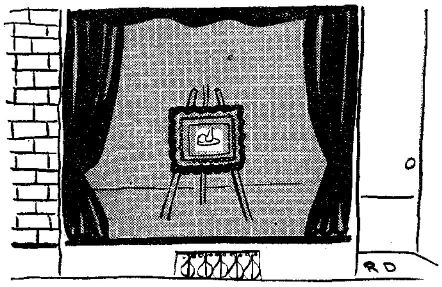
The waters touch each face with salt and wonder.
With wonder and steel we touch the water's face.
War is my East; Fourteenth Street is my West.
Before me—if we reach that eastern thunder—
Waits very little rest, or longest rest.
Seaweed and equal dozing waits down under.
Both sleeps are cold, and you're in neither place.

And so I write you love leaves stings more aching
Than what the loveless jabbed into the waxen
Shapes of their scorners in old conjurings.
Across all arms stretched out from used-to-be
Who pulled that blind down? Did I hear glass breaking?
Suddenly I've grown tired as the wings
Of tired seagull lost on open sea.

—SGT. PETER VIERECK

• •

TOUGH talk was no part of Lovett's life when he was a partner in Brown Brothers Harriman. As a banker, he was known as being tactful, diplomatic, and suave, and his gift to Washington is actually a combination of Wall Street manners, a banker's mind, and a flier's heart and soul. At Brown Brothers Harriman, he specialized in commercial banking—the lending of great sums of money to industrial enterprises—and in foreign exchange. His annual trips abroad had a happy result for his firm; prowling around Germany in the nineteen-thirties, he smelled what was coming and managed to get practically all of Brown Brothers' investments out of the Reich. He is vividly remembered by his partners as a man who dearly loved a problem and carried a briefcase full of headaches home every night just for the hell of it. "He was a fool for anything unsolvable," E. Roland Harriman recalls. Still death on facts and figures, he has floored more than one Washington colleague by his minute knowledge of every subject even remotely related to his job. Discussing, for example, the problem of moving a hundred thousand tons of supplies a month to Australia, he will begin by saying that to send that much cargo by surface vessels would take forty-four ships, 3,200 crew members, and 165,000 barrels of fuel; to send it by cargo planes would take 10,022 planes, 120,765 crew members, and 8,996,614 barrels of fuel. Not long ago he laid down a barrage of statistics so exhaustive that one listener, reeling from Lovett's office, was heard to wonder aloud whether he might not just be making up a lot of figures and tossing them around. That Lovett's statistics are not imaginary is demonstrated by the remark of an aircraft manufacturer who, after a session with the Air Secretary, said to a friend, "He quoted me more figures about my own business than I knew myself."



Lovett was in France, on banking business, when it fell, and he saw what little chance the accepted kind of warfare had against the new German methods. Upon his return home, he made a tour of airplane factories throughout the United States and discovered that America was doing even less to prepare for war than France had done. His horror at this discovery impelled him to set down his alarm in writing, for he is an articulate man both orally and on paper. It was the notes he made on that inspection tour which led to his War Department appointment.

Robert P. Patterson, whom he knew, had just been made Undersecretary of War and, along with a handful of other far-seeing men in Washington, he realized that airpower was going to be vital to victory in the war. The question that obsessed these men was "How are we going to make our air force the best in the world?" and there came a day when Patterson, propounding it to Lovett over lunch in Washington, got from Lovett the first full and practical reply he had ever had. "Put that in writing, will you?" Patterson said when Lovett stopped talking. Lovett came back to New York, expanded his notes into a report with detailed plans, and sent it to Patterson. He had not been thinking of an appointment, but the official reply to the report, when the authorities had read it, amounted to "You get the job." Lovett resigned from Brown Brothers Harriman and moved to Washington in December, 1940.

REGIS
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"What room is the banquet in, boy?"

The winding up of a private, or semi-private, career as active as Lovett's was no simple task, but he accomplished it with his usual forthrightness and speed. In addition to being a partner in Brown Brothers Harriman and a director and a member of the executive committee of the Union Pacific and four of its subsidiary lines, he was a director of the Provident Fire Insurance Company, the Commercial Pacific Cable Company, the Union Sulphur Company, and the United States Guarantee Company, and a member of the American advisory committee of the Royal Exchange Assurance, a British insurance firm. He tendered eleven business resignations when he went to work for the War Department. The number of resignations he submitted to philanthropic organizations totalled eight. He was a trustee and either the chairman or a member of the finance committee of the Metropolitan Museum, the Community Service Society of New York; the Presbyterian Hospital, Babies Hospital, and Neurological Institute; the Boys' Club of New York (founded by the late E. H. Harriman), the Commonwealth Fund, and the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. Officials of these organizations say that Lovett was not a figurehead but a hard worker who conscientiously labored over the job of managing the financial affairs of the institutions. His co-workers miss him and, in the case of Brown Brothers Harriman, the Metropolitan, and the Carnegie Foundation, prefer to think of his resignation as a temporary leave of absence. Explaining Lovett's zeal for philanthropic work, Mr. Howard Savage, secretary of the Carnegie Foundation, has remarked, "Lovett is the kind of man who will take a trusteeship and fulfill its obligations on the hunch that somewhere in this cosmos he may be able to do some good for someone else." One of Lovett's business partners puts it more briefly. "It's strictly *pro bono publico* with Bob," he says.

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LOVETT, who has handled huge sums of money in private life and has presumably amassed no small amount for himself, is paid $10,000 a year as Assistant Secretary of War for Air. Seven days a week he is driven from his house on S Street to his office in the Pentagon Building in a black limousine, and generally he works from eight-thirty in the morning to about seven at night. Some Sundays he manages to get away from the office around half past one in the afternoon, and when he does he usually goes to the movies. In the last two years, he has had what might be called two days of vacation; returning from an inspection trip, he spent two days sitting in the sun in Florida. His office staff is small, consisting of two officers (Colonel George A. Brownell and Major A. Murray Hanson) and six girls—four stenographers and two filing clerks.

Lovett has never recommended a friend for an appointment since he has been in office, and his lack of political ambition for himself baffles some Washingtonians and impresses others. "The man will never be a politician" is the general verdict. If anybody asks Lovett for a statement about his political career, he is likely to look badgered and say, "I haven't any political career—don't know anything about politics and never have. My business was banking, now it's airplanes. I'm just a regular government employee, working on salary." His main ambition is the same as that of most soldiers fighting on the battlefronts—simply to get the war won and go home. On his last birthday, in September, General Arnold presented him with a pair of unique Army Air Forces silver wings, in the middle of which, instead of a shield, is an armchair.

He is enthusiastic about the coöperation of the American public. "You can't imagine," he will tell you, "the wonderful letters I get from people, like one man, sixty-one years old and sore as the deuce because they told him he was too old to get into the Air Forces. He sent me an X-ray picture of his insides to show me there was nothing the matter with 'em. And the kids who *are* in the Air Forces—why, there was one pilot who had a ten days' leave, and how do you suppose he spent it? Took a short-range plane and flew it three thousand miles, from coast to coast, to demonstrate that its range could be extended. That's a heartening thing, you know. It's men like that, and the men in the drafting rooms and in the ground crews, that make the whole thing kick." Lovett's wife and friends have for some time noticed that he comes back from his periodic inspection trips, which he always makes by air, with a jauntier bearing and a happier look. There was one slight difficulty recently between the boss and the pilot of the plane he uses. It concerned the bottle of milk which accompanies Lovett on his flights, milk being the last, bland vestige of an ulcer diet he used to be on. The pilot always had it aboard the plane, and Lovett discovered that the man was buying and paying for it himself. It was obviously impossible to offer the pilot money as you would a bellboy or a waiter, so Lovett solved the problem with his usual consideration and good manners by bringing his milk with him each trip. People at the airports are now accustomed to the sight of the Assistant Secretary of War for Air, tall, suave, and impeccably dressed, making for his plane with a brown paper bag under his arm.

Last spring he took his longest inspection trip, and the one that made him look the happiest—three weeks in North Africa and three in England. This he has described as "one of the finest experiences of my short life." While in North Africa, he made a flight over the Atlas Mountains with a War Department colleague in a B-17, sitting in the co-pilot's seat but not actually flying the plane. In the course of the journey, he went back into the fuselage to sit with his colleague and some members of the crew and share their crackers and jam. There the radio operator motioned for him to put on a pair of headphones. Lovett found himself listening to a B.B.C. broadcast of American swing music, something he is very fond of. Several members of the crew also put on headphones, and from time to time there were friendly arguments over the name of a piece being played or the band that was playing it. Lovett always obligingly supplied the correct answer. "This is Tommy Dorsey's theme song, 'I'm Gettin' Sentimental over You'!" he would yell, confidently, or "This is 'Boy Meets Horn,' played by Duke Ellington! That's Rex Stewart taking the trumpet solo!" When the program ended, Lovett returned to the co-pilot's seat. As soon as he had gone, the radio operator turned to the waist gunner and said, "The Secretary is pretty hep, if you ask me. Sure knows his bands."

"Yeah," the gunner said. "He's the first guy from Washington I ever saw who knew *any*thing."

—Margaret Case Harriman
and John Bainbridge

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Lovett.*)

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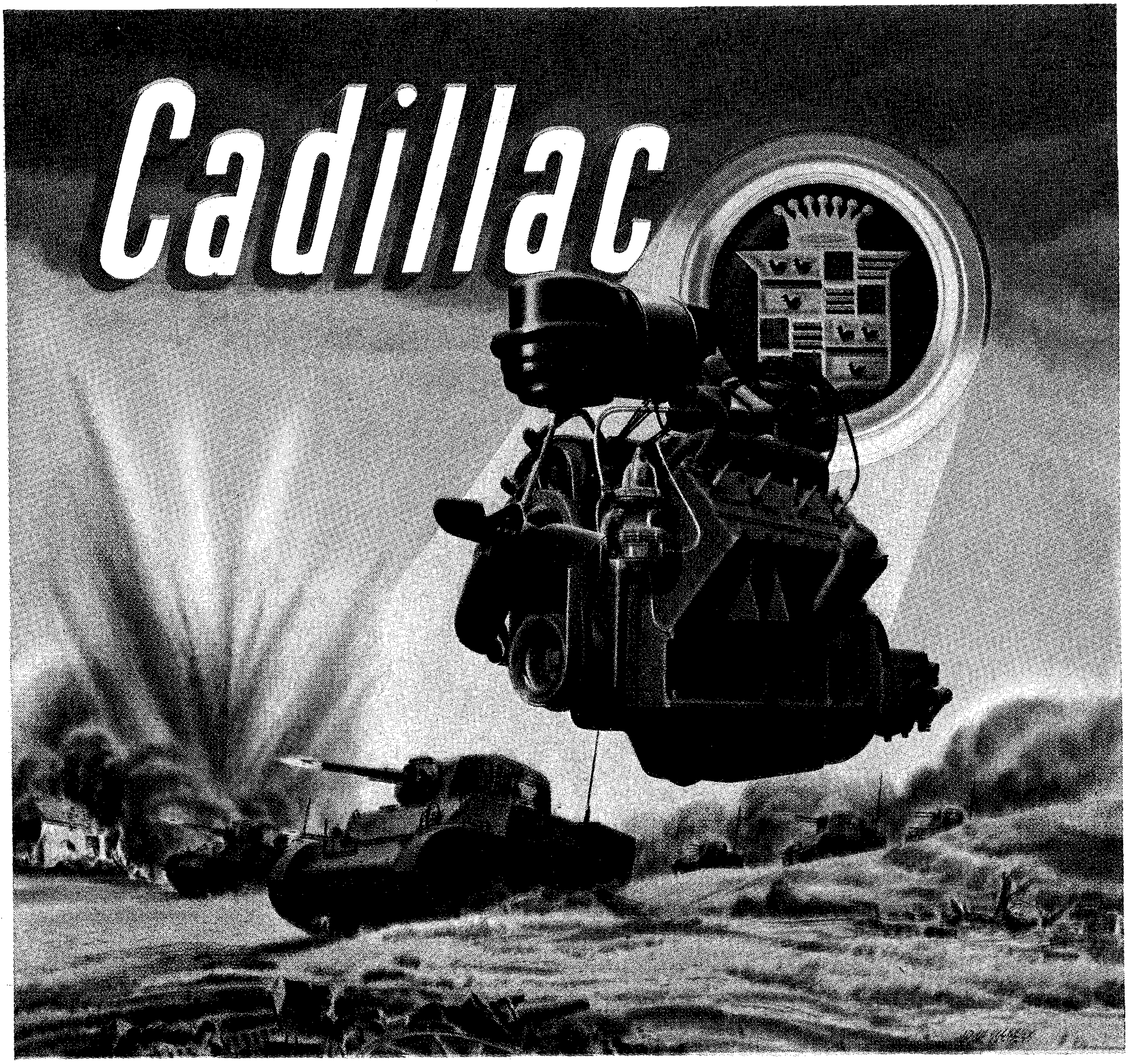
Our prices are a little higher than outside, but you have the use of our hostesses, our lemons, and our ice.—*Sign in a San Juan (Puerto Rico) café.*

O.K., bring them in.



Cadillac's Own V for Victory

The fundamental soundness of the Cadillac V-type engine, that made it outstanding in the automotive world, was an important factor in its adaptation to the M-5 light tank by Cadillac and Army Ordnance Engineers.

Thus with every Cadillac V-8 engine produced today, Cadillac literally contributes its own V to Victory.

Cadillac pioneered the V-type engine 29 years ago, and has continuously developed and improved it ever since. This uninterrupted application of traditional Cadillac precision craftsmanship has naturally brought it to a high state of perfection—and, by virtue of inherent simplicity, ruggedness, great power and compact design, made it ideally adapted to the responsible task as a tank power plant.

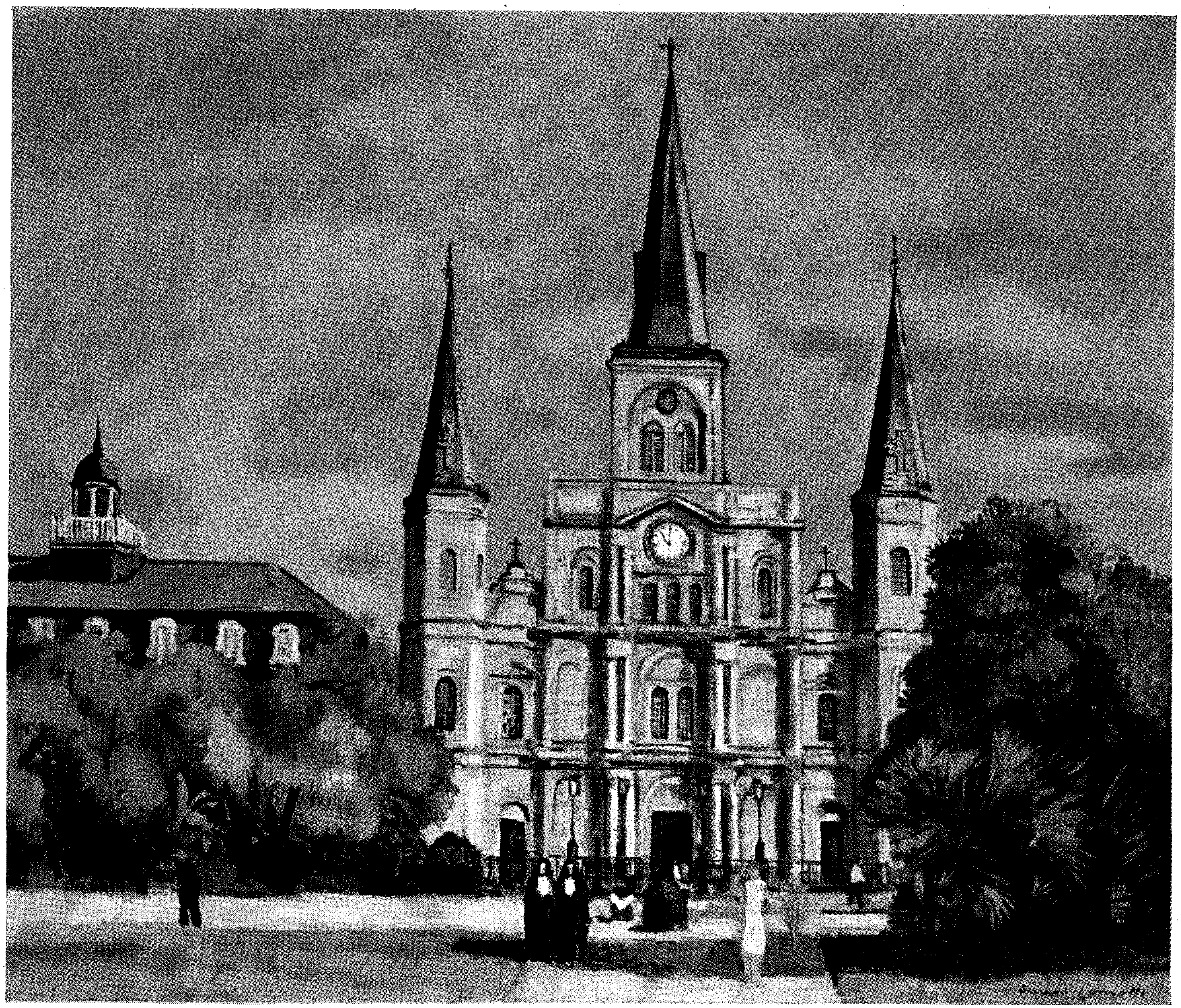
The Cadillac-built M-5 tank has made its name on several fronts. It is widely hailed as the best and most versatile of light tanks, with speed and maneuverability unmatched by any other full-tracked vehicle.

Building the M-5 is only one of our war-time assignments. Another, on which we have been working since 1939, is the production of vital inner assemblies for America's foremost, liquid-cooled aircraft engines—an assignment calling for the highest degree of precision craftsmanship. Thus, while utilizing our experience and skill to the utmost to hasten victory, we are keeping our hands and eyes in trim for the inevitable return to peace.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

BACK THE ATTACK
WITH WAR BONDS

Put your dollars in the
service of Uncle Sam



CATHEDRAL OF ST. LOUIS, VIEUX CARRÉ, NEW ORLEANS, PAINTED FOR THE DE BEERS COLLECTION BY BERNARD LAMOTTE

One-half carat	$200 to $350
One carat	$400 to $800
Two carats	$1050 to $2500

Facts You Should Know About Diamonds: These are average current prices for unmounted quality diamonds, including federal tax. (The exact weights shown occur infrequently.) Size alone does not determine diamond values. Color, cutting, brilliance and clarity have an equally important bearing. You should have a trusted jeweler's best advice when buying diamonds.

Industrial Diamonds — a key priority for high-speed war production — come from the same mines as gem stones. Millions of carats are used in United States industries today. The occasional gem diamonds found among them help defray production costs for all these fierce little "fighting" diamonds. Consequently, there are no restrictions on the sale of diamond gems.

N. W. AYER & SON

Glory of bells

In the freshness of the morning, they rejoice each day for the young lives united now in the face of imminent war partings. So, in a not-too-distant hour, they will peal a thousandfold thanksgiving for the end of war — the real beginning of life and love. Until that hour strikes, the memory of her solemn wedding ceremony in her own church is each young wife's deepest assurance. Her greatest treasure, the diamond engagement ring that reflects the steadfast light of loving hearts across the world. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited, and Associated Companies.

THE THEATRE

DOUBLE-BARRELLED DILEMMA

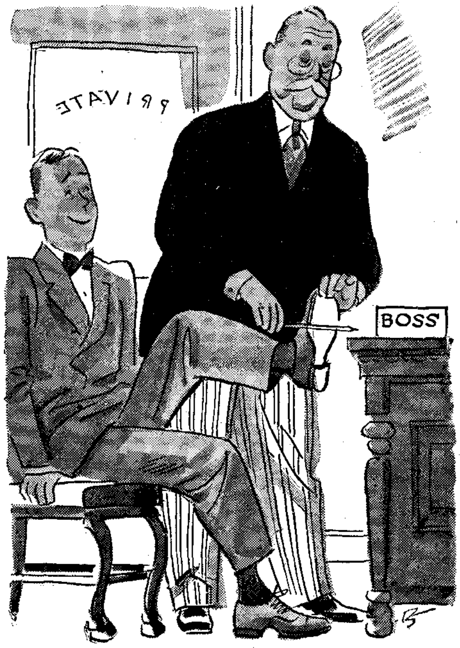
THE handiest way to review Rose Franken's "Outrageous Fortune," now at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, may be to consider the characters separately, in the order of their appearance. There is something awful the matter with practically all of them. Old Mrs. Harris (Maria Ouspenskaya) is a Jewish matriarch with high blood pressure and a habit of annoying her daughter-in-law's servants by preparing herring and lentil soup in the kitchen. Dr. Andrew Goldsmith (Eduard Franz) is a physician, also Jewish, who has lost a valuable hospital appointment through racial prejudice. He has married a rather noisy Irish girl after being rejected by Madeleine Harris (Margalo Gillmore), who doesn't find her husband very satisfactory sexually for reasons not entirely clear to me. *She* has taken up platonically with a young violinist, which doesn't relax her very much, either. Mary (Mabel Taylor) is the maid and a budding anti-Semite. Bert Harris (Frederic Tozere) is the head of the house, a good man, but so preoccupied with a sense of his racial heritage that he isn't very useful for ordinary domestic purposes. Like Madeleine's, his case is a little mystifying to me. Julian Harris (Brent Sargent) is Bert's brother and a homosexual, given to loose ties and playing Beethoven on the piano. For social and financial reasons, he is engaged to Kitty Fields (Adele Longmire), who is so oppressed by his temperate attentions that she tries to kill herself with carbon monoxide. Barry Hamilton (Dean Norton) is the violinist mentioned above. After an early and unfortunate experience with a female music teacher, who seems to have upset him by perspiring too freely, he is on the fence sexually when he is taken in hand by Crystal Grainger (Elsie Ferguson), a notorious woman of the world, who serves as a general catalytic agent in the play, resolving everybody's problems. The strain, however, seems to be too much, and she dies of heart disease after a picnic. Cynthia (Margaret Williams) is her maid, a psychic colored girl who sings spirituals. Incidentally, she sleeps on a cot in the same room with her mistress and is presumably there while that lady is demonstrating amour to the violinist, which seems unusual. Gertrude Goldsmith (Margaret Hamilton) is the doctor's wife and a powerful extrovert. She is aware, however, that she has caught him on the bounce. There is also an elderly woman upstairs, who has just lost four front teeth, top row, but since she doesn't appear, she is probably no more than a random symbol of misery and can be ignored. That's the bunch, and very pretty they are, too.

As you can see, Miss Franken has at least two plays here, and she avoids what might have been another only by setting her action three or four months before Pearl Harbor. Anyway, it is a crowded evening. By virtue of a facile style, the author occasionally makes it seem as if she is really saying something about homosexuality and intolerance, but I'm afraid that in the end you just get the idea she is against them. "Outrageous Fortune," may be literate enough by popular-magazine standards, but, taken as a drama of ideas, it belongs in the kindergarten. Having been reproved in these hard words, it can now settle down happily and run all winter.

I have no complaint to make about the acting. Miss Ferguson, back with us after fourteen years, is one of those actresses who talk a lot with their eyes closed and rather as if they had a mouthful of farina, but she is effective at it and still, of course, a very handsome woman. Mme. Ouspenskaya is anybody's dream of what a fine, frail old Jewish lady should be; Miss Gillmore is suitably distrait as a suffering matron, though, as noted, I don't know exactly what she's suffering about; and Mr. Tozere is hearty and dense enough to satisfy me that he might actually have no idea that his brother is as odd as Dick's hatband. The others are all sensibly cast, too, though it was something of a surprise to me to learn from the program notes that Mr. Norton, who plays the delicately balanced violinist, was once light-heavyweight champion of the Pacific Coast and also pitched for a season with the Cincinnati Reds.

"ARTISTS AND MODELS," at the Broadway Theatre, is a large, expensive, noisy, and rather tasteless jumble of practically everything. The comedy in it derives directly from the old days at the Palace and is often just about identical with what Frank Fay is doing in "Laugh Time" over at the Ambassador. There is some broad humor in it, but very little that can be described as wit. The dancing ranges from good to pathetic. The girls look quite beautiful in some numbers and rather absurd in others, when their costumes pass the thin line between the stylish and the grotesque; either they are the tallest women in the world or else the available men these days are coming very small. The music serves its purpose but that's about all, and the lyrics are brisk and obvious. The scenery is largely composed of great stairways to exhibit the girls and soft drapes that fall gracefully from the sky; it is handsome and characteristic but not very interesting. The particular star of the evening is Jane Froman, a vivid girl who was injured in an airplane crash last winter and now sings sitting down, in a strong, clear voice. The only possible objection I have to her work is that a microphone has been ingeniously concealed somewhere about her person and sometimes it seemed to me that the amplification of the human voice had gone just about far enough.

All this should give you some idea of whether or not you'd care to spend four dollars and forty cents to sit in the orchestra at the Broadway. As for the other details, I haven't a great deal to add. Marty May, Jackie Gleason, and Billy Newell, who handle most of the male comedy, know all the old tricks and are sometimes reasonably funny with them. I am no longer disarmed by comedians who say "Boy, is this going to be lousy!" and then, boy, is it lousy, but I have suffered a good deal and may be captious. Other people out to make you laugh include Collette Lyons, a somewhat too uninhibited comic; the three



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Peters Sisters, enormous and colored; the Radio Aces, who have some pretty tiresome material and give it the works; and the Worth Sisters, who offer what I hope is the last variation on the strip tease. The featured dancers are Harold and Lola, the lady of the team competently impersonating a snake; Mary Raye and Naldi, ballroom dancers and good ones; and Carol King, who appears in a ballet called "New York Heartbeat," which is being done considerably better in "One Touch of Venus." Finally, Frances Faye experiments vehemently on a piano, abetted by four beautiful young women with harps, and the Christiani Troupe is visible in an elaborate circus number which gave me a pain in Row F.

I HAD been going around for years under the impression that "The Petrified Forest," by Robert E. Sherwood, was quite a play; not, certainly, for its social content, which was about that of any intelligent discussion in a college dormitory late at night, but considered purely as melodrama. The version of Mr. Sherwood's play which turned up last week on the New Amsterdam Roof, however, made me wonder what exactly had been the matter with my head back in 1935. Presented as the first offering of a repertory company assembled by Mary Elizabeth Sherwood, "The Petrified Forest" seemed this time like a preparatory-school rather than a college debate, and the gunfire was sporadic and not very satisfactory mechanically. The passage of time, of course, had something to do with it, since nothing withers faster on the vine than fancy liberal thought, and so did the acting, which was mostly of such an embarrassed and tentative nature that the audience suffered visibly with the performers. I suspect, though, that the real truth is that "The Petrified Forest" never was much good and was made to seem so only by the presence in it of people like Humphrey Bogart and the late Leslie Howard. The worst thing about an inept revival may be that it destroys so many pleasant memories.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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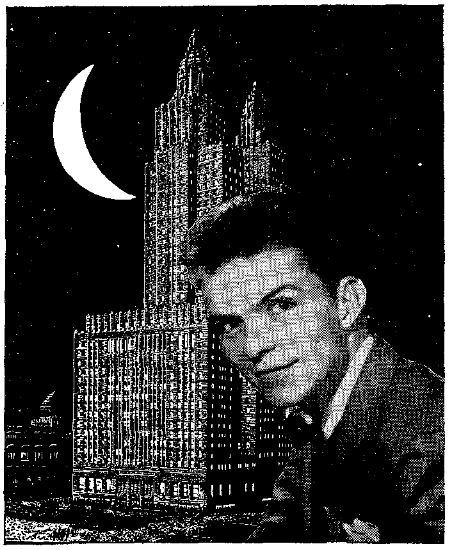
> (I) directs that we adopt this as true:
> (5) If if time is money then if time is not money then time is money then if if if time is not money then time is money then time is money then if time is money then time is money.

—*From "Truth by Convention," by Willard V. Quine, in "Philosophical Essays for Alfred North Whitehead."*

But but but of course.



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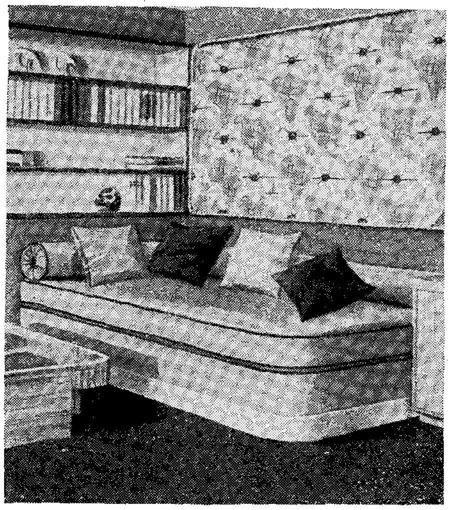

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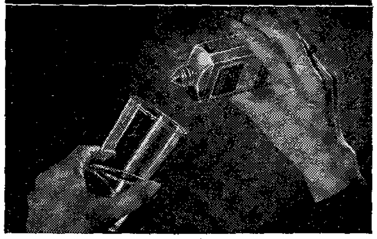

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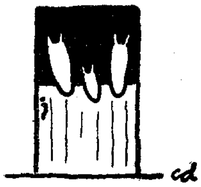
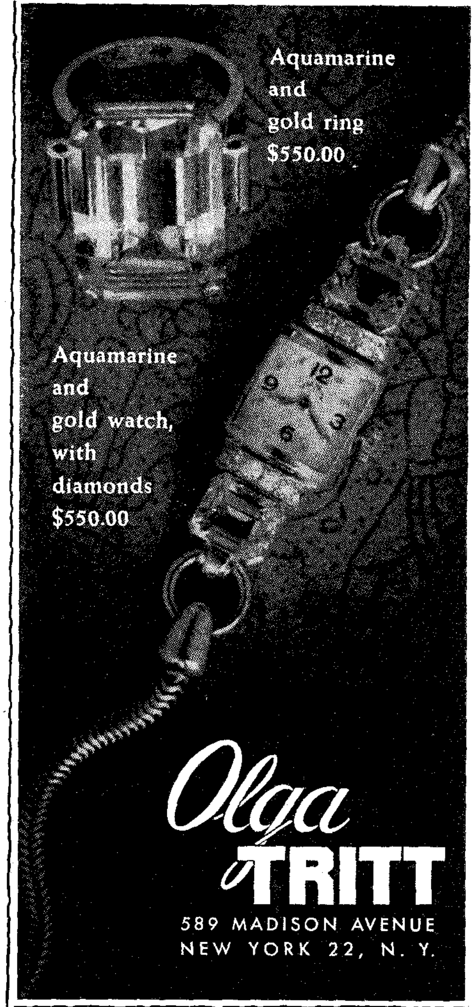


SOME long, dull afternoon next week, when Jamaica is peaceful and deserted, someone ought to sit down and try to rate this season's collection of three-year-olds. When the last disparaging estimate is in, I wouldn't be surprised to find that Slide Rule finally has the high rating he deserves. Perhaps I ought to confess that a year ago I put him down as one of the colts less likely to succeed. At that time, even his trainer didn't think that he was as good as his stablemate Devil's Thumb, who quietly vanished long ago from public life. There were times this summer, though—for instance, when Slide Rule won the Jerome Handicap—when I felt that I might be wrong. But you know how crotchety we old horse-copers are, and I didn't believe for a minute that he could win the Westchester Handicap at Jamaica last week. He had run a hard race in the Pimlico Special only a few days before, finishing just a nose or so behind Shut Out, the winner, and the railway trip from Baltimore was no rest cure. Besides, he had to carry more weight in the Westchester than any of the other runners. To top it all off, the track was too muddy for words. None of those things bothered him much. He skipped into the lead about half a mile from home and won by lengths from Boysy and the rest of the field.

If you care to make anything out of a coincidence, Slide Rule won the first and the last stakes races of the local season. The first was the Experimental Handicap, at Jamaica, away back in April. The last, of course, was the Westchester. In between, he picked up the Classic and several other little numbers, and his winnings this year come to around $116,000 in prize money. By the way, W. E. Boeing, who bought Slide Rule two years ago, never has seen the horse run. He's been too busy out on the West Coast building Flying Fortresses.

EVERYONE'S favorite jockey at Jamaica last week was Atkinson, who had a dozen winners in six days. Nobody got particularly excited when he won the last two races on Monday, but when he made off with the first three on



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Tuesday, people began throwing away their *Racing Forms* and simply reading the jockey board. He let his following down on Thursday, though; that day he didn't have a winner in seven tries. To save system players the trouble, I've figured out that a $2 bet on each of his forty-one mounts last week would have returned a profit of $17.30, no gold mine, but good enough for anyone who wants to trifle with flat bets on jockeys.

Theodore Frederic Atkinson, a slender, dark, suave fellow of twenty-seven, was born in Toronto but came across the border soon afterward. Until he grew up (as far up as jockeys grow, that is), he lived in Corning, New York, where his father was a glass engraver. Ted went to work in the glass works too, but found it hard going, so he tried a dental laboratory and then a candy kitchen, in Albany. While he was still a schoolboy, he had worked on farms during the summer holidays and found that he liked horses, so after a while he decided to try his luck at racing. Atkinson got into his present profession seven years ago, when he landed a job helping to break yearlings for the Greentree Stable's farm at Red Bank. The following summer he started racing in Ohio for the H. C. Rumage stable. He rode his first winner, a horse named Musical Jack, at Beulah Park, near Columbus, in 1938. From then on he did all right, but trainers of big stables didn't begin to notice him until two years ago, when he won the Massachusetts Handicap, at Suffolk Downs, on War Relic. That season he rode a hundred and sixty-seven winners. He has already bettered that record this year; as of last Saturday, he's had a hundred and seventy-one. Atkinson has no special tricks; horses just seem to run well for him. Horseplayers like him mostly because of his habit of always riding out his mounts no matter how far behind he happens to be.

—AUDAX MINOR

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Do you remember that remark of Dr. Johnson's? . . . "A man is seldom so innocently employed as when he is making money" . . . With the result that we're now almost ready to say that a man is seldom more innocently employed than when making love.—*From "Eyeless in Gaza," by Aldous Huxley.*

I recall a remark by Dr. Johnson to the effect that a man is seldom more innocently employed than while making money. Making love is an even more innocent employment than making money.—*From "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan," by Aldous Huxley.*

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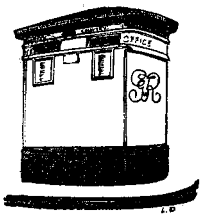
Nov. 7 (BY CABLE)



THE Moscow conference was naturally this week's liveliest topic of conversation. The general satisfaction with its results seemed to give away the fact that nearly everyone had had secret qualms about its success but now felt something like a hostess who had mixed a lot of different people at a party and unexpectedly scored a triumph. Anthony Eden's personal popularity has received a big boost from his share in it. Perhaps the only shadow of disappointment was the absence of a more definite statement about the future of Germany after the armistice. Lots of ordinary Germans, it is agreed, are anxious to hear just what is in store for them—whether they are going to live in a partitioned Germany, or be led wholesale to the executioner, or be policed for the rest of their lives, or allowed to work out their own destiny. Probably only the most violent Vansittartites here feel that the first three answers are the best ones. The more general hope is that the new European Advisory Commission will before long issue a statement which will give the German people a tangible, compelling reason to lay down their arms.

Meanwhile, even more cheer is being spread by the good news from the Russian battlefront. Dangerous and officially discouraged though such optimism may be, many Londoners are talking as though the end of the war might come any time, shopkeepers now appear to think that their dwindling stocks of this and that may last until peace, and people in general are consoling themselves with the belief that this is positively the final winter of fumbling about in the foggy blackout.

THE event which probably raised British spirits more than anything, however, was the recent repatriation of prisoners, which seemed to lift a corner of the dark curtain of war for a few brief minutes. The homecomers arrived almost unheralded and Londoners didn't get much of a chance to welcome them unless they happened to be at one of the big railway stations, where Red Cross workers had a busy time sorting out the men who were to be driven across town to their homes. One repatriated cockney, who hung his head

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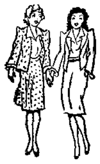

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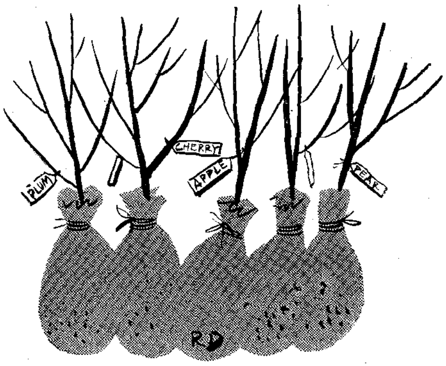
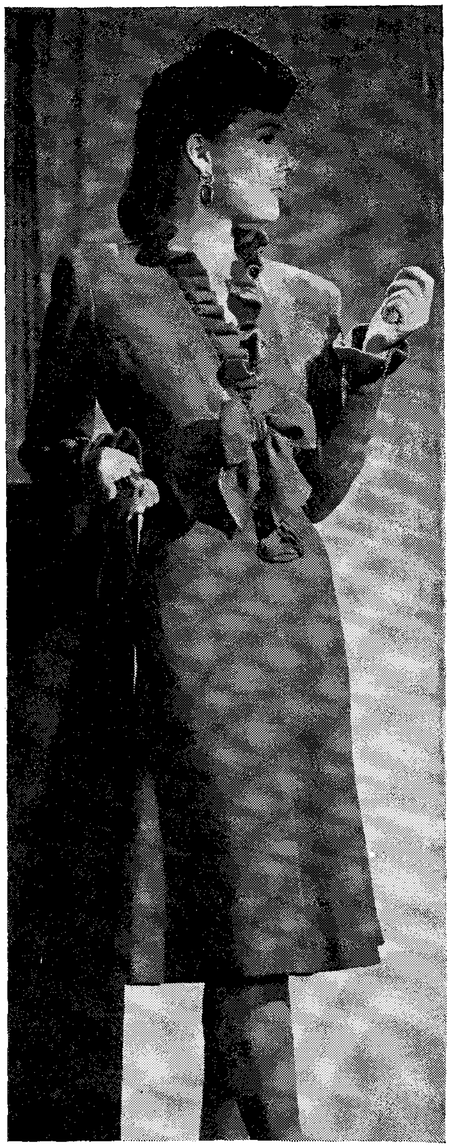
JOHN J. HYLAND, Manager

out of the automobile in which he was riding and beamingly shouted "Wot cheer!" to every passerby, including a brigadier general in Whitehall, got only a series of outraged glares in return. He finally remarked to his driver that everybody seemed to have got bloody unfriendly since he'd been away. He was assured that if "Repatriated Prisoner" had been written on his forehead, even the general would have been shouting "Wot cheer!" back at him. Most of the returning Londoners seemed surprised that the bomb damage was not greater, though one East Ender, noting this pub flat and that fish-and-chips gone, remarked, "Well, the old girl said the East End had taken it, and blimey if she ain't right!"

BOTH East and West Enders have now got a chance to say what they think of the plans for repairing London's battered face after the war, because the London County Council's Housing Plan is on view at the Royal Academy. Mr. Churchill and the bombed-out House of Commons, too, have been discussing, as earnestly as any suburban housewife, how they want their new home built. They have decided that what they prefer is a duplicate of the cozy old original, with not enough seats to go round and a minimum of floor space, though with an improved ventilating system. There were no takers, it seems, for the suggestion that the House move to the country, away from the Thames fogs. Parliamentarians and ordinary citizens have been staunchly united in disliking the thought of being anything but Londoners; judging by the comments on the County Council's plans, most people have no wish to be included among the half million souls who, according to the plan, will move away. A poll taken of urban housewives showed an overwhelming preference for houses instead of flats. In the middle of a global war, the British dream is still of a little box behind a hedge, though the planners point out that lots of big boxes will probably have to be the an-





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In grey, purple, or black rayon crepe. 29.95

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LISTEN: NOVEMBER 13, 1943

A lean nice-looking young man from Three Rivers, Michigan, landed the other day at an unnamed U.S. airport, after 20 hours in the air from England where he had been ailing for some months, and after 4½ years abroad. His flight was mildly eventful, he said, only for the fact that the plane was an empty 4-motor hospital ship bound local-express from Italy via North Africa to North America; the heat apparatus went off, so the crew broke out arctic suits for the passengers who sat like fat spooks on stretchers under the unworldly light of a single dim bulb.

The young man's name is Charles Collingwood. As a CBS foreign correspondent hired in 1940 in London by Edward R. Murrow, he has more journalistic scalps at his belt than most (v. *Darlan Assassination, Tunis, etc.*). While he was abroad he won radio's "Peabody Award" for the best foreign radio correspondence of the year. He's going around for a while re-discovering his own land, talking to audiences who want to hear him speak about some things we have learned from the North African campaign, and he's going to have something to say about what the U.S. looks like from the outside. That ought to be helpful, because it seems that our Allies don't see us precisely as we see ourselves, and the sooner we agree the better.

He says that the cooperation between the armed forces of Britain and ourselves is already upwards of 100% and improving all the time. That is significant too because the 26-year-olders like Collingwood and his uniformed generation are probably going to run Britain and the U.S. after they come home.

When Murrow hired him Collingwood wrote to a friend: "This is the kind of job I like and I think I can do it. I will be entirely on my own and I can do a job of straightforward reporting, giving facts as they are."

He has.

★

In 1794 the French trimmed the Austrians at Quesnoy near Lille. A courier hell-bent might have ridden the news to the Paris Convention in some 4 or 5 or 6 hours. Instead a newfangled semaphore system flapped it from hill to hill 125 miles in less than an hour. Incroyable, cette télégramme, cried the French, using the new hep word télégramme with unction. Today one of the most subtle and unusual tasks of war is keeping the troops informed of what goes on at home. Each week the CBS short wave news people prepare and broadcast to foreign parts, a particular English language program called *American News Letter*. It crosses the ocean in a split second. From an Air Force Special Services captain overseas, whose duty it is to "orient" the troops to the development and progress of the war, comes a pleasant letter telling how much he and his classes depend on *American News Letter*—and could he please have some scripts of the program. They've already gone to his Army Post Office, and wherever he is, we hope he gets them. The CBS short wave people feel pretty good to be contributing this new incroyable télégramme to practical war-making.

★

And coming back to the question of sound-effects on the air, we take up now the subject of the kiss. What is the best way to make a kiss sound like a kiss, instead of like the drawing of a cork, or the sipping of hot consomme, or the losing of a gumshoe in soft ground, or the snap of an impatient woodpecker? You may be sure that everything has been tried. The expert CBS sound-effecters who noodle round with hardware and milk-bottles and broken glass have tried, just as a matter of pride, to out-gimmick each other in evolving the Osculation Authentic. And what do you think actually makes the best kiss on the air? You are *correct*. A genuine kiss is *correct*, and you get sixty-four dollars, and isn't rehearsal wonderful? And what is more, a sigh is just a sigh . . .

★

This is
CBS
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

swer if the London of tomorrow isn't to become one vast, sprawling suburb.

REPORTS that Victor Emmanuel may abdicate were loudly cheered here; Britons don't seem to care if another country's monarchist system is scrapped as long as they keep their own. Incidentally, since the Regency Bill is being amended, far more publicity has been given to the doings of Princess Elizabeth. The public has suddenly realized that she is no longer a curly-headed baby on calendars loyally pinned up in a million front parlors but a young woman who may one day mount this country's ancient throne. Every time the Princess makes one of her increasingly frequent duty appearances, English mammas take note of her utility suits, with an eye to copying them for their own seventeen-year-olds, and on such public occasions someone always says approvingly that the young lady is the spit and image of her beloved grandmother. The English think that it will seem odd to be ruled by a queen again. They remember, however, that two of their distaff reigns were flourishing ones and they observe with growing confidence the serious-faced young Princess with whom they are finally beginning to get acquainted.

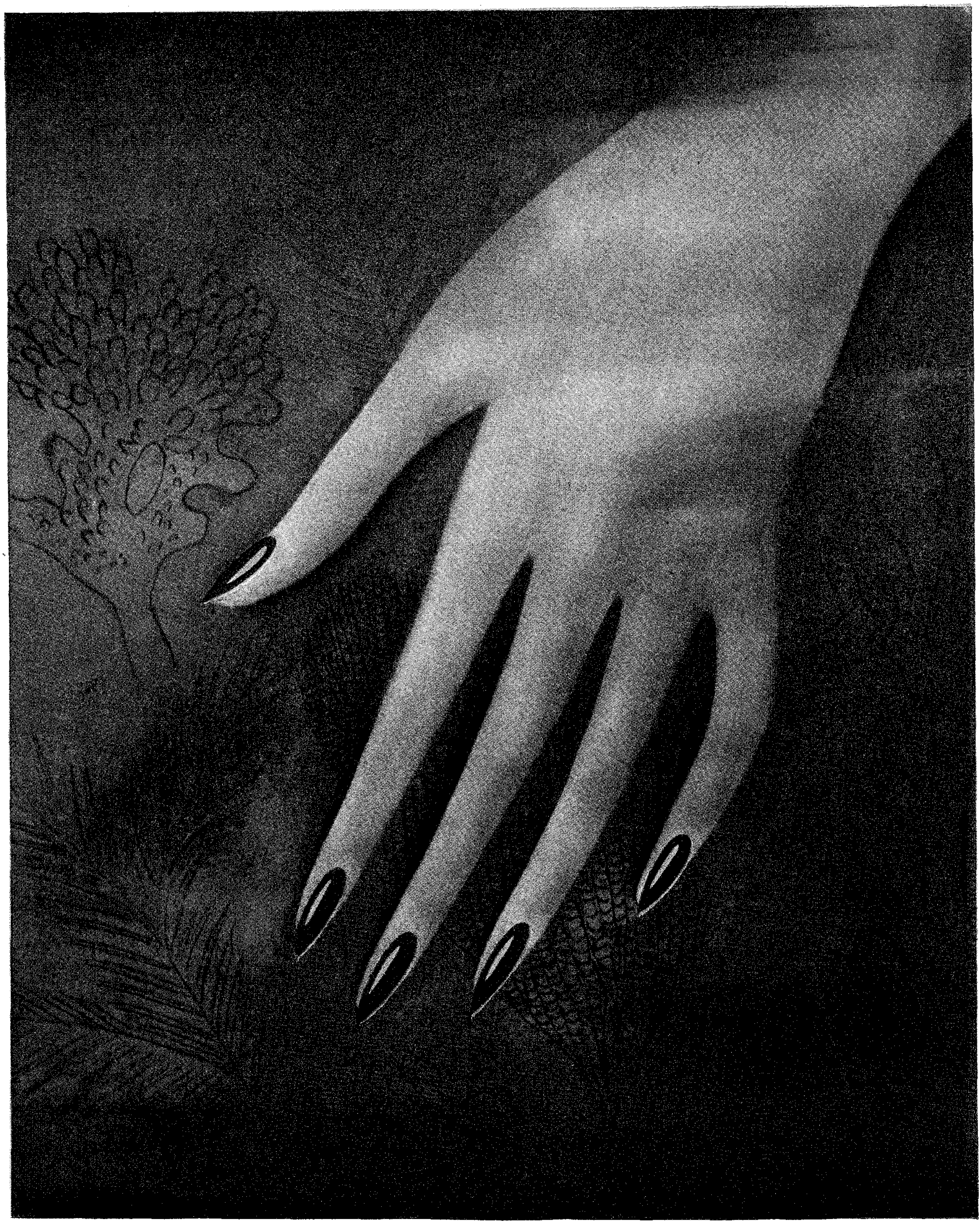
—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

TO A CRITIC WHO SPEAKS OF MUST READING

Who are you, good sir, to thrust
This book on me and say I must?
What arrogance, what Nazi breeding
Prompts you to shout, "Required
  reading"?
Why must I read this book? Because
You read it through without a pause?
I could not start, much less get through,
Dull tripe that quite enchanted you.
Why must I read? Because once more
This book explains what caused the war
Or tells again about Lend-Lease
Or gives once more blueprints for peace?
Why must? Because you say I'll hear
Diners discuss it all next year
Or simply because you have decreed
I must (must I?), hence run and read?
By Freedom's name I won't, I won't,
And you can't jail me if I don't.
In this wide land I still may live,
Though flouting your imperative.
I'll pay my taxes, *those* I must;
I'll choose my reading—*won't* I just!
And won't I revel in not heeding
Your Goebbel-gabble of *must* reading.

—IRWIN EDMAN



originated by Peggy Sage

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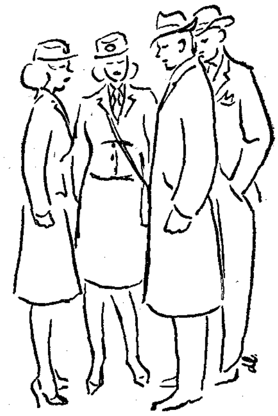
TEXTRON Originals

MY FATHER GOES TO COURT

WHEN I was five, I lived with my mother and brothers and sisters in a small town on the island of Luzon. Father's farm had been destroyed in 1918 by one of our sudden Philippine floods, so for several years afterward we all lived in the town, though he preferred living in the country. We had as a next-door neighbor a very rich man, whose sons and daughters seldom came out of the house. While we boys and girls played and sang in the sun, his children stayed inside and kept the windows closed. His house was so tall that his children could look in the windows of our house and watch us as we played, or slept, or ate, when there was any food in the house *to* eat.

Now, this rich man's servants were always frying and cooking something good, and the aroma of the food was wafted down to us from the windows of the big house. We hung about and took all the wonderful smell of the food into our beings. Sometimes, in the morning, our whole family stood outside the windows of the rich man's house and listened to the musical sizzling of thick strips of bacon or ham. I can remember one afternoon when our neighbor's servants roasted three chickens. The chickens were young and tender and the fat that dripped into the burning coals gave off an enchanting odor. We watched the servants turn the beautiful birds and inhaled the heavenly spirit that drifted out to us.



Some days the rich man appeared at a window and glowered down at us. He looked at us one by one, as though he were condemning us. We were all healthy because we went out in the sun every day and bathed in the cool water of the river that flowed from the mountains into the sea. Sometimes we wrestled with one another in the house before we went out to play. We were always in the best of spirits and our laughter was contagious. Other neighbors who passed by our house often stopped in our yard and joined us in laughter.

Laughter was our only wealth. Father was a laughing man. He would go into the living room and stand in front of the tall mirror, stretching his mouth into grotesque shapes with his fingers and making faces at himself; then he would rush into the kitchen, roaring with laughter.

There was always plenty to make us laugh. There was, for instance, the day one of my brothers came home with a small bundle under his arm, pretending that he brought something good to eat, maybe a leg of lamb or something as extravagant as that, to make our mouths water. He rushed to Mother and threw the bundle into her lap. We all stood around, watching Mother undo the complicated strings. Suddenly a black cat leaped out of the bundle and ran wildly around the house. Mother chased my brother and beat him with her little fists, while the rest of us bent double, choking with laughter.

Another time one of my sisters suddenly started screaming in the middle of the night. Mother reached her first and tried to calm her. My sister cried and groaned. When Father lighted the lamp, my sister stared at us with shame in her eyes.

"What is it?" Mother asked.

"I'm pregnant!" she cried.

"Don't be a fool!" Father shouted.

"You are only a child," Mother said.

"I'm pregnant, I tell you!" she cried.

Father knelt by my sister. He put his hand on her belly and rubbed it gently. "How do you know you are pregnant?" he asked.

"Feel it!" my sister cried.

We put our hands on her belly. There was something moving inside. Father was frightened. Mother was shocked. "Who's the man?" she asked.

"There's no man," my sister said.

"What is it, then?" Father asked.

Suddenly my sister opened her blouse and a bullfrog jumped out. Mother fainted, Father dropped the lamp, the oil spilled on the floor, and my sister's blanket caught fire. One of my brothers laughed so hard he rolled on the floor.

When the fire was extinguished and Mother was revived, we returned to bed and tried to sleep, but Father kept on laughing so loud we could not sleep any more. Mother got up again and lighted the oil lamp; we rolled up the mats on the floor and began dancing about and laughing with all our might. We made so much noise that all our neighbors except the rich family came into the yard and joined us in loud, genuine laughter.

It was like that for years.

AS time went on, the rich man's children became thin and anemic, while we grew even more robust and full of life. Our faces were bright and rosy, but theirs were pale and sad. The rich man started to cough at night; then he coughed day and night. His wife began coughing too. Then the children started to cough, one after the other. At night their coughing sounded like the barking of a pack of seals. We hung outside their windows and listened to them. We wondered what had happened. We knew that they were not sick from lack of nourishing food, because they were still always frying something delicious to eat.

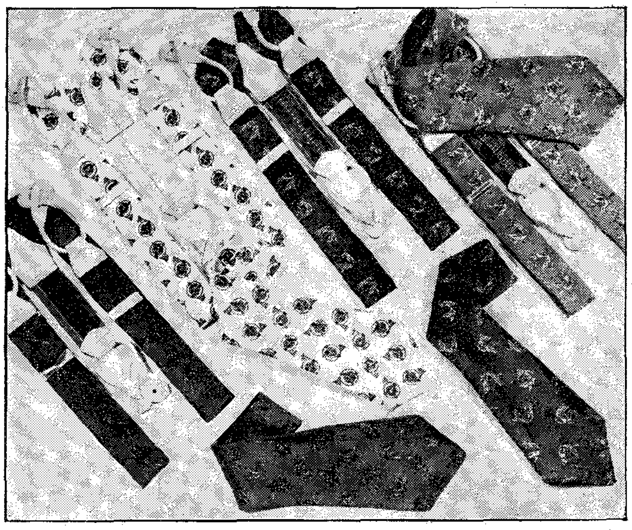
One day the rich man appeared at a window and stood there a long time. He looked at my sisters, who had grown fat with laughing, then at my brothers, whose arms and legs were like the molave, which is the sturdiest tree in the Philippines. He banged down the window and ran through his house, shutting all the windows.

From that day on, the windows of our neighbor's house were always closed. The children did not come outdoors any more. We could still hear the servants cooking in the kitchen, and no matter how tight the windows were shut, the aroma of the food came to us in the wind and drifted gratuitously into our house.

One morning a policeman from the *presidencia* came to our house with a sealed paper. The rich man had filed a complaint against us. Father took me with him when he went to the town clerk and asked him what it was about. He told Father the man claimed that for years we had been stealing the spirit of his wealth and food.

WHEN the day came for us to appear in court, Father brushed his old Army uniform and borrowed a pair of shoes from one of my brothers. We were the first to arrive. Father sat on a chair in the centre of the courtroom. Mother occupied a chair by the door. We children sat on a long bench by the wall. Father kept jumping up from his chair and stabbing the air with his arms, as though he were defending himself before an imaginary jury.

The rich man arrived. He had grown old and feeble; his face was scarred with deep lines. With him was his young lawyer. Spectators came in and



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almost filled the chairs. The judge entered the room and sat on a high chair. We stood up in a hurry and then sat down again.

After the courtroom preliminaries, the judge looked at Father. "Do you have a lawyer?" he asked.

"I don't need any lawyer, Judge," he said.

"Proceed," said the judge.

The rich man's lawyer jumped up and pointed his finger at Father. "Do you or do you not agree that you have been stealing the spirit of the complainant's wealth and food?"

"I do not!" Father said.

"Do you or do you not agree that while the complainant's servants cooked and fried fat legs of lamb or young chicken breasts you and your family hung outside his window and inhaled the heavenly spirit of the food?"

"I agree," Father said.

"Do you or do you not agree that while the complainant and his children grew sickly and tubercular you and your family became strong of limb and fair of complexion?"

"I agree," Father said.

"How do you account for that?"

Father got up and paced around, scratching his head thoughtfully. Then he said, "I would like to see the children of the complainant, Judge."

"Bring in the children of the complainant."

They came in shyly. The spectators covered their mouths with their hands, they were so amazed to see the children so thin and pale. The children walked silently to a bench and sat down without looking up. They stared at the floor and moved their hands uneasily.

Father could not say anything at first. He just stood by his chair and looked at them. Finally he said, "I should like to cross-examine the complainant."

"Proceed."

"Do you claim that we *stole* the spirit of your wealth and became a laughing family while yours became morose and sad?" Father asked.

"Yes."

"Do you claim that we *stole* the spirit of your food by hanging outside your windows when your servants cooked it?" Father asked.

"Yes."

"Then we are going to *pay* you right now," Father said. He walked over to where we children were sitting on the bench and took my straw hat off my lap and began filling it up with centavo pieces that he took out of his pockets. He went to Mother, who add-

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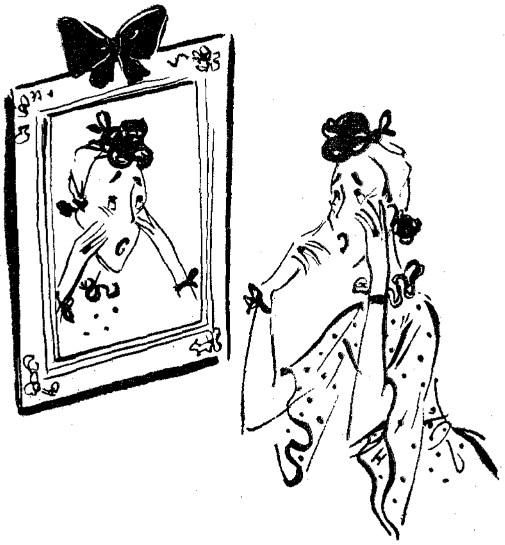

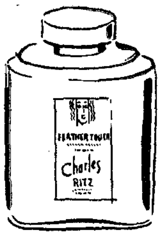

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ed a fistful of silver coins. My brothers threw in their small change.

"May I walk to the room across the hall and stay there for a few minutes, Judge?" Father asked.

"As you wish."

"Thank you," Father said. He strode into the other room with the hat in his hands. It was almost full of coins. The doors of both rooms were wide open.

"Are you ready?" Father called.

"Proceed," the judge said.

The sweet tinkle of the coins carried beautifully into the courtroom. The spectators turned their faces toward the sound with wonder. Father came back and stood before the complainant.

"Did you hear it?" he asked.

"Hear what?" the man asked.

"The spirit of the money when I shook this hat?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then you are paid," Father said.

The rich man opened his mouth to speak and fell to the floor without a sound. The lawyer rushed to his aid. The judge pounded his gavel.

"Case dismissed," he said.

FATHER strutted around the courtroom. The judge even came down from his high chair to shake hands with him. "By the way," he whispered, "I had an uncle who died laughing."

"You like to hear my family laugh, Judge?" Father asked.

"Why not?"

"Did you hear that, children?" Father said.

My sisters started it. The rest of us followed them and soon the spectators were laughing with us, holding their bellies and bending over the chairs. And the laughter of the judge was the loudest of all. —CARLOS BULOSAN

•

It was not until she stood swaying in the front car of the subway, with the warm wind rushing in through the door by the motorman's box and whipping her skirt as it started on its long way through the train, that she took in the enormous novelty of what had happened.—*From "Tilda," by Mark Van Doren.*

Novel enough for anybody.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From a pamphlet received by a resident of Tucson, Ariz., who thoughtlessly complained about his water bill*]

You are in greater danger of being struck by lightning than you are of being overcharged by a water meter.

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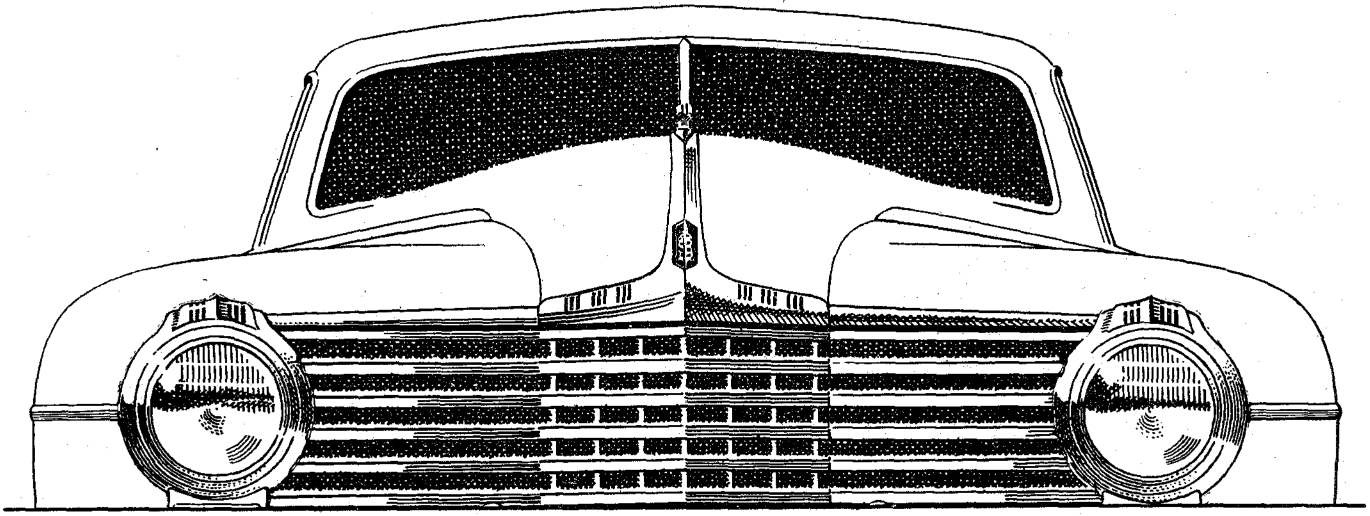

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

GAFSA

II—WITH DR. FREEMAN IN AFRICA

THE second time I got to Gafsa last winter, I was still travelling with an Associated Press correspondent named Noland Norgaard. We had first gone to Gafsa late in January, suspecting that some sort of military action was in preparation there, but we had driven back to the town of Tebessa, a hundred miles to the northwest, in order to accompany some British desert guerrillas from the Eighth Army who had come through the enemy lines and effected an inadvertent junction with the American Second Corps in Gafsa. We went back to Gafsa within a week, and by the time we got there the military action was already going on. It was an offensive in the direction of Maknassy, the first all-American venture of the Tunisian campaign.

Sened, thirty miles east of Gafsa, was the first objective. The bulk of Rommel's army was only a little west of Tripoli, and there was nothing but a long, thinly held, tempting corridor between him and von Arnim. The Americans making the attack believed that they could go on from Sened to Maknassy and from Maknassy to the coast of the Gulf of Gabès, cutting Rommel's line of supply and retreat. The major general in command told the war correspondents that he was going on to Maknassy, at least, and "draw the pucker string tight." We understood from his manner that he meant to go farther than that if he got the chance.

Norgaard and I had an Army jeep—only hyper-technical people, generally fresh from indoctrination schools, called them "peeps" in North Africa—and we drove out from Gafsa to see the battle. We had formerly had an Army driver, but on this trip Norgaard himself drove. The battle was in its second day. A battle, in the sort of open, desert warfare that was going on then, is not an easy thing to find, and we often had to stop to ask directions. We made our first stop beside two American Negro soldiers, sitting with their legs dangling into two parallel slit trenches cut in the dead-looking terrain. Each man was eating a mixture of cold meat and beans out of a small, shiny tin can which reflected the sun's rays a distance of several miles in that flat country and each turned his face upward periodically, with mouth full, to stare into the hot, aluminum-colored sky. I got out of the jeep and walked up to the end of one trench, and its proprietor, a tan man, looked at me, but the other soldier continued to stare at the sky. Then the tan man looked up at the sky and his companion looked at me. "We was dive-bummed yesterday," this second soldier, a very dark man, said to me. "Driving the infantry up to the line in two-and-a-half-ton trucks. Dive-bumming makes me sick to my stomach."

I tried to sound hearty and casual as I asked, "What outfit you men out of?"

"The Rolling Umpty-seventh," the tan man said, while the dark man took his turn looking at the sky. The Umpties are a motor-truck regiment which I had already met under happier circumstances, in England.

"How you doing?" I asked, for want of a better question.

"Really, sir, I don't belong on this battlefield at all," the tan soldier answered. "I'm strictly a non-combat man."

I thought to myself that we were two of a kind.

I asked the men how far ahead the front was. I put into my voice the implication that I wanted to rush right into the middle of things. The men didn't know exactly where the battle was. Soldiers seldom do.

I walked back from the twin slit trenches to the jeep. "They don't know where the battle is," I said to Norgaard. "Maybe we had better go farther ahead." He said all right, so we started off across the sand again. We took to the desert, keeping away from the main road between Gafsa and Sened, because there were trucks on it and trucks attract strafers. The line of telephone poles beside the road gave us our direction. When we had gone a short way, we saw a pair of jeeps coming toward us over the sand, and we stopped. There were a couple of American officers and eight men in the jeeps, all belonging to a tank-destroyer battalion that had lost its equipment earlier in the campaign. They were serving as battlefield military police, guiding traffic and waiting for prisoners to take charge of.

The officers didn't know exactly where the front was either. They invited us to have a can of coffee beside a

"Heavens! No more tea after the first of the year!"

PREWAR PRICES HERE

WE Americans are paying more today for most things we buy.

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But if you hear it said that railroads are piling up a lot of money, just bear in mind that railroad expenses and taxes, together, are running at record level, and that after it is all over there will be a tremendous need for rebuilding and restoring the service life now being "run out" of railroad plant and equipment as never before.

And remember, too, that the railroad freight station is one place where prices are still prewar.

• • •

DECEMBER 10 "CLOSING DATE" FOR CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. This year—when war traffic has first call on all shipping services—it is more important than ever to send your Christmas packages early.

Pack them adequately, wrap and tie them securely, address them right and get them started (to points in the United States and Canada) by *December 10.*

BACK THE ATTACK
WITH WAR BONDS

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

From Cuba
to you
IMPORTED
Havana Cigars
CUBAN GOVERNMENT'S WARRANTY FOR CIGARS EXPORTED FROM HAVANA
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Sello de garantia nacional de procedencia

As in years gone by, your good neighbor, Cuba, sends you the best of its soil and its climate in these cigars unsurpassed in their quality, exquisite in their flavor and made by standards that have remained unchanged in a changing world.

And in these days of constant strife nothing will insure more pleasure and solace than the smoking of these cigars, cigars which Kipling called: "Counsellors cunning and silent, comforters true and tried".

ASK YOUR TOBACCONIST

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CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT
NO COVER-NO MINIMUM
COCKTAILS FROM 23¢

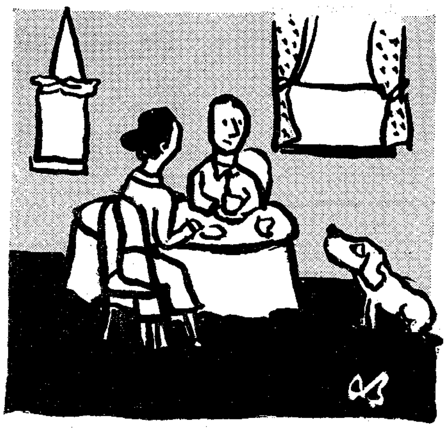
mud house, a mile or so away, where the M.P.'s had set up headquarters, and we all drove there together. There were a few scraggly olive trees around the house and a low mud wall around the trees, presumably to prevent the sand's blowing away from their roots. One of the soldiers poured some gasoline into a couple of empty ration cans and lighted it. He laid two strips of metal across the top of each can, then filled two smaller ration cans with water from his canteen and placed them on the burners. When the water came to a boil, he divided a packet of soluble coffee between the two improvised coffee pots. "The Statler people would give a million dollars to get hold of this process," he said. When we had drunk the coffee, he started another batch.

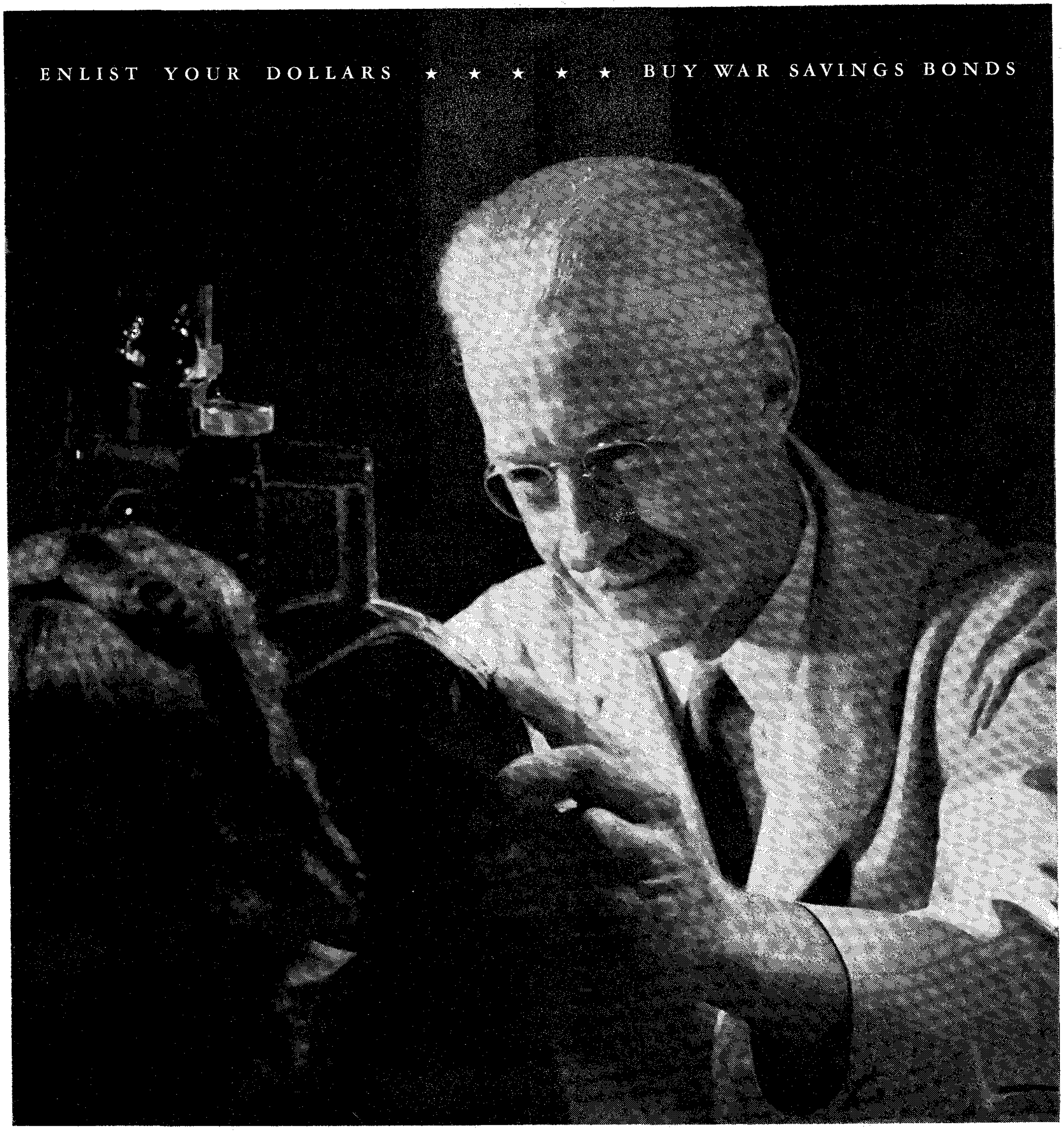
While I was waiting for more coffee, I stood on the mud wall with one of the M.P. officers and looked over the country. A railroad paralleled the highway and we could see a station, with some trees around it, about five miles away. It was a stop between Gafsa and Sened, needed God knows why. "Our guns were out behind there early this morning and Jerry dropped a few shells in among those trees," the officer said. "Then our guns moved forward, way up toward Sened. I think you can go ahead eight or ten miles at least before you have to start to look around. You missed a good show this morning, though. About twenty Stukas came over and a dozen P-40's bounced them and shot down eight. Boy, they were falling all over the place! They'll be back, though," he added cheerily.

AFTER Norgaard and I had finished our coffee, we climbed back into the jeep and started forward again. Almost immediately the mud-house grove seemed in retrospect a pretty nice place to spend the day. Sened lies in a gap between two bare, east-west ridges. As we moved toward it, we spotted a number of dispersed scout cars and wireless-equipped jeeps, the vehicles characteristic of a reconnaissance troop. "A recon outfit," Norgaard said knowingly. "Aren't they usually fairly well out in front of everybody?" We drove to within fifty yards of one of the scout cars and climbed out. A couple of soldiers were sitting on the ground with their backs against the wheels of the car, reading books. They had their slit trenches already dug beside them. Norgaard and I walked up to them and asked them what outfit this was. One of the men, a corporal, looked up and said, "Sorry, sir, but you got any identification?" He reminded me of a stage-door man. We showed him our identification cards and he explained that the scout cars, which were, as Norgaard had surmised, a recon outfit, had been all the way around the enemy's position during the previous day and night and had come back to report and await another assignment. "We could have took the place, I guess," he said, probably without much justification.

My companion, like a good Associated Press man, started making the rounds of the scout cars and taking down the names and home towns of the recon soldiers. This is always a fruitful procedure for a press-association man, because he can load up his dispatches with the names, and the papers in the home towns are glad to use them. Every soldier, when he named his home town, said, "And I wish I was there now" or "Boy, how I wish I was there this minute!" The corporal I had spoken to asked me if it was true that Bing Crosby was dead. I said I didn't know. He asked me if Groucho Marx was dead. He said he had heard that they were and that Fred Allen was dead, too. The Army in Tunisia was always full of rumors about well-known people who were supposed to have died. When my companion had written down the names of enough towns like Owensboro, Kentucky, and Central Falls, Rhode Island, we moved on again.

As we drove along, we had a clear view of the ridge north of Sened, and after we had driven a mile or so we saw a number of tanks coming around the western end, just below the crest, and snaking down the southern side of the ridge toward the town. There were occasional puffs of gray smoke on the slope above them, where the enemy was dropping shells. We began to hear our own guns up ahead, quite loud. Then we came upon the ammunition half-tracks of an artillery outfit. The soldiers told us, confidently, that the reconnaissance

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He knows how serious a handicap faulty vision can be to you; knows too that you are not always aware of eyesight defects that may exist. He is devoting his life to the study of human vision and the perfection of exacting scientific techniques for eyesight correction. Today he is working harder and longer than ever before—so that no skill or training will be lost to the war effort through lack of keen vision—so that no one dear to you will be handicapped because of faulty seeing.

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A Toast To Victory

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Way down to sixty-five,
And promptly don red flannels when
The mercury starts to dive!

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Originated in 1898
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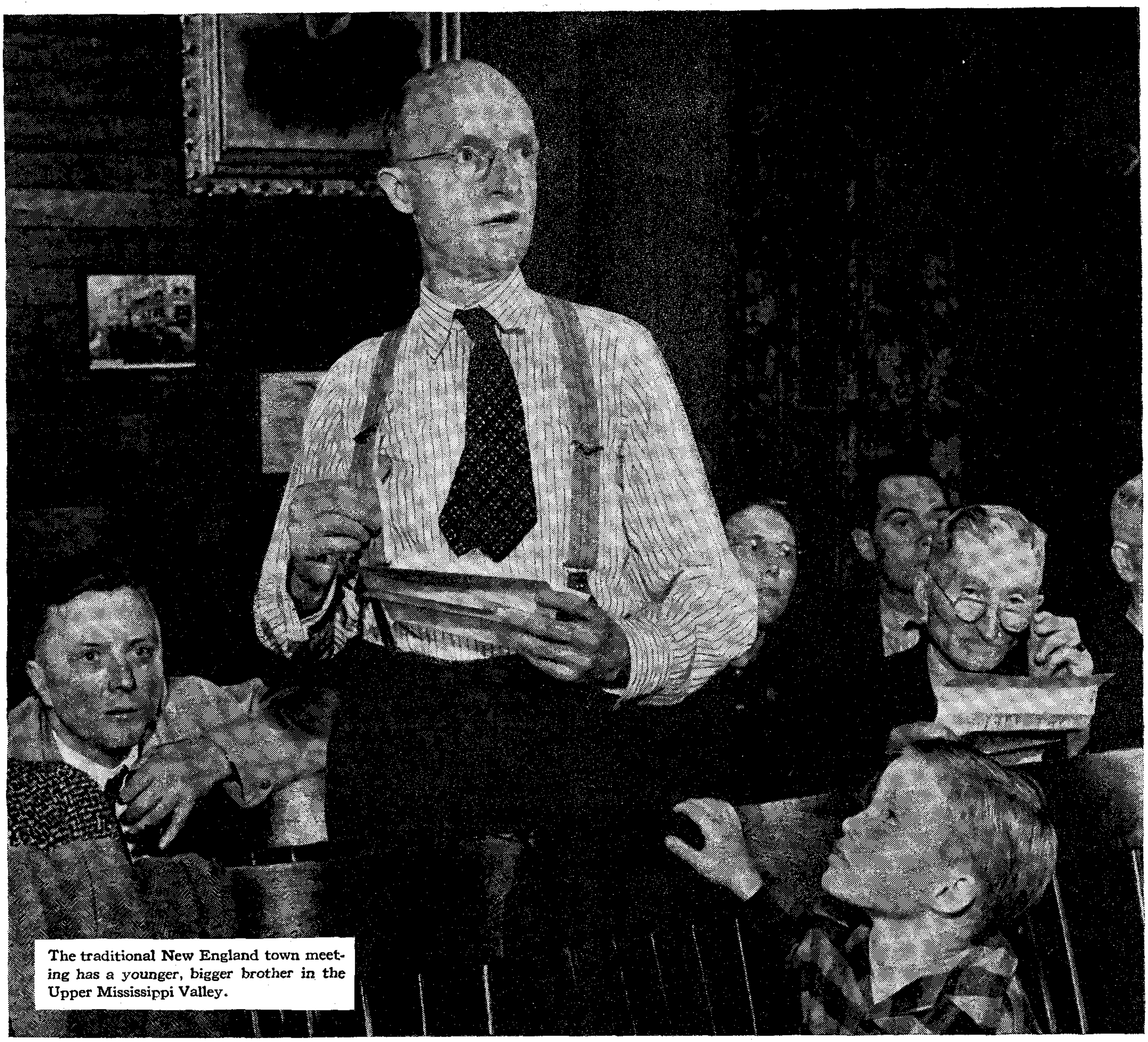
troop we had just left had been annihilated on the day before and that a tank-destroyer outfit had just lost all its vehicles. This was the tank-destroyer battalion the M.P.'s belonged to. The fact was that the vehicles had been lost in a quagmire in northern Tunisia a month before, but an artilleryman, garbling a conversation with one of the M.P.'s, had brought back the more fascinating report that the tank-busters had been ambushed during the current action. The soldiers said that two batteries out of their battalion were a mile or two ahead of us. The guns were armored 105's, six to a battery.

We drove on across the plain and eventually came upon a tall captain with a Red Cross brassard, standing between two jeeps, both of which were flying Red Cross flags. We stopped to talk to him. The guns we had been told about were now in sight, four hundred yards further on. The captain, whose name was Bradbury, said he was battalion surgeon. Each of the jeeps had two litters slung to its sides, and when dive bombers or German artillery caused a casualty among the gunners, Bradbury would run forward in one of the jeeps and get the wounded man. He stood there looking at the guns like a spaniel watching for a ball to retrieve. "Yesterday I had seventeen," he said, "including several from the infantry that happened to be hit near us. Only three so far today. None in this position so far. We've moved half a dozen times since daybreak." All the shots we heard were going out (boom-scream) and none were coming in (scream-boom), so we weren't worried. I opened a can of Spam and we ate it cold. "Maybe they have pulled their stuff out of Sened already," Norgaard said optimistically. I had been watching the sky all day while he drove, sometimes looking straight up for Stukas and sometimes into the sun for strafers, but nothing had happened, and I began to hope that the P-40's had polished the local Luftwaffe off for the day.

AFTER we had finished the Spam and said so long to Bradbury, Norgaard and I drove on up to the guns and stopped behind them. They were in the open, because there was no cover anywhere around. They had stopped shooting for the moment, probably to change range or target, and we walked up to one gun crew, who were smoking cigarettes beside their piece. As soon as we reached them, an officer shouted over to them from an armored half-track to their rear, telling them to check on our identifications. "I'm sorry, sir," one sol-



The traditional New England town meeting has a younger, bigger brother in the Upper Mississippi Valley.

WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT?

"THERE'S A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER HERE TO SEE YOU ABOUT THE BRITISH EMPIRE"

Into the editorial office of The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune one 8 a.m. came a locomotive engineer on his way to his run, clad in seersucker working garb, bright bandanna and carrying his lunch box—and a letter.

It was a challenging answer to a previous day's letter from a high school student indicting Imperial Britain. Wrote Engineer Adams (no Briton): "The England of Runnymede was first of all nations to take the power of life and death from one man and entrust it to twelve . . . first to establish freedom of the seas, of speech, of the press, of religion, of the ballot . . ."

Evidence from history, science, literature, packed the thousand-word rebuttal. "Most convincing letter we ever received," said Editorial Editor Gideon Seymour.

Such world-roving clashes of opinion occur daily in the Upper Mississippi Valley as writers and readers a million strong form a gigantic counterpart of the old New England town meeting through the editorial pages of The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune.

Nearly 5,000 letters a year are published in which people of all walks and ages project and protest, inflate and puncture, argue economics and politics, fight verbal duels over foreign policy, dogs in Victory gardens, the price of raspberries.

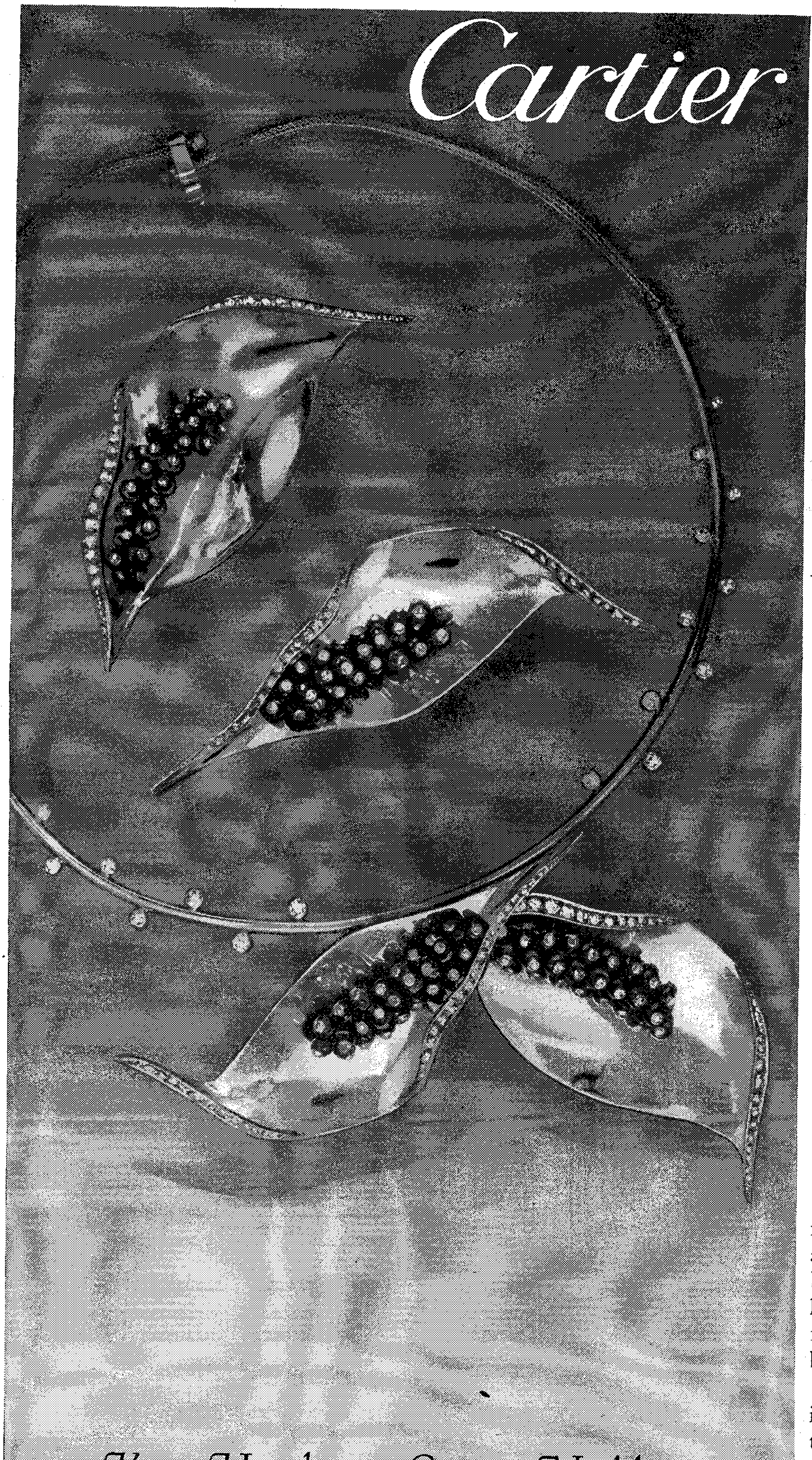
By reading almost 20,000 letters a year editors keep on next-door-neighbor terms with the more than 330,000 families daily, more than 380,000 Sunday, to whom The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune is not only a source of complete news, but an enterprising leader, wise counsellor, good neighbor and dependable friend.

Gideon Seymour

Minneapolis Star-Journal *and* Tribune

JOHN COWLES • *President*

STAR-JOURNAL (evening) + TRIBUNE (morning) Over 330,000 ★ SUNDAY TRIBUNE Over 380,000



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dier said, "but after all, how do we know who you are? We got no time for Ayrabs or casual strollers." We showed our identification cards and the soldier, looking at mine, said, "Huh, a *Landsmann!* I'm from New York, too. Fourteent' Street and Avenue A. I wish I was dere now. At a movie, wit' my shoes off."

Then they had to start shooting again. We walked back toward the half-track, which we knew, because of its high radio antenna, was a command vehicle. The officer who had shouted to the gunners was a square-faced, fair-haired major named Burba. He was executive officer of the battalion and had been in command of the two batteries since his C.O., a lieutenant colonel, had been wounded. He was from McAlester, Oklahoma. He was a cool, methodical officer who looked as if he had definite information about everything, so I asked him what his battery was shooting at.

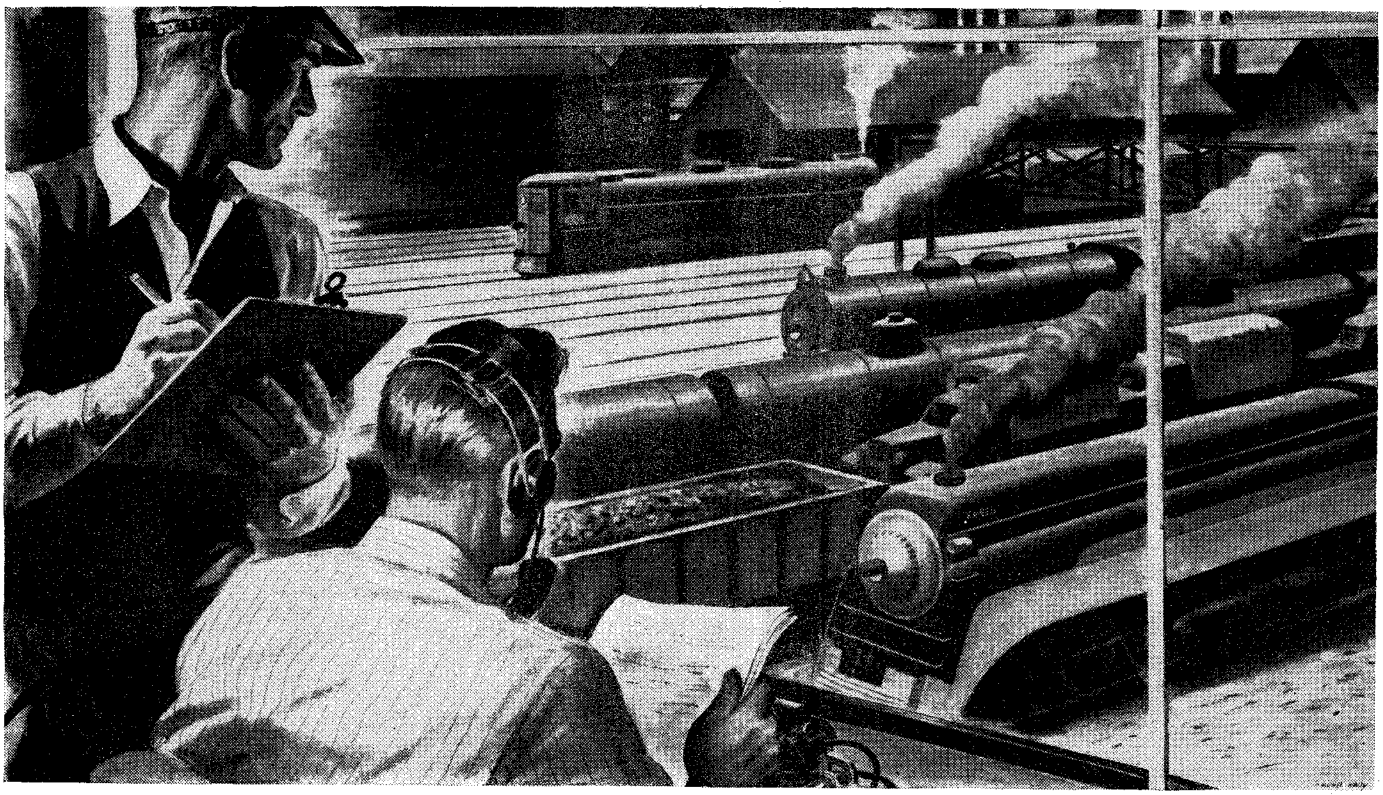
"Enemy guns in a grove of trees back of Sened," he said. "We think their infantry has pulled out of the town already."

I asked him what range he was firing at and he said five thousand yards. "I have one battery here," he said, "and another over about a mile to the right and slightly forward—you can see them over there," and he pointed. "Every fifth shell we fire is a smoke shell, so we can see where we're hitting, and the fire of the two batteries is converging on the grove of trees. When we get all our fire together and just right, we'll come down on them and that will be the end of the battle."

"Where's our infantry?" I asked in a careless tone. I could not see any troops out in front of us.

"There are two battalions in echelon in those two olive groves to the right and forward of the other battery," Burba said, pointing again. "When we've knocked out all resistance, they will go forward and occupy the town. Or maybe the tanks will get there first."

The tanks, as a matter of fact, were in the process of trying to get to the town before the infantry. They were crawling down from the southern side of the ridge, where my colleague and I had already seen them, and moving out in front of the 105's, looking like a file of mechanical toys that a street peddler winds up and sets down on a sidewalk. When they had deployed before us, they turned left and moved on toward the town. They must have been a couple of thousand yards ahead of us when something began kicking up dust and smoke, sometimes in front of them



BUY WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY!

"Lend-Lease" among the Railroads

For months before Pearl Harbor, as America rearmed, U. S. railroads carried a heavy traffic load. This load grew to unprecedented size when war came.

Pacific outposts had to be reinforced . . . the West Coast made strong against possible invasion. So day and night the troop trains and the war freights rolled!

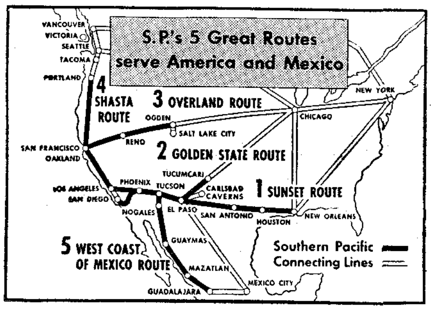
To Southern Pacific, western pioneer with more miles of line than any other U. S. carrier, was entrusted great responsibility. And daily since Pearl Harbor war pressure has mounted on the railroad.

From Chicago, from New Orleans, and from the Pacific Northwest, S.P.'s transcontinental lines converge at West Coast ports where troops and war equipment are massed for action in the Pacific. All along our great network of rails, a stepped-up production of vital war equipment and materials is flowing to all war theaters.

In 1930 to 1941—through years of depression and low earnings—we had spent more than 195 million dollars for new equipment, additions and improvements. In the two years before Pearl Harbor, we ordered 64 million dollars worth of cars and locomotives!

But no amount of foresight could make us fully equal to the war load. Some of our locomotives were still undelivered. We needed more.

Other U. S. railroads recognized the nation's need to make full use of S.P.'s strategic western track, and they agreed to rent us locomotives.


S.P.'s 5 Great Routes serve America and Mexico
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One of our competitors furnished us with six locomotives. During one period in 1942 a total of twenty-seven locomotives "lend-leased" by other lines saw service with S.P.—helped us keep the war trains rolling at a record clip. In our turn we are doing all we can to cooperate with the other lines.

Today the railroads are applying the "lend-lease" spirit to many of their wartime problems.

If another road is better able to handle a certain job, we turn it over to them (and they get the revenue involved). And other roads divert traffic to us.

Our country needs its railroads now. It will need them always. For when the "chips are down" there's no transportation so sure and capable as the railroad offers. S.P. is proud to work with all the other railroads in this war. *Working with this team of giants, we know we work toward Victory!*

A. T. MERCIER, *President*

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TUCSON

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and sometimes behind. "It's those Jerry 88's," Burba said. "They've got the tanks under a crossfire. We'll fix that in a few minutes." The tanks were now coming back toward us, all except one, which remained motionless on the plain. "That's the way the infantry was yesterday," one of Burba's junior officers, who had joined us, said. "They went up toward the firing line in trucks and three or four of the trucks got dive-bombed before the fellows could get away from them. It was a mess. After that they couldn't get anybody back into the trucks for a while. After *we* knock out the opposition, they'll all be heroes."

"That 88 is a great gun," Burba said admiringly, looking at the motionless tank through his binoculars. "Ripped that thing just like a G.I. knife does a tin can. Flat trajectory. High muzzle velocity."

"Pretty long range, hasn't it?" I asked.

"Thirteen thousand five hundred yards," Burba said heartily, as if he were a salesman pushing the German gun to a reluctant prospect.

At this point the six guns in Burba's battery let off as one, and the other battery followed. Then there was a prolonged shrieking noise and something monstrous landed a hundred yards behind us and ricochetted off to our left. It kicked up a lot of dust. It must have been an armor-piercing solid shot, because there was no explosion. "Let's get behind the half-track," Burba said, in the same tone in which he might have said, "Let's get out of this wind." We all moved over behind the vehicle. Something else shrieked past, through the interval between the two guns on the right flank of the battery, it seemed to me, and I couldn't help thinking that while Burba had been explaining to us what we intended to do to the Germans, some equally competent, equally stolid German artillery officer had been outlining his plans of what he intended to do to us.

Norgaard and I had the embarrassing feeling that we were not helping the battery by our presence and that if we got hit we would cause them a lot of extra trouble. We were also embarrassed by the thought that if we left too abruptly, Burba and the others might think we were fair-weather friends. My colleague reminded me that he really had to get back to headquarters at Gafsa by five in order to file a bulletin. I wasn't working for a press association and so I had no bulletin to file, but we had only one jeep between us and I decided that I couldn't expect my com-

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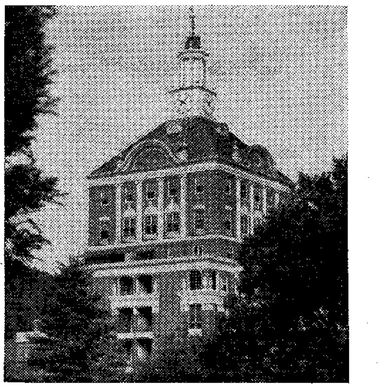

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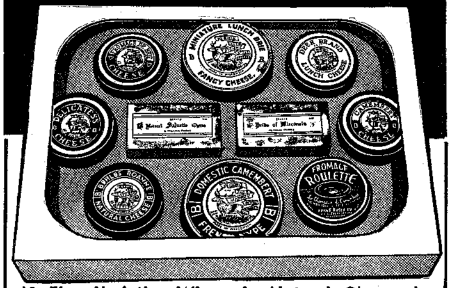

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panion to wait. I said, "I guess we may as well go, Major. See you some other time." Norgaard said something to the same effect, and we walked away, feeling as sheepish as we ever have in our lives.

WE got into our jeep and drove to the rear, past the patient Captain Bradbury. We paused for a moment to say goodbye again. I looked back and saw a column of black smoke rising from one of our gun positions. The enemy had evidently scored a hit.

Each knot of soldiers we had passed on the way to the front had seemed a friendly island inviting a prolonged stay. We were not tempted to stop to talk to any of them on the way back. We reached Gafsa, and were about to park our jeep opposite the Hôtel de France, which was serving as American headquarters, when we saw in the street the major general who was in command of the American operation based on Gafsa. We stopped to ask him if the infantry had got to Sened—we had been two hours on the way home—and he said they had and that Sened was now in our hands. "The only damned trouble," he said, "is that the British First Army has called off the whole offensive because there has been some kind of threat in the north. I guess we're going to play it safe and wait for Montgomery." The bigger part of an American armored division which had been held in reserve just outside Gafsa to exploit our initial gains was sent north that night without having fought, and the great projected offensive went into the record as only a raid.

The American forces in the field were under the direct control of Lieutenant General Kenneth Anderson, who was commanding the British First Army at that stage of the campaign. Anderson himself was officially under the command of General Eisenhower, in Algiers. This occasioned considerable confusion of viewpoint among the men in the field, but things got a lot better later when the British Eighth Army, the British First Army, and the American Second Corps were all placed directly, and with equal status, under the command of General Alexander. The aborted offensive cost us a couple of hundred casualties, but we took a hundred and fifty prisoners, which in that period of the campaign seemed a lot. The battle had never developed into a really big affair, but at moments it had seemed about as big as Norgaard or I or anybody we saw between Gafsa and Sened had wanted.

This impression was confirmed when

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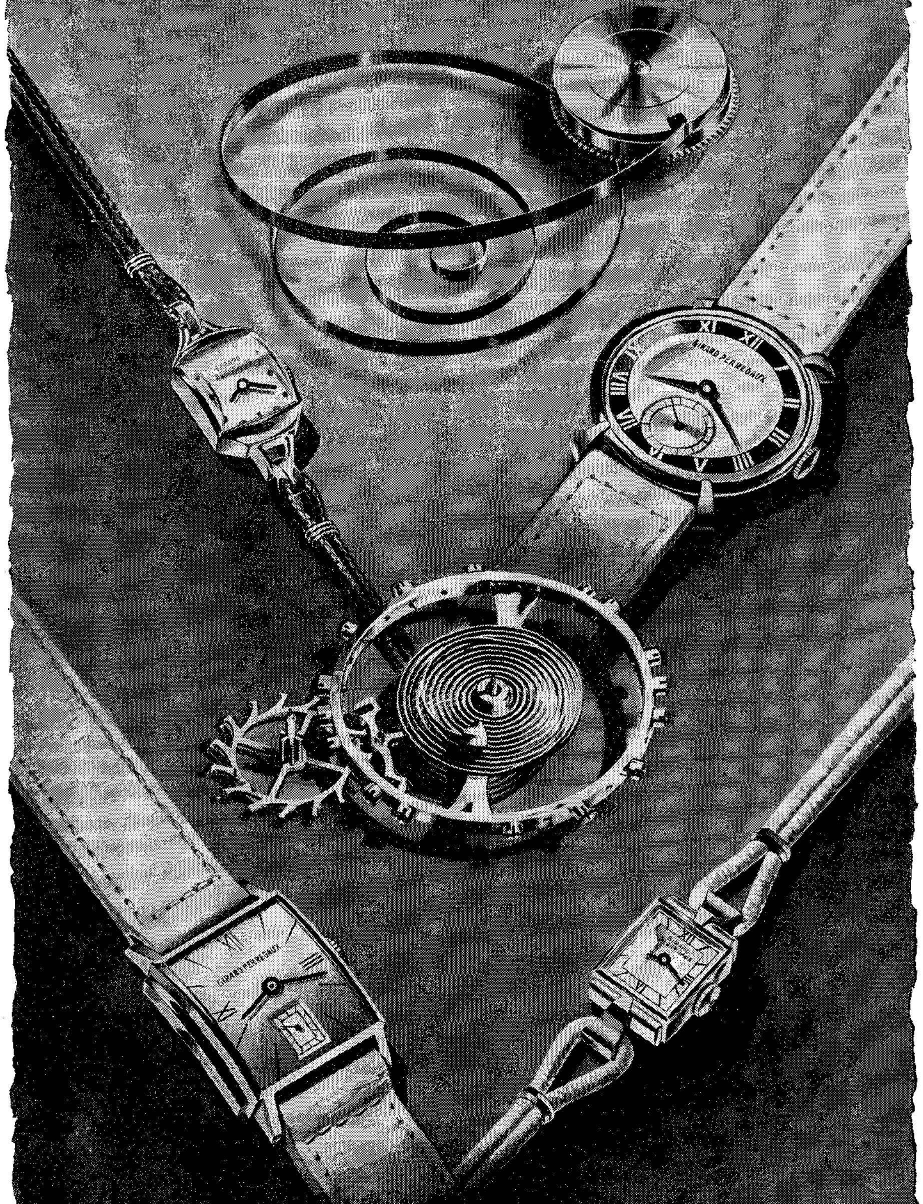

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Emerald, Sapphires, Diamonds in wide Palladium ring	$979.
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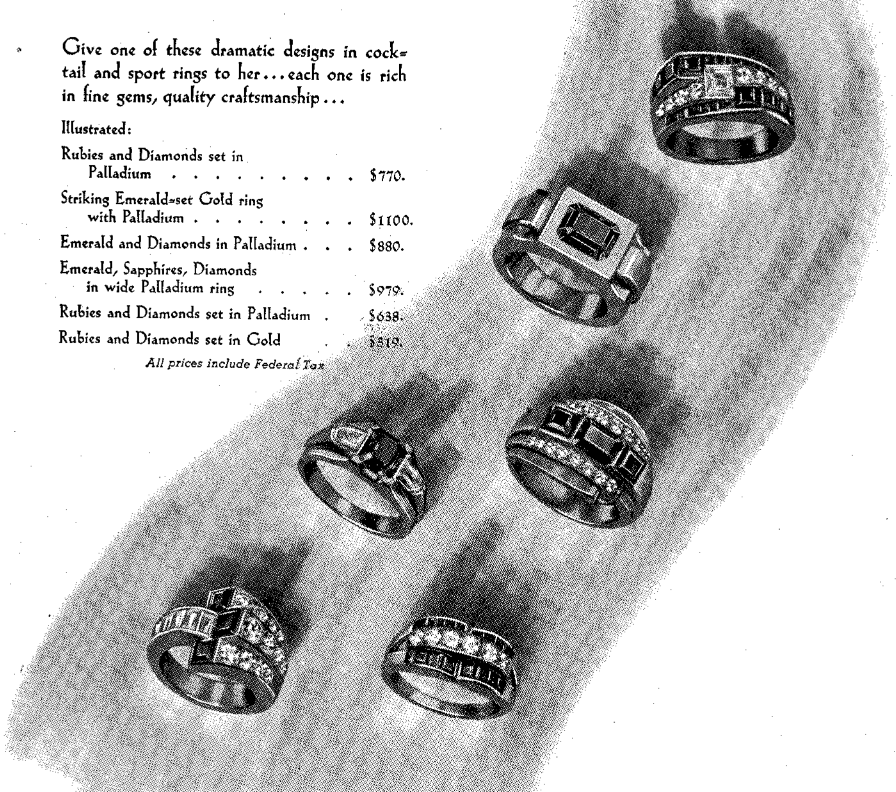
All prices include Federal Tax



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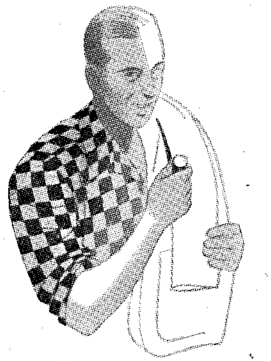

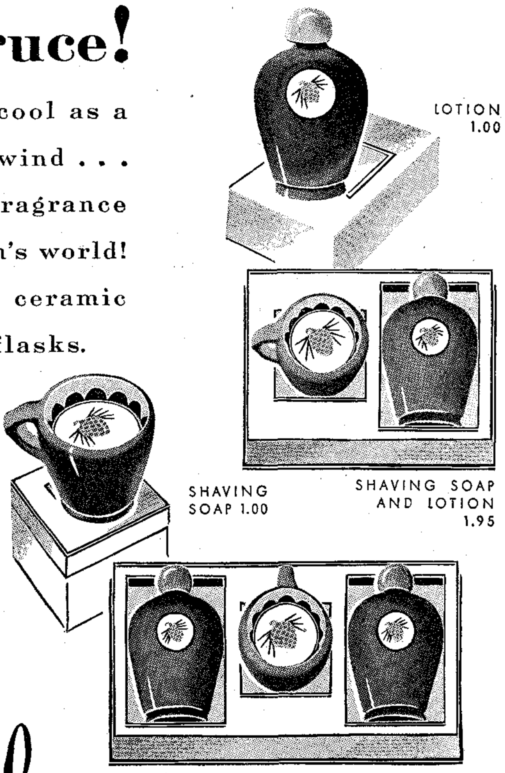

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NEW YORK · CHICAGO
men's toiletries

Norgaard and I got ready to turn in after dinner. When we were at Gafsa, we slept on the concrete floor of a small French barracks, which was used as a catch-all hostel for transient officers. In one corner of the barracks, a captain from an American armored-infantry regiment had spread his bedding roll. His outfit had not been involved in the day's action and he had been out in the field in a jeep as an observer of fighting methods. He was a florid, pleasant-faced blond of twenty-seven, and he was reading by the light of a candle he had placed next to one elbow on the floor. We said hello and walked over to talk to him. He was reading Douglas Southall Freeman's "Lee's Lieutenants," which Norgaard had also read, and they got to talking about it. The captain told us that he came from the battlefield region of Virginia, where children save Minié balls instead of Indian arrowheads, and that he knew old Dr. Freeman well. "I own a house at Yellow Tavern, where Jeb Stuart was killed," he said, "and there are some Yankee musket balls in the stair rail. When I was a boy, I used to walk over the battlefields with Dr. Freeman, and he would tell me where the different regiments had stood and where they had charged or retreated and who had been killed and where. I often used to dream of battles when I was a boy. I thought of them like an illustration in a book, all blue and gray and orange and blood-red, and not very noisy." He closed his book and lay down, ready to go to sleep. "My God!" he said. "If I had known they were like this!" I thought of a line in Stendhal's diary: "All my life I have longed to be loved by a woman who was melancholy, thin, and an actress. Now I have been, and I am not happy." —A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the second of three articles on the military activities around Gafsa.*)

•

The bride wore for her wedding an aqua blue dress and matching hat and probably carried a spray of pale pink roses sent to her by her parents or else she wore a corsage given her by the bridegroom.
—*Gary* (*Ind.*) *Post-Tribune.*

You sure she *got* married?

•

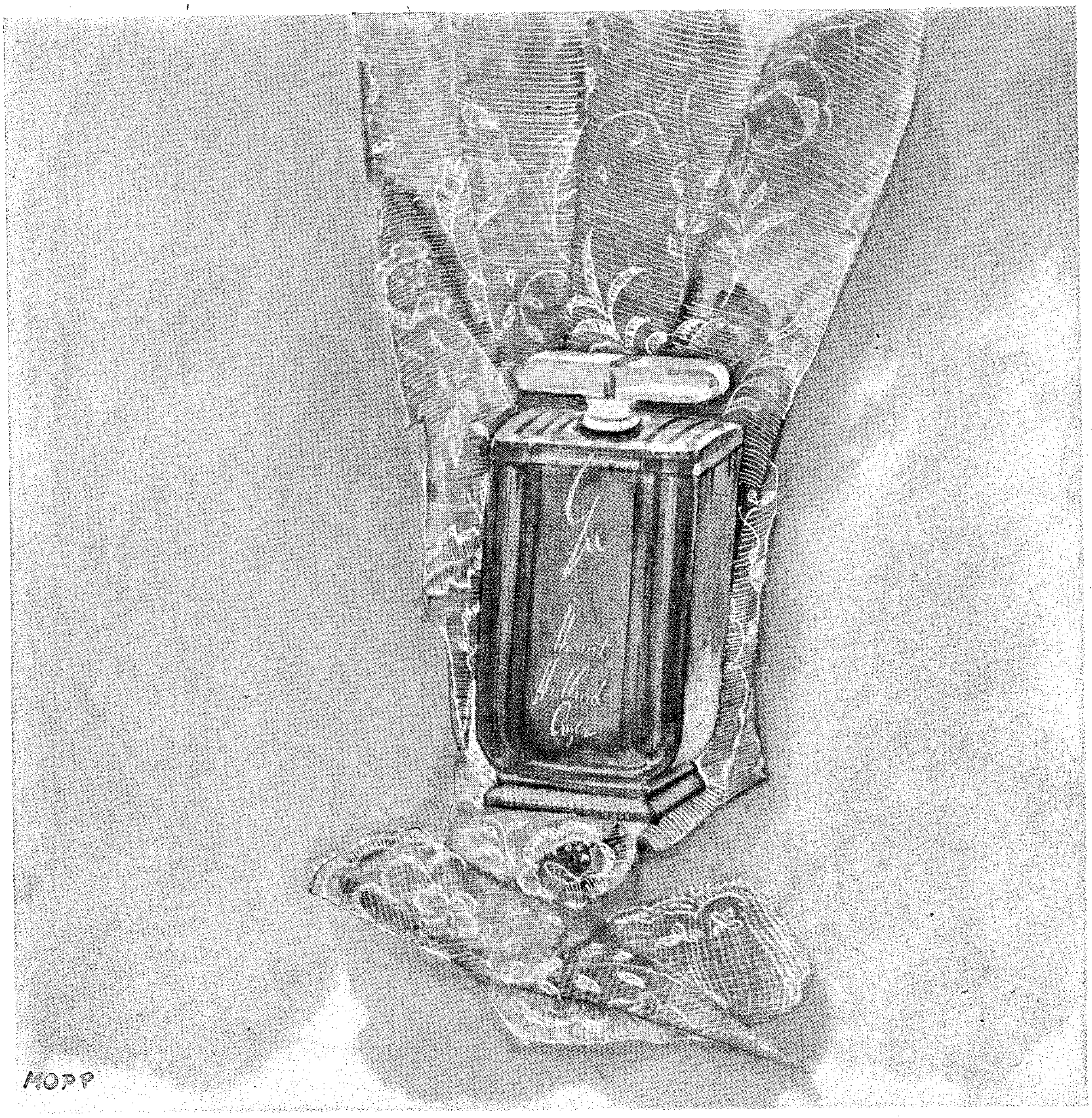
DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Albany Knickerbocker News*]

In alphabetical order, the months of the year are April, August, December, February, January, July, June, March, May, November, October and September.

Yu

your personality in fragrance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OF ALL THINGS

THE German Army has finally succeeded in disengaging itself from the troublesome city of Kiev. Nothing can now stop the Reichswehr in its triumphant march toward Poland.

●

A lot of Hitler's soldiers, however, are not joining in the westward movement. They plan to remain in the Crimea, the popular Black Sea winter resort.

●

The Senate vote in favor of international coöperation after the war was more decisive than anyone expected. Only five members seemed to think that Uncle Sam should stew everlastingly in his own juice.

●

The OWI reports that Tokio will soon entertain at a meeting of the Japan-Germany-Italy Friendship Society. Presumably the thoughtful hosts have laid in a plentiful supply of aspirin.

●

One of the decisions reached at the Moscow conference was that each Axis criminal will be tried in the country where his crimes were committed. When Hitler's turn comes, the demand for him is sure to exceed the supply.

●

The coal miners' wage agreement approved by the War Labor Board doesn't differ greatly from the one the Board haughtily rejected last summer. Of course, the entire country has gone through a cooling-off period since then.

●

In Italy there is said to be considerable enthusiasm for giving the crown to the six-year-old Prince of Naples. He is supposed to be a bright little fellow who never played with Mussolini.

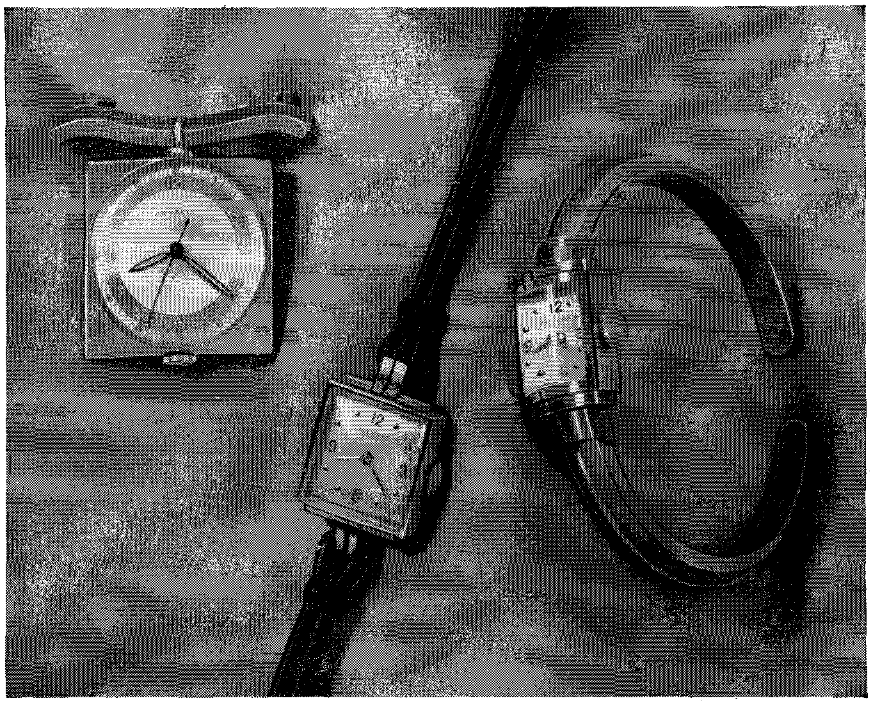
●

G. O. P. leaders are greatly encouraged by the luck their candidates have had in the elections. The results seem to show what can be accomplished when good Republicans work hard and F. D. R. isn't running.

●

People who came back from Japan on the latest exchange ship say that the morale of the Japanese is high because they are not told about the heavy losses their armed forces have suffered. The little fellows seem to thrive on their diet of ersatz good news.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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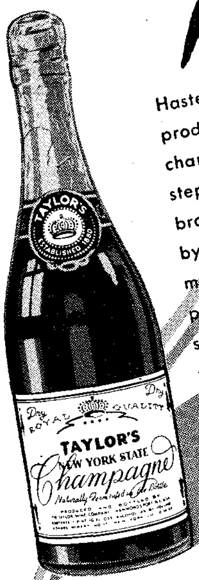

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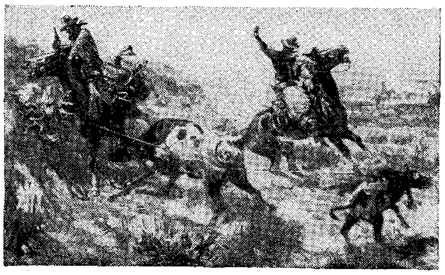

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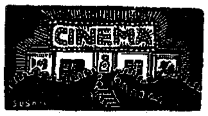
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Films of All Nations



In spite of a few shy, green shoots of corn that occasionally poke through the sand, "Sahara" is a pretty good picture. It boasts Humphrey Bogart, one of Hollywood's dwindling supply of tough babies, and an all-male supporting cast, also mainly tough. The story is another one of those lost-patrol affairs which are a product of any war. Bogart is a sergeant in command of one tank in an American tank unit serving with the British in their retreat to El Alamein. During the retreat, the tank is cut off from the rest of the army but keeps moving, and before long Bogart and his crew of two men are augmented by a few British and a Fighting Frenchman who are picked up along the way. A little farther on, they run across a British Sudanese soldier and his Italian prisoner and give them a ride, and farther still, they shoot down a German plane and capture the pilot.

Right there, of course, you have the old melting-pot idea that's so popular in the movies. The German fails to melt, but he's killed off, so it doesn't matter. One of the Americans is from Texas (another is naturally from Brooklyn, while the third, played by Bogart, is of mysterious origin, as in "Casablanca"), and what with this Southerner and the Sudanese, a colored man, working together in common peril, you have a quick solution of the race problem. Right away the Sudanese is saying to the Texan, "Yes, I guess you and I have a lot to learn from each other," and that's that. Problems more closely concerned with the plot are also occasionally solved in rather an offhand way. When the small Allied band is in danger of attack by a battalion of Germans, for example, and has just managed to capture a German scout car, you suddenly find our boys laying a whole slew of mines to protect their position and saying to each other, "It's lucky the Jerries had all these mines in that scout car."

However, most of the action, of which there's plenty, is well handled. A few new variations are played on the thirst theme which inevitably crops up in the desert, and anyway any picture that has a tank or tanks in it automatically has something to offer, because these contrivances are always fascinating to

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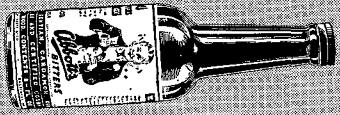

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watch. Among the actors, Bogart is his usual rough-exteriored, well-intentioned self, J. Carrol Naish is fine as the Italian, and Rex Ingram is a likable Sudanese, though I couldn't say how typical.

ANOTHER French film has appeared that was made before the war and has been holed up somewhere since. Its name is "It Happened in Gibraltar," and it has Viviane Romance, a warm little number, and Erich von Stroheim playing the sort of parts they were made for—a semi-professional daughter of joy and a ruthless super-villain, respectively. The only trouble is that except for the dialogue's being on the racy side (which can't be said of the English titles), the picture is just like a particularly elementary domestic thriller, with automobile chases and improbable shooting frays and all. The story has to do with a British officer at Gibraltar who breaks up an extremely destructive spy ring. Dabblers in French may take some comfort from the fact that von Stroheim has as much trouble with the r's as they do.

THE new Russian picture called "Day After Day" turns out to be a long documentary from which the March of Time's earlier, shorter one, "One Day of War," was made. It has more of the same sort of informative, sometimes spectacular newsreel stuff, all of which was filmed in the course of one day in Russia by a hundred and sixty cameramen. You get an even better idea from this than from its offshoot of all that the Russians are able to get done in a day. They're a busy people. —DAVID LARDNER

•

DEPARTMENT OF BELLES-LETTRES

[*Adv. in the Los Angeles Times*]

A GAY & daring knight without armor, a new adventurer in the field of writing, with a flare for story plot & construction needs a "woman's touch" to strike sparks of genius from his anvil of mediocrity—to help him climb the glorious heights of Parnassus—to transform his sturdy cart & team into a glamorous coach & six. Reply only if you are willing & able to work odd hours of the day or night—on a strictly collaborative basis if you can be (in a literary manner of speaking) Xanthippe—to drive him, Hero—to encourage him, Ruth—to follow him, Galatea—to inspire him. If you have a yen to get into the big money class (more for the thrill of accomplishment than for the actual cash—though it shouldn't be hard to take,) let your hair down—brush off your writing inhibitions—sink your spurs into your typewriter & "let 'er buck!" Box L-259, Times.

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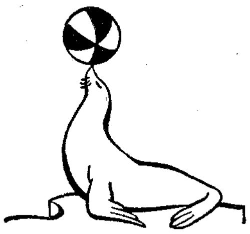

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FOOTBALL

The System

THE problem of what to do about Notre Dame is an old and pressing one. Apparently even the war isn't going to help solve it. Other football teams have their ups and downs, but Notre Dame just seems to go on forever. This year, other teams—with the natural exception of Army and Navy—have had mostly downs, the manpower shortage and the demands of the services being what they are. A fortnight ago, Notre Dame fell upon and practically dismantled Navy, a team this department regarded—and still regards—as one of the best it has seen in years. Prominent among the dismantlers were Angelo Bertelli, a high-class passer, and Julius Rykovich, a high-class runner. Right after the game, the Marines sent Bertelli to their South Carolina training base and something rather less tangible sent Rykovich to bed with galloping indigestion. Last Saturday, operating with an experienced boy named Lujack in Bertelli's shoes and a green one named Kelly in Rykovich's shoes, Notre Dame fell upon and practically dismantled Army, another team this department regarded—and still regards—with great favor. Unless you had been watching Notre Dame all year, it would have been difficult to detect any difference in the team's performance. It did seem, however, that Army, in the person of Merritt, was hurrying Lujack on his passes, something that almost never happened to Bertelli. Still, with receivers like Yonakor, who could and did outreach the Army defenders, Lujack had to do no better than get *some* of his passes off. All this is just a roundabout way of saying that Notre Dame, come what may, is still getting players a little bit taller, a little bit huskier, and a little bit heavier than anyone else is getting. This, rather than any special type of tactics, is what this department regards as the basis of the Notre Dame system.

There is, of course, more to the Notre Dame system than that. Part of it involves building up a second team almost as good as the first and, if possible, a third team almost as good as the second. Thus equipped, you can make the game of football look a good deal like professional ice hockey, sending into action, whenever it seems advisable to do so, a whole new backfield, a whole new line, or, if you want to, a whole new team.

LAST Saturday, you could have seen the Notre Dame system operated to excellent effect by Notre Dame against Army, up in the Yankee Stadium, or by Navy against Penn over in Philadelphia. (The Notre Dame system was installed at Annapolis nearly twenty years ago, when Rip Miller, an old Notre Dame man himself, joined the Navy coaching staff, but the results have been nothing to cheer about until this season.) You could even point out that Army was operating on the Notre Dame system, too, since Army has an entire second-string line and several good extra backfields, but these boys—with the possible exception of Dobbs, who played a fine defensive game—hardly made enough of a system to put the team on a par with Notre Dame.

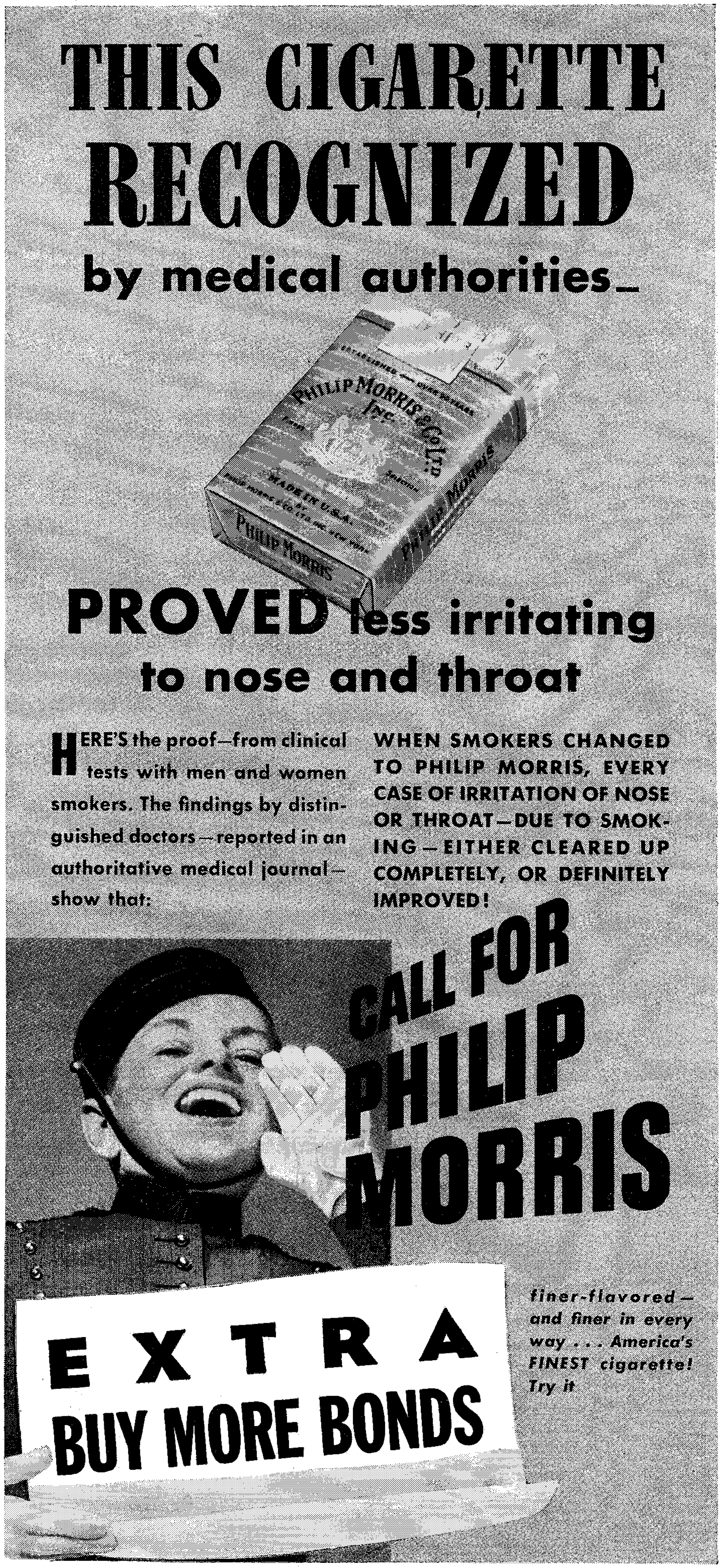
Both Notre Dame and Navy, system and all, found the going tough enough last weekend. Army came close to scoring more than once, and Penn did score when Odell, probably the best all-round football player in the East, intercepted a pass forty-one yards from Navy's goal line and never once looked back. As a result, Penn led Navy, 7–6, until well into the third quarter. Technically, Navy's habit of letting itself be scored on in this upsetting fashion is, I suppose, a bad one, but it merely serves to endear the team to me. It is as though Bill Tilden were out there, deliberately double-faulting an important point for the hell of it before really getting down to work. Tilden was impersonated last Saturday by Hal Hamberg, who threw the almost fatal pass to Odell. Hamberg was withdrawn immediately after this disaster, not to be shot but just to be rested up for the crucial work ahead. He popped in and out of the game the rest of the afternoon—first to make an astounding runback of a punt, in which he caromed off every other player on the field, friend and foe alike, before he was downed only thirteen yards from the Penn goal line; then to score a touchdown on a wide sweep around right end; then to start another one on its way with a forward pass which turned into a lateral while Penn, like me, was still wondering what was going on. —J. W. L.

•

DEMITASSE DERIVED

Our word for after-dinner coffee, demitasse, is taken from the French.—*New Bedford (Mass.) Standard-Times.*

If you can imagine that.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Mrs. Rogers was at her desk in the living room, paying the monthly bills, when the doorbell rang and she heard the new maid come through the hall to answer it. There was the sound of a man's voice outside asking to see the madam, and before Mrs. Rogers could call out a warning not to let in any salesman, the maid said, "Won't you come in, sir?" Mrs. Rogers took off her horn-rimmed glasses and turned impatiently in her chair.

The man who stood in the hall just outside the living room was short and putty-colored, with thin, gray hair, not too clean, and eyes of a shining mahogany brown. There was something exotic in his appearance which made him look as though he ought to be wearing a fez, but he held a soiled gray felt hat, with a multi-colored band, clasped in front of his round stomach. Mrs. Rogers was relieved to see that he was not carrying a sample case.

"Yes?" she inquired, without getting up.

He was smiling at her, his teeth very even and white in his dark face. "Linen man," he said.

"Linen?" repeated Mrs. Rogers.

"I have great bargains," he said in a soft voice. "Napkins, real linen, fifty cents apiece. You'd have to pay a dollar in the stores. Luncheon sets, cocktail napkins, very sweet. All bargains."

He spoke so softly that Mrs. Rogers felt she should walk on tiptoe from the living room out to the hall to dismiss him. It was impossible to shout. She got up from her desk. "I'm afraid you haven't what *I* need," she said lightly, in a tone implying it was her fault, not his. "You see, I haven't been married so very many years. My trousseau isn't even beginning to wear out. Now, if you have some crib sheets, or some towels. Turkish towels—"

He smiled at her as if the crib sheets would be for her own bed. "No crib sheets," he said gently. "Towels, yes. I show you. Guest towels, very sweet."

Mrs. Rogers saw that it was the moment to be firm. "I'm afraid it's no use wasting your time, or mine. What I need now are sheets and dish towels—not your sort of thing at all, you see."

"Not napkins?" he asked, as if Mrs. Rogers, by failing to mention them, had implied that she and her husband used paper ones. "Real linen, dinner size, fifty cents apiece. Only two dozen left, and you can't get them in the stores now."

Mrs. Rogers remembered her younger sister, whose engagement had just been announced. She thought of her own trousseau and the dozens of linen damask napkins she had hemmed for her mother to embroider with the new initial. Suppose there really weren't any to be bought for today's bride and she, the elder sister, could proudly present some? She pictured herself telling her sister, "My dear, they just turned up on the doorstep one morning—the quaintest little round Assyrian or Arab, and I won't tell you how ridiculously little I paid for them." She sighed and said to the linen man, "Well, I might be interested in some napkins."

He was out the front door in a wink, soundless and swift, like a rubber ball rolling down the walk to the street. He came back carrying two enormous suitcases.

"Suppose we go into the dining room," Mrs. Rogers suggested. "It would be easier for you to have a table."

"Wherever suits Madam," he said, and Mrs. Rogers felt herself rebuked. She was already uncomfortable because he was going to so much trouble and she didn't really want to buy anything.

"Now, it's no use your showing me luncheon sets," she began firmly. "I don't need any."

"I show," he said, fumbling with the leather straps of one of the large, heavy cases. "For me to show costs you nothing. I show. You look."

Mrs. Rogers looked. "Beautiful," she murmured dishonestly, as the lid came off the first case. It was packed with pale tan runners, mats, and napkins with hemstitched edges and self-colored embroidery, every piece marked "Made in China."

"You like?" he asked smugly.

"Yes, yes, of course I like, but I don't need."

"Must have some things don't need. Great bargain." He began setting the dining table with some of the Chinese linens, breathing earnestly and laying each mat with exactitude.

"I don't want it," said Mrs. Rogers. "I have as many luncheon sets in that cupboard there as you have in your luggage. I just don't *want* it."

Looking hurt, he began gathering up his despised merchandise. "So you don't like it? I'm sorry."

"Of course I like it!" cried Mrs. Rogers, beginning to perspire a little. "I just don't need it. Now, if you could show me the napkins . . . "

By the time he found the napkins, in the very bottom of the suitcase, the piles of luncheon sets were high on the table. "Here napkins," he announced. "Very sweet. Great bargain."

Mrs. Rogers looked and her heart sank. Instead of being snowy linen damask, which was her idea of a dinner napkin, these were of a pale coffee shade and thin as a web. They had machine-hemstitched edges. The minute she looked at them she knew she could never give them to her sister. She spoke timidly, avoiding his eyes. "I didn't imagine them like that. I'm afraid I couldn't use those. You see, I thought they'd be damask that you could use with any cloth, but those would have to match and they wouldn't match anything." Her voice trailed off and she began putting the luncheon sets back in the suitcase. "Let me help you pack up. I'm sorry you had so much trouble, but I warned you, you know, that I didn't need anything." She managed a brave smile and dared to lift her glance to his.

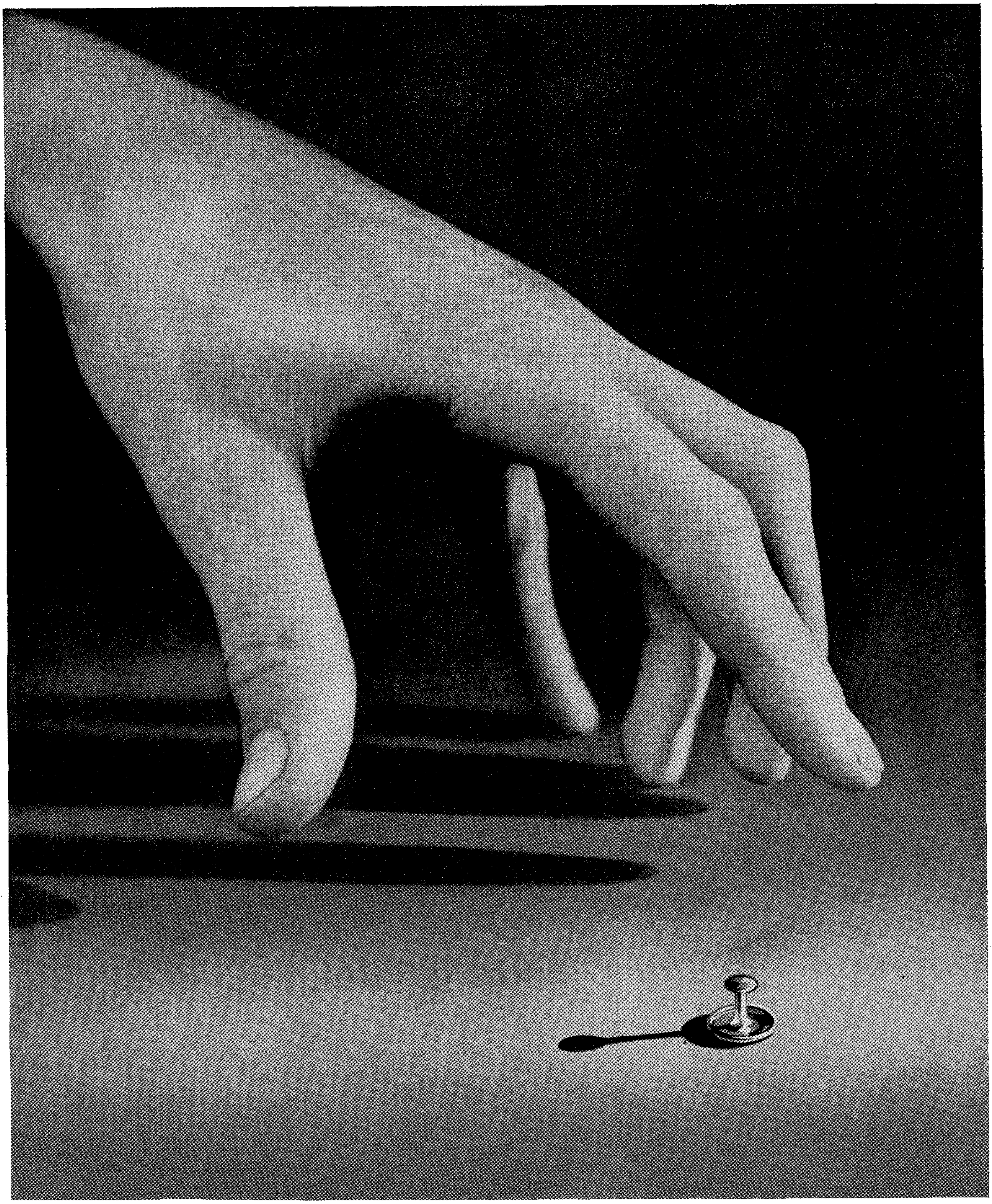
He was not looking at her. His plump, putty-colored fingers were seeking through the pile of linens and in a minute they brought forth what they sought—a cloth that matched the napkins. "Matches!" he said triumphantly, and threw it down in front of her.

She regarded it in despair. She began to wish the telephone would ring or the air-raid siren would sound or even that her small boy would come in from the back yard, crying from some small accident and needing attention. But nothing broke the silence but the breathing of the linen man.

"I don't need—" she began, and then suddenly, in a heaven-sent inspiration, she thought of a trump card. "I tell you what I *could* use," she said brightly. "A bureau scarf!" She smiled at him without fear, certain she had thought of something he would be unable to produce. He would be apologetic, she would be patient and forgiving, and they could part on a decent and proper footing—he crestfallen, she firm.

To her horror, he showed his white teeth again in a smile and brought up the other suitcase. "In here, beautiful bureau scarf. Sweet. All handwork." This time piles of tablecloths and bridge sets grew on the dining table and from the bottom of the case he brought up a coarse linen bureau cover with a border and centre design in cross-stitch. The colors were soft greens, browns, and terra cotta.

Mrs. Rogers looked at it and brightened. It would do very well on the cherry chest of drawers in her little boy's room. For a few dollars she could ease her conscience, get rid of the man without



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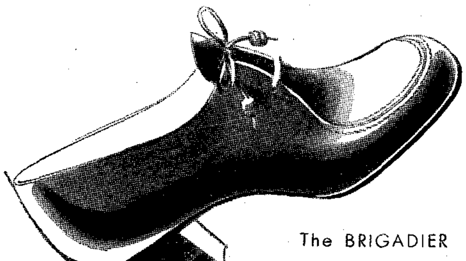

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The ALERT

The GUARDSMAN

You'll be grateful for the comfort of **randoms** *by Stetson* every hour of every busy day. **randoms** give you styles you'll like to live with. And their long life assures full value for your precious shoe coupons. Shorten your quest for quality. Head straight for any one of these leading stores and ask to see their **randoms** *by Stetson*.

The Stetson Shoe Company, Inc.
So. Weymouth 90, Massachusetts

More by the pair . . . less by the year

a scene, and have something she could really use. "Oh, I like that," she said pleasantly. "That's really very nice."

"To you a bargain," he said.

"How much?"

"To you—thirty dollars."

Mrs. Rogers gasped. "Thirty dollars! Oh, no, I couldn't pay that."

"Is worth a hundred. All handwork. Every stitch. Let's say twenty-five."

"But I haven't got twenty-five dollars," Mrs. Rogers said. "Not for a bureau cover."

His eyes opened wide in the round face. "Sure you got twenty-five dollars. Everybody's got twenty-five dollars these days. Twenty-five dollars is nothing."

"Perhaps it's nothing to you," Mrs. Rogers said, nettled. "It's a great deal to me."

"Tell me," he said patiently, "what you could buy for twenty-five dollars? Just tell me."

Mrs. Rogers was beginning to get angry. "I could buy quite a lot of sheets and towels and useful things I really need."

"But they come, they go," said the linen man. "This scarf never wear out. All handmade. Made in Jerusalem, where I come from. The Holy City."

Mrs. Rogers seized this chance to turn the conversation away from the bureau scarf. "So you come from Jerusalem! How interesting. How long have you been over here?"

"Thirty-three years. And in all my thirty-three years never a bureau cover like this one. So sweet. I tell you what I do. You take this and the napkins and I give you all for twenty-five dollars. Twelve napkins and a bureau cover."

Mrs. Rogers swallowed. "I—I'll take the napkins," she said weakly. "I'll give you six dollars for the twelve napkins."

"Take both for twenty-five," he urged. He spoke rapidly, on a rising note. Mrs. Rogers felt he was closing in for the kill. "That makes only nineteen for the scarf. At that price, I *give* it to you."

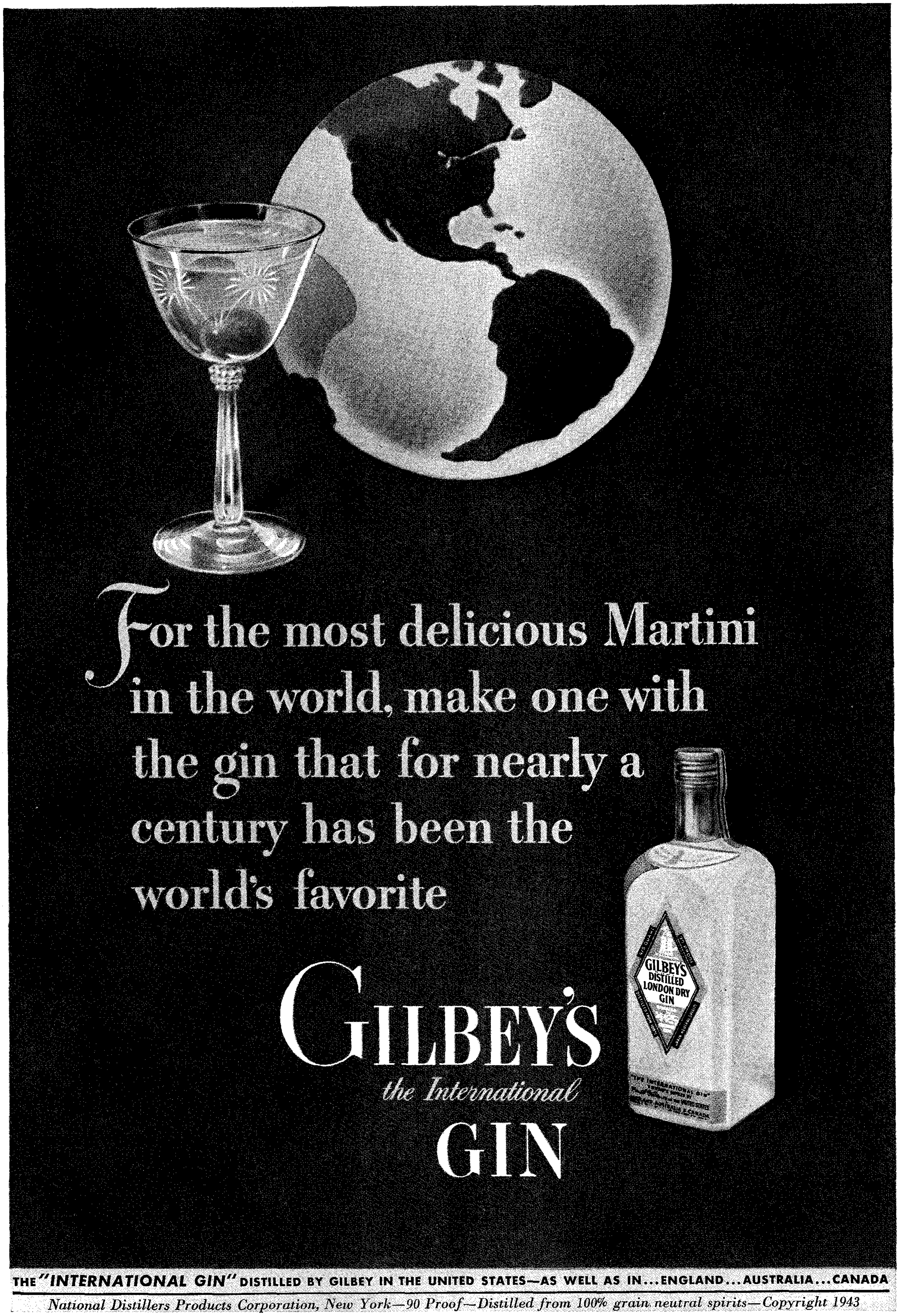
She shook her head. "Six dollars for the napkins. I'll go and write you a check."

She started for her desk in the living room and he followed her, the scarf in his hand. "Fifteen dollars. Here—take it!" He threw it down in front of her.

"No, no." She hastily shifted the ink bottle.

"You don't like?"

"Of course I like it, but I just haven't



For the most delicious Martini in the world, make one with the gin that for nearly a century has been the world's favorite

GILBEY'S

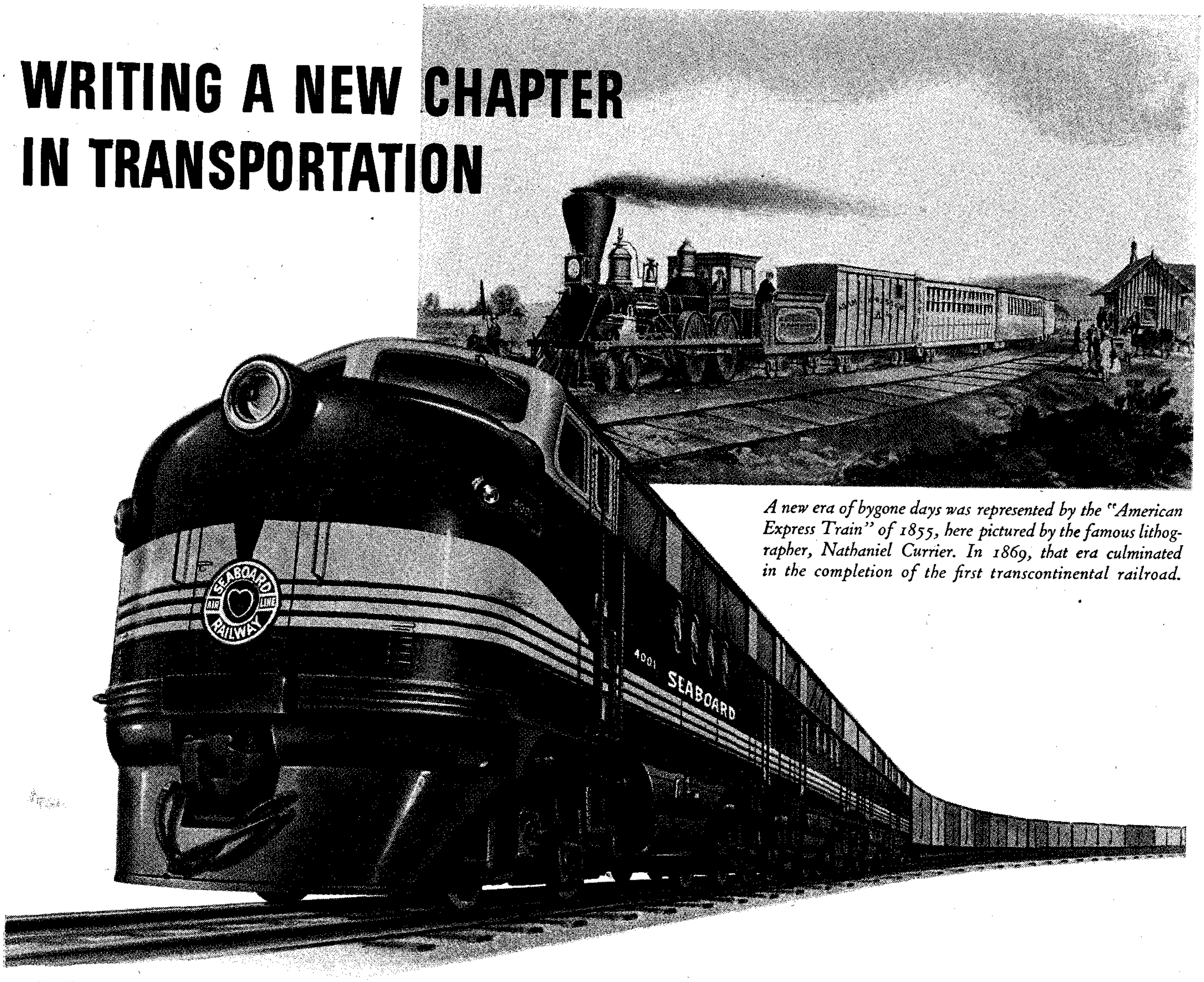
the International

GIN

THE *"INTERNATIONAL GIN"* DISTILLED BY GILBEY IN THE UNITED STATES—AS WELL AS IN...ENGLAND...AUSTRALIA...CANADA

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits—Copyright 1943

WRITING A NEW CHAPTER IN TRANSPORTATION



A new era of bygone days was represented by the "American Express Train" of 1855, here pictured by the famous lithographer, Nathaniel Currier. In 1869, that era culminated in the completion of the first transcontinental railroad.

Railroads are facing their biggest test in moving today's record volume of freight. GM Diesel freight locomotives are helping the Seaboard to do its part in meeting this emergency.

Reconstruction and new construction are going to need plenty of this hard-hitting, easy-on-fuel power. With normal refinement and development speeded up by war, with production expanded, GM Diesels will be ready to serve in more fields and in more ways than ever.

The war record of the railroads is a remarkable story of transportation.

And potent new factors in writing this story are General Motors Diesel Locomotives.

Tough, tireless freight Diesels are hauling war loads faster, and with rare economy of precious fuel.

They are adding a new chapter to America's story of railroading, and demonstrating that today's achievements are the first great step in a new era of transportation.

★

BACK THE ATTACK—
WITH WAR BONDS

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DIESEL POWER

LOCOMOTIVES......................*ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.*

ENGINES..*150 to 2000 H.P.*...*CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio*

ENGINES.....*15 to 250 H.P.*.....*DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit, Mich.*

fifteen dollars for a bureau scarf."

"How much you have? Make it ten! Will you take it for ten?"

Mrs. Rogers turned to face him. "Look," she said. "Of course I won't take it for ten. You say it's worth thirty dollars. All right, I'd give you thirty dollars or nothing." She paused as she realized this gave him a new opening, then went on quickly, "I mean, I don't want you to cheat yourself. Don't you understand?"

"*I* don't mind losing a few dollars," he said with meaning. "If you're so crazy for the scarf, take it for eight dollars!"

"No, no. I'll write you a check for six dollars, for the napkins."

He stared at her incredulously. "You won't take the scarf for eight dollars?"

"No. I wouldn't take it if you gave it to me."

He seized the scarf from the desk. He was trembling with rage. "Why should I give you anything?" he demanded, his voice hoarse. He walked rapidly and noiselessly to the dining room, where he began packing up his linens.

When Mrs. Rogers came back with the check, he had everything put away except the small pile of thin napkins. "I've made it out to cash," she said, laying the check on the table.

He knelt, without saying a word, to fasten the leather straps of his suitcases. His round face was flushed and his pudgy hands shook. "I must have been crazy!" he cried suddenly. "Forget it all. Pay no attention. I do not know what made me say such a ridiculous sum. I could get a hundred dollars for it tomorrow!" He got to his feet and picked up first the check, then the suitcases. "Goodbye," he said.

His anger and humiliation filled Mrs. Rogers with a kind of shame. "Goodbye," she said miserably. "Thank you for showing me all those pretty things. I'm sorry I didn't need any."

He nodded, struggling to control himself, and went out the door.

"Goodbye," she repeated.

He paused on the steps and turned to bow awkwardly, a bulging suitcase in each hand. "Thank you, Madam," he said. Looking at her reproachfully with his brown eyes, he added in that soft voice, "The Holy City."

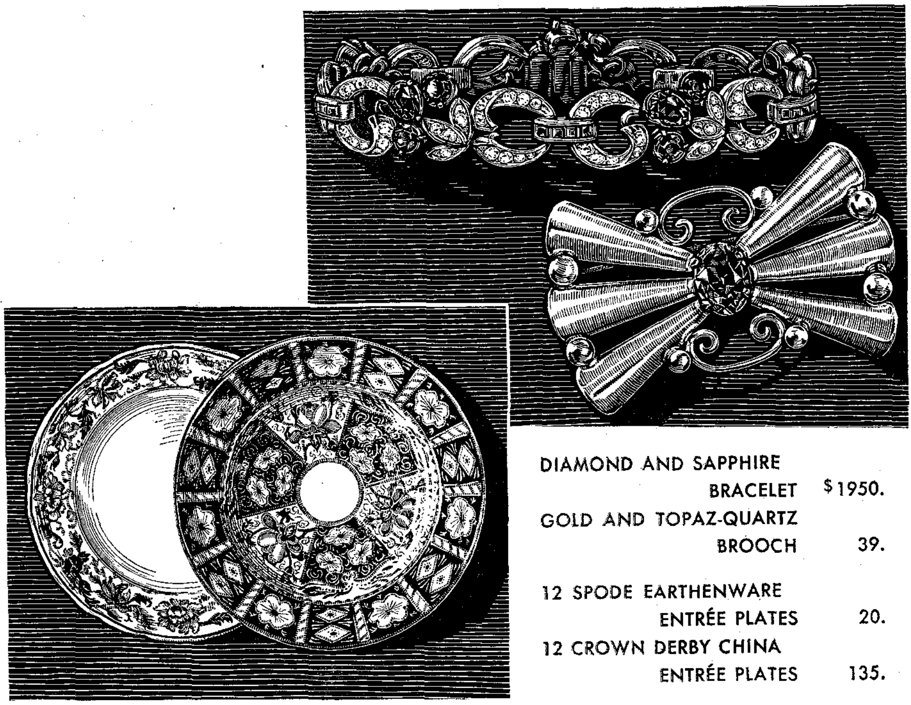
—Gwen Davenport

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From "Love Is Waiting," in the Kansas City Star]

"But perhaps you don't believe me."
"Go on," he said silently.



DIAMOND AND SAPPHIRE BRACELET	$1950.
GOLD AND TOPAZ-QUARTZ BROOCH	39.
12 SPODE EARTHENWARE ENTRÉE PLATES	20.
12 CROWN DERBY CHINA ENTRÉE PLATES	135.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND PRICES ARE TYPICAL OF OUR LARGE AND VARIED STOCK, BUT SPECIFIC ARTICLES MAY NOT BE AVAILABLE AT ALL TIMES.

TIFFANY & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET NEW YORK

Vol au Vent

When your neighbor invites a holocaust by cremating dead leaves at his very threshold, "help him if you're able, like the mousie in the fable". And then suggest tactfully that he explore the advantages of Atlantic insurance coverage through his own broker.

ATLANTIC

Mutual **INSURANCE** *Company*

49 WALL STREET • NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

IN other years, all the passionate pleas to spare the backs of weary postmen and the feet of weary salesgirls by shopping early, and all the threats that delivery could not be guaranteed unless packages were mailed before December 15th, had little apparent effect on the nonchalant public, who went into shopping frenzies on about the twentieth of the month and wound up in delirium late Christmas Eve, when the last tipsy commuter staggered out of the last depleted shop with a chiffon-and-marabou concoction for the li'l woman, God bless her. We are, however, a nation quick to learn, and there is evidence that this year a good many people got busy with their shopping even ahead of *us*, the listmakers. Everybody now seems to know that the mails are erratic, and anybody who doesn't get Christmas packages off to faraway points in this country by December 10th just hasn't got very good sense. Also, there is a fair abundance of most goods on the shelves right now, but stocks disappear rapidly these days, so you're not likely to find as much of a selection if you procrastinate—a consideration, though in itself nothing to tear your hair over. Our final, absolutely-last-chance listings will be in the December 11th issue. We aren't coddling dilly-dalliers this season.

As always, we remind you that we have no shopping service and implore you to hang onto this and subsequent listings until your last gift has been bought. We also remind you that in our September 25th issue we published exhaustive suggestions for gifts to men and women in the armed services. We had to do it early because of the deadlines for overseas packages (and we trust you were conscientious about *those*), but the suggestions—most of them, anyway—were supposed to be applicable to people in uniform everywhere. Food, which was officially and unofficially frowned upon for parcels going overseas, is still sure of a warm welcome at camps and naval stations in this country, and we discuss that subject in detail below.

So, hoping to expedite distribution of 1943 good will as much as possible, we go into our first round with treatises on the following topics:

Christmas cards, below
Stationery and playing cards, page 80
Handkerchiefs, page 82
Food for the services, page 85

Christmas Cards

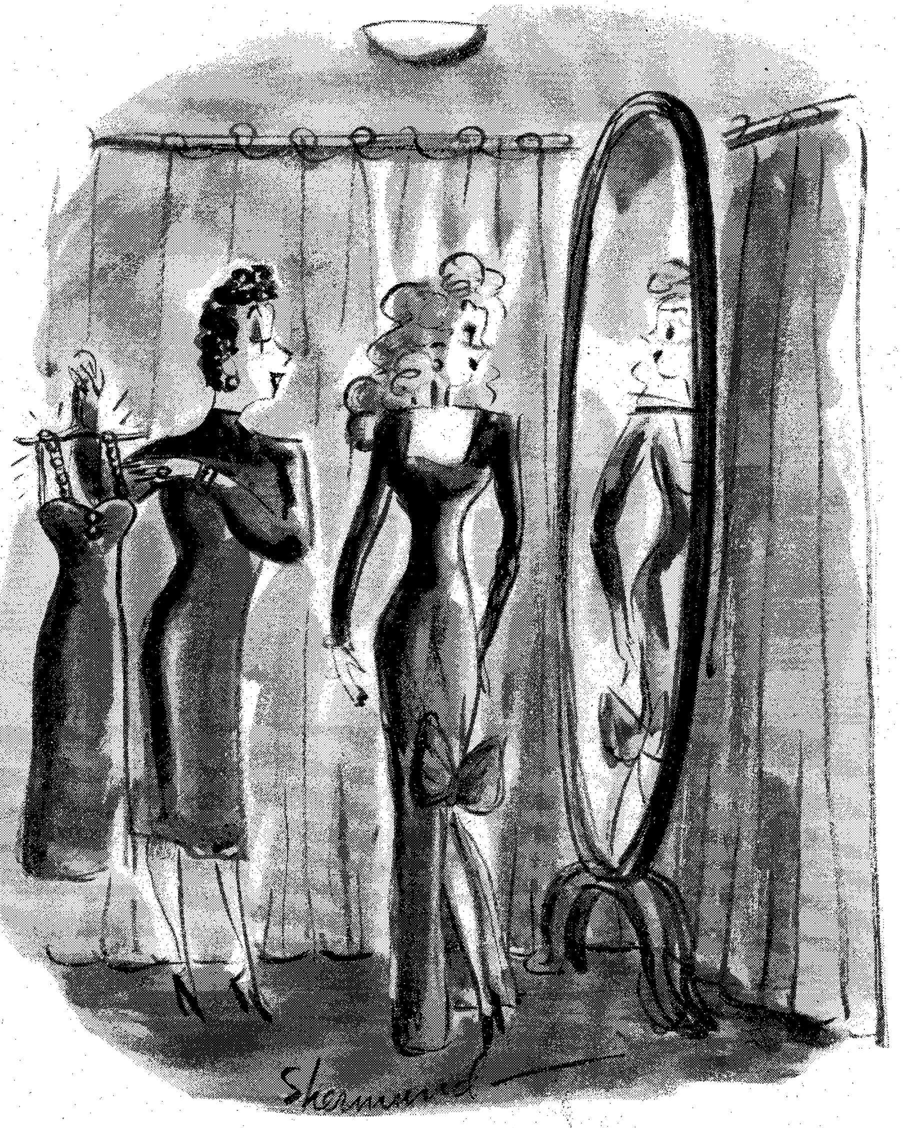
JUST about every kind of Christmas card imaginable is still to be found as you read this. There has been a praiseworthy shunning of the grotesque and an increasing inclination toward good cheer, hospitality, and religious feeling, all in the traditional spirit of Christmas. There are also great numbers of cards you can scrawl your own remarks on, a type of greeting which is far more heartwarming than the most impressive engraved card ever devised.

As usual, the cards of the American Artists Group, designed by such artists as Thomas Benton and Gordon Grant, are sold almost everywhere, and so are the offerings of the Designers and Illustrators, which are somewhat jauntier, going in for such up-to-the-minute playfulness as Santa Claus pulling up in a jeep. All of these are five to twenty-five cents each.

Here are a few other notions which especially appealed to us as we searched the town:

Abercrombie & Fitch: Colorful scenes that sportsmen will like, such as W. J. Schaldach's bobwhites flying over marshes and W. Goadby Lawrence's wild geese above a rough sea; twenty-five for $6.25, with name included.

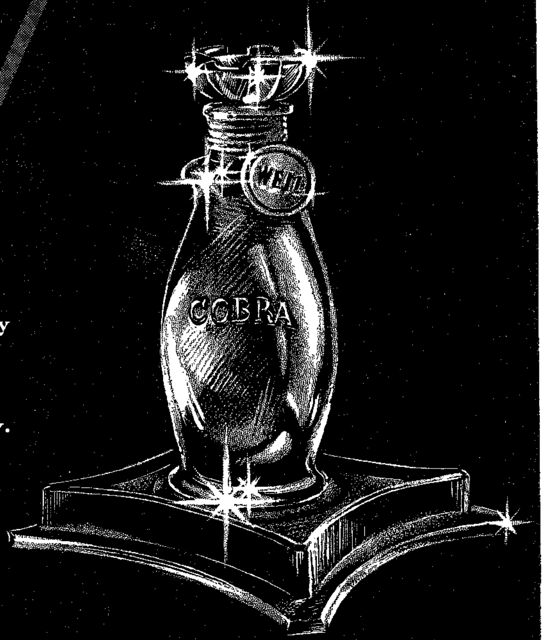
Altman: Sprightly little cards, one showing four Pekinese sleeping before a fireplace on which sixteen miniature stock-



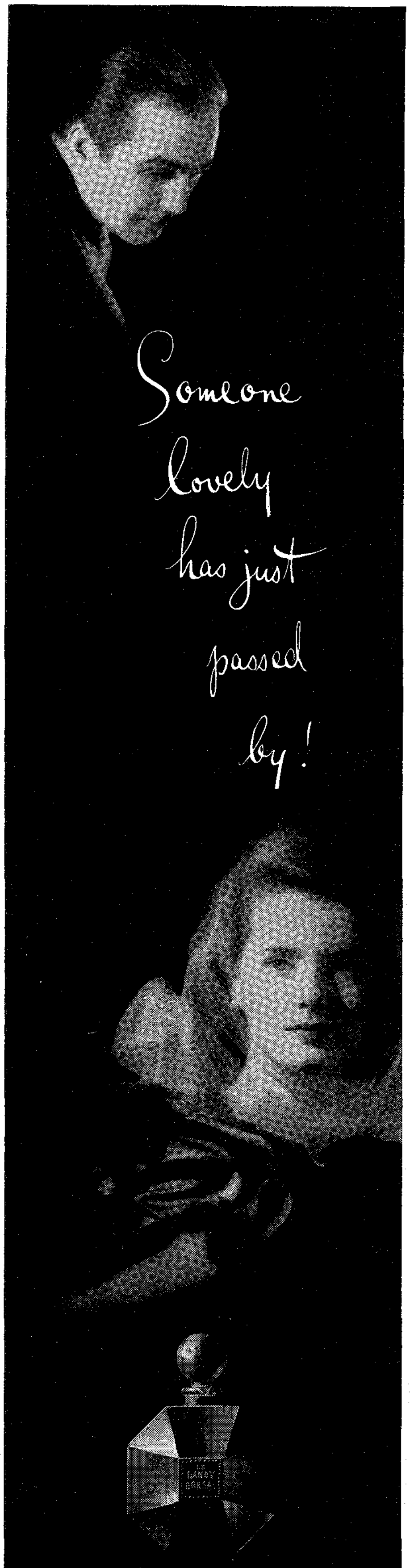
"Now, here's one that has the glamour above *the table."*

Cobra by Weil

The year's most talked about perfume . . . sharp, dry, unbelievably unreal . . . evoking the supreme compliment of other women's envy.



PARFUMS WEIL PARIS CO • 745 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY



Le DANDY
D'ORSAY

No man ever forgets Le Dandy. Disturbing and timeless as Love itself, it is one of the great perfumes of all time. $3 to $300.

ings dangle; twenty-five for $1.25. Or 1943-style angels, in colored pinafores and sun hats, cultivating Victory gardens in the clouds; twenty-five for $2.50.

Beacon Book Shop, 46 East 46th: Cards designed by Polish artists, ranging in subjects from the religious to the festive, in vivid colors with splashes of gold; ten and fifteen cents. Also, softly tinted French or Dutch cards showing peaceful scenes of windmills, canal boats, and country life in general. They were printed in France before the war; twenty-five cents.

Bergdorf Goodman: An idea all their own—a white Christmas bell (on which you write your message) against a red ground; fifty for $6, and a bottle of green ink comes with them. Miniature versions of this card to enclose with gifts are $4.75 for fifty (no ink, though). For those who never seem to have stamps, there are government penny postcards, with Santa Claus perched on an old-fashioned train. The design is printed in green to match the stamp; $2 for fifty.

Black, Starr & Gorham: There will always be English coaching scenes at Christmas, and you'll find many good ones here, at prices starting at ten cents. Lily Converse has four signed and numbered etchings, one showing a New England church surrounded, for some peculiar reason, by tropical foliage; fifty cents apiece. Another series, printed on silk, includes Notre-Dame and well-known Madonnas by well-known masters; fifty cents.

Brentano, 586 Fifth Avenue (47th): Lots of folders, adorned with nonsense like a redheaded lass wearing a holly-trimmed hat, with room to write a longish message; five cents apiece. Beautiful Raphael Tuck calendars; the English ones show famous cathedrals and serene country scenes, the Scottish include the Dora Lynn waterfall, the American have such scenes as the Gloucester waterfront and the San Francisco Bay Bridge, and they're all $1 each. And remember, Brentano has, in its vast collection, a group of cards in Braille for the blind and cards designed for Christian Scientists.

Cartier: New York scenes, including old ones—historic Fort Columbus on Governors Island, with a steamboat and schooner riding at anchor (thirty-five cents), for example—and modern ones of Radio City (forty-five cents). Hand-colored English hunting scenes; thirty-five cents and up.

Dutton, 270 Park Avenue (48th): They still have reproductions from illuminated manuscripts, like those that used to be sold in the British Museum; twenty-five cents and up. For collectors of Victorian trivia: a small group of nineteenth-century Christmas and New Year cards; twenty-five cents and up.

Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Their cards are exclusive; they include such gay business as fish talking to Teddy bears sitting on snowbanks, as well as lots of old-fashioned sleighing scenes; twenty-five for $4.50, including name. They also have nicely colored reproductions of various Madonnas; ten cents and up.

Lord & Taylor: Wonderful cards of all

Famous Lamont *Compensamatic
SELF-WINDING
WATERPROOF
WATCH

- 17 Jewels
- Waterproof
- Shockproof
- Anti-Magnetic
- Luminous Dial
- Stainless Steel
- Unbreakable Glass
- Waterproof Strap

Preferred by service men and active civilians alike. Sturdy, dependable, fully guaranteed. . . . . . $39.95 plus tax

Send check or money order, $43.95—which includes 10% Federal tax, and watch will be sent postpaid. If C.O.D., you pay postage. Your money back in 10 days if dissatisfied for any reason.

*Automatic compensation for temperature changes

LAMONT
WATCH CORPORATION
597 FIFTH AVE., New York 17, N. Y.

IN THE INFORMAL
Cotillion room
The Barrys
America's Youthful Dancers
Rasha & Mirko
Serbian Troubadours
Stanley Melba
and his orchestra

Continuous music. 2 shows nightly—9 P.M. and Midnight. Supper Cover: $1.00 Weekdays; $1.50 Saturday and Holiday eves. Sundays $4.00 minimum 6 P.M. to 11 P.M. . . . *Closed Mondays.*

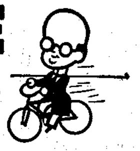
Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE & 61st STREET

WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St.

Tôle Lamps

Painted Lampshades

HUSTLE
into a Berlitz modern language class today. Rapid progress. Native teachers. *For 65 years BERLITZ has never failed!*



630 Fifth Ave.
(at 50th St.)
Circle 6-1416
BERLITZ

sorts, including nineteen Dorothy Simmons designs which can be found only here, one of them a charming Madonna and Child surrounded by pink-winged cherubs and another of them a Santa Claus busy making toys while a helpful angel cuts out paper dolls. Twenty-five for $5.50, including name.

MACY: Every possible kind of card. *Their* exclusive trick is cards for men in the Army to send out. (The Navy and Marine Corps are inexplicably disregarded.) A good sample, though you may not believe it, is of a grinning private waiting beneath a sprig of mistletoe; $1.41 for an assortment of sixteen.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: Reproductions of the Museum's masterpieces cost from five to thirty cents, and the Museum still sends a catalogue on request. Bookmarks, too, such as flowers or berries from Chinese woodblock prints and done in white against a red, green, or black ground; they make lovely Christmas cards, and they're five cents. There are also some amusing children's cards, a new departure for the Museum; five and ten cents.

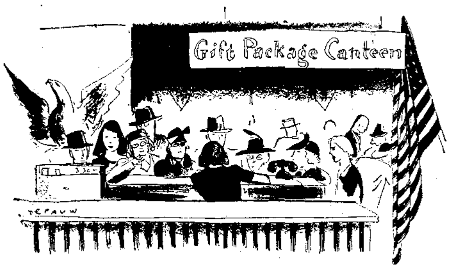
PUTNAM, 2 West 45th: One of the few places that still take orders for photographic cards from your own negative or print; a hundred for $20, and you'd better hurry. Exceptional collection of five-cent cards, with haloed angels watching over lambs or kneeling beside a modern red-coated child in front of a stained-glass window. Exquisite Swiss calendars with floral or Alpine scenes; $2.25 and $3.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: Designs by Bridget, such as a snowman with a carrot-shaped nose and a branch of a Christmas tree sticking out of his top hat like a feather, or an angel sitting on a red-hot stove and reading a real newspaper, or a piece of one (it's appliquéd); twenty-five for $6 and $8.50, respectively, including name.

SCRIBNER, 597 Fifth Avenue (48th): Surefire Currier & Ives reproductions; five cents. The white cliffs of Dover, with airplanes above and a torpedo boat below; twenty-five cents. Folders decorated with flowers or humming birds, with space within for a written message, are five and ten cents each.

TIFFANY: For those who want their Christmas cards dignified as well as lovely, there are Madonnas, such as Perugino's, at $45 a hundred. For those wishing to scribble their own greetings, there are folders adorned with Christmas trees or youngsters in snowsuits and carrying holly wreaths; twenty-five for $2.25.

UNITED CHINA RELIEF, 1790 Broadway (57th) and 444 Madison Avenue (50th): Reproductions of religious or scenic antique Chinese paintings, with

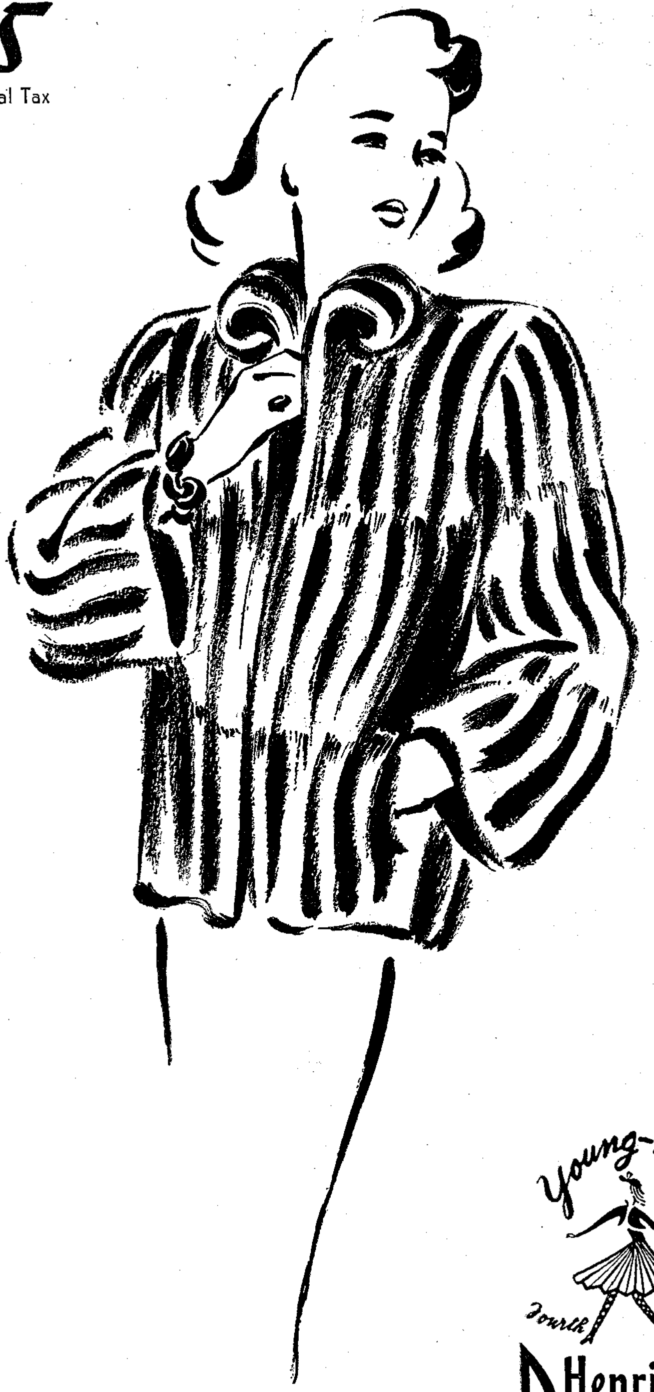


Young-Timers

Sable-dyed Russian Squirrel

$335

plus 10% Federal Tax

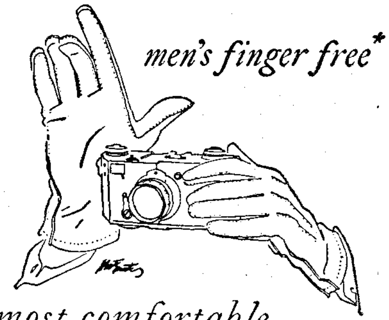


Planning to sojourn south, north . . .
or stay at home? In any event, nothing will
serve you as nobly as a hip-length sable-dyed
squirrel jacket. Soft, flattering, endlessly useful
. . . equally smart with daytime woolens
and evening taffetas.

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

FINE GLOVES



most comfortable gloves in the world...

* designed by merry hull

DANIEL HAYS

DANIEL HAYS

GLOVES SINCE 1854

* U. S. PATS. 2,125,673—2,194,934—2,226,604

VICTORY HANKIES—Happiest of All

How She'll Love Them!

Swiss beauties — very fine, (12½ x 12½"), with the V in red, white, and blue embroidered flowers. Mailed in this lovely gift envelope.

Two—$3.75; one—$2.00 (postpaid)

Don't delay—Order now

Enclose card, we'll do your mailing

MOSSE

659 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

greetings in Chinese and English, cost $1 a dozen.

Washington Square Book Shop, 27 West 8th: Always a superb collection of five-cent cards, such as groups of unusually charming cats, or bunnies peering out of snowbanks. Neighborhood New York scenes—the Washington Square Arch and so on—or the New York skyline in a snowstorm; fifteen cents.

Young Books, 714 Madison Avenue (64th): Enchanting reproduction of an 1850 Christmas card, showing a small boy and girl in a snowy forest, the whole picture surrounded by a wreath of roses; twenty-five cents. A snow*woman* holding a child in either paw; ten cents. A fashion-conscious angel sitting on a cloud and peering into a mirror as she puts a sprig of holly in her halo; ten cents.

Stationery and Playing Cards

The campaign to get people to understand that mail boosts the morale not only of the armed forces but of civilians taking up new duties in strange places seems really to have got somewhere. Anyway, when people aren't buying V-mail sheets from their stationer, or begging them from the post office, they're demanding larger sheets of paper for longer and chattier letters than they ever used to write before, which seems to prove the point. You will find plenty of airweight stationery among the offerings everywhere. Altman has pads of a lightweight paper that is ideal for air mail, in either gray or white, and sufficiently opaque to make writing on both sides possible; seventy-two sheets and forty envelopes cost $1. This shop likes to mark paper with an address (and, of course, the zone number, provided you know it) in color to match the border, but it should have ten days to fill the order. Saks-Fifth Avenue is proud of its duplex box of airweight papers. The top layer consists of large, single sheets in pale blue and the bottom sheets are white; both have a dark blue border, and forty-eight sheets and envelopes are $2.

Georg Jensen has twenty-five single and twenty-five folded sheets of thin, airweight paper with a red border and red-tissue-lined envelopes, at $4 a box. If you prefer heavier stock in a solid color, he has folded sheets either in yellow with gray-and-white borders, or in canyon green (apparently a new color for canyons) with dark-green-and-white trimming; $4 for fifty sheets and envelopes. Cartier has a large and fine selection of bordered lightweight folded sheets, the newest in the remarkable size of six-and-a-half by seven inches, with a narrow border at the top and bottom and a wide one at the right

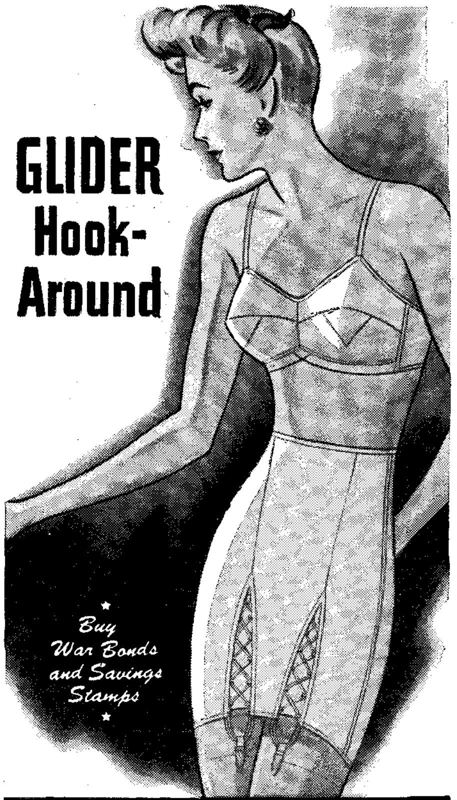
No heat or discomfort whatsoever, the magic of mild and safe lotions—applied to the hair—will curl and swirl your hair gently to a perfect coiffure for your own type created by

GURO

441 Madison Ave. at 50th St.
Wickersham 2-1757
NEW YORK CITY

FREE CONSULTATION

GLIDER Hook-Around


Buy War Bonds and Savings Stamps

The GOSSARD Line of Beauty REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

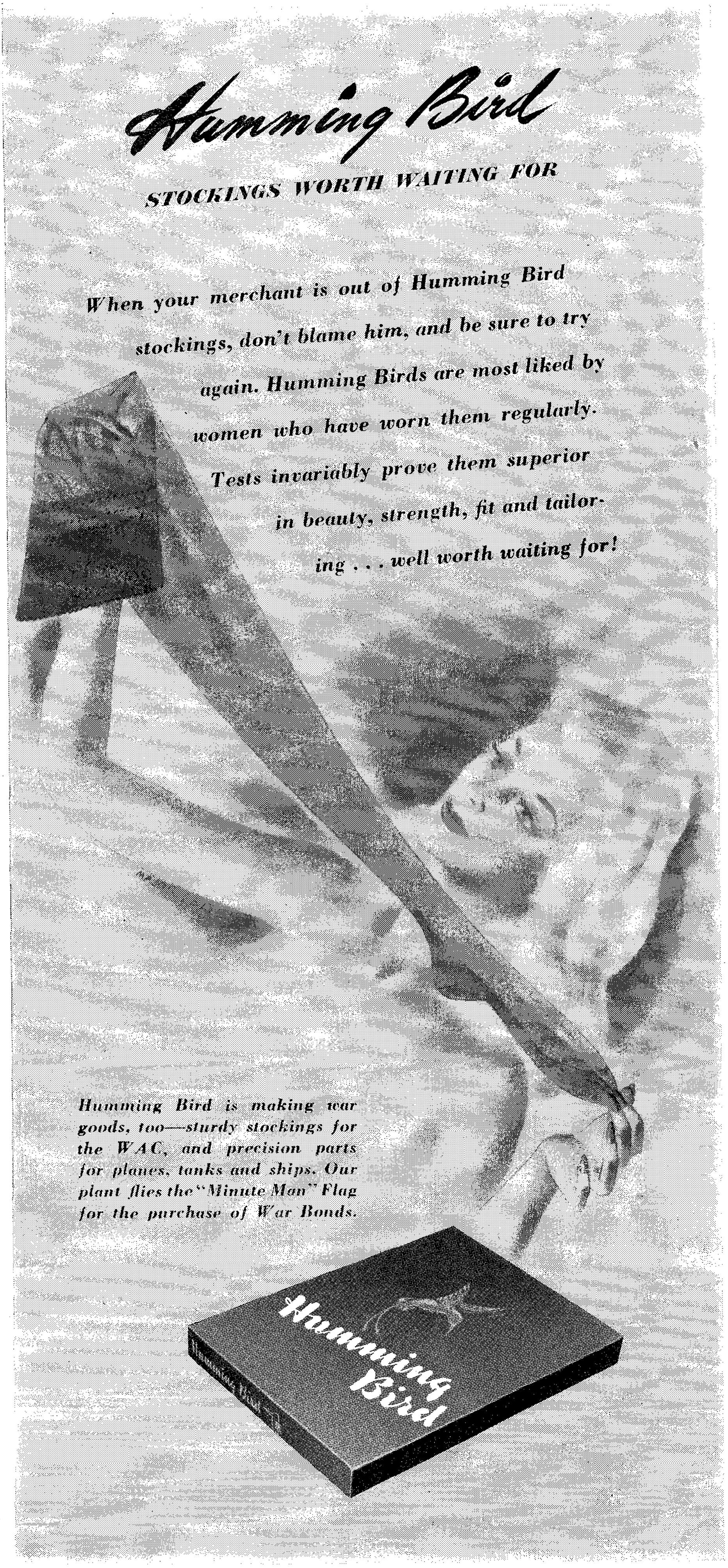
THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago • New York • San Francisco
Dallas • Atlanta • Toronto • Melbourne • Sydney • Buenos Aires

side. There is a choice of six color combinations; $3.50 for fifty sheets in letter size with tissue-lined envelopes, and $3 in note size.

Bergdorf Goodman is presenting folded sheets of Wedgwood-blue paper with a cerise border, fitting into cerise-lined envelopes so large that another fold is unnecessary; $5 for fifty, and good for people who, though dainty at heart, nevertheless have sprawling handwriting. Bergdorf always has wonderful ideas for monograms, too. Black, Starr & Gorham's pride is a smooth-finished, heavy, watermarked paper with a contrasting border, in such combinations as white with pale blue, Wedgwood with maroon, and gray with yellow; fifty sheets, half of them letter and half of them note size, with envelopes, cost $2.75. Just to remind you, Tiffany's white kid-finished notepaper with matching envelopes costs only seventy cents a quire and is packed in those impressive Tiffany turquoise-blue boxes. The shop also has red Christmas boxes tied with red ribbon and full of letter, note, and informal-size white or blue paper with a fine stripe, one quire of each; the works cost $3.75. Tiffany also has majestic stationery for executives to whom a monogram comes natural—fifty large, single, glossy-finished white sheets and envelopes at $2.25. The marking is extra, of course.

There is a rumor—mainly among the stationery people, we suspect—that the men in uniform love to get letters on superfeminine paper (delicately scented, too, no doubt). We're not one to spread rumors in wartime, but we must at least report that Macy has come along with something called Love Letter stationery, about as superfeminine as anybody would want. It consists of lightweight single sheets in white, blue, or pink (yes, pink), with pink rosebuds printed on the lining of the envelopes—very sweet, all right, but maybe *too* sweet unless the recipient is under nineteen or smitten to the point of numbness. Sixty sheets and thirty envelopes are ninety-four cents. Macy has also produced some rosebud-covered writing portfolios (bearing the words "Have you written him today?," for heaven's sake) containing eighty-two sheets of white, gray, or blue paper and thirty-six envelopes in the pockets; $1.41, but, as we warned you, risky unless your recipient is the rosebud type or in the throes of first love.

PLAYING cards are scarce, ladies and gentlemen, mighty scarce, and the famous Kem washable cards are espe-


Humming Bird

STOCKINGS WORTH WAITING FOR

When your merchant is out of Humming Bird stockings, don't blame him, and be sure to try again. Humming Birds are most liked by women who have worn them regularly. Tests invariably prove them superior in beauty, strength, fit and tailoring . . . well worth waiting for!

Humming Bird is making war goods, too—sturdy stockings for the WAC, and precision parts for planes, tanks and ships. Our plant flies the "Minute Man" Flag for the purchase of War Bonds.

cially rare. Black, Starr & Gorham have pairs of Kem packs done up in a cowhide case like one of those which a pack of cigarettes fits into, only larger; $10, and fine for the spur-of-the-moment traveller. Macy has khaki cases holding two packs of cards ($1.98, and monogrammed, even at this price). Bergdorf likes austere red or blue engine-turned cards of the type that men used to bring home from the club. Narrow ones are $1.15 a set and the regulation-size ones are $1.25.

Handkerchiefs

CHRISTMAS without a handkerchief would be a sorry, sorry thing, to our way of thinking, for a single handkerchief (if it is the right one), tucked into an envelope, is the best modest holiday gift of all, and, multiplied by three, six, or twelve, it's a gift of importance. This year, despite great difficulties, the stores have again passed a miracle by producing, from air that is not a bit thinner than some of their wares, quantities of lovely ones.

At the top of the scale you can still find real lace affairs, all of them costly and many of them qualified to be heirlooms. Macy has Irish point, Altman has small squares of Belgian rosaline, and Lord & Taylor have squares of hand-spun linen surrounded by duchess, rosaline, rose point, and Val. The Grande Maison de Blanc, as always, has an impressive array too. Every and any year *the* handkerchief is likely to be a white one. A white affair seen in many shops, of sheer material (usually a mull-like cotton), is labelled a "theatre" handkerchief and is nonsense of a charming sort. It has single or multiple rows of Val-type lace set on with *entredeux* or with single or double hemstitching. At Bergdorf, Bendel, Altman, and Lord & Taylor, there are little charmers of this type, slightly larger than glove size and costing about $2.50. Macy has one of white linen, lace-edged, at ninety-four cents, that is nice enough to be carried anywhere. Saks-Fifth Avenue's offering is glove size and has the lace set on with a very narrow hemstitched border ($1.50). Saks also treasures sheer batiste squares with wide lace borders; $5.

Tapes and cords and *fil-coupé* designs on linens (and on those thin linen-and-cotton mixtures) are all over town, boasting rolled edges and costing from fifty cents upward. Everywhere, too, you will come across a made-in-Madeira handkerchief bordered with cord or tape on which tiny, scattered

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flowers are embroidered. It's a nice example of a white handkerchief that needs no monogramming. It costs from $1 to $2 at Bendel and Best. Bergdorf and Bonwit, among others, have thin, hemstitched, Irish-linen handkerchiefs, with mitred corners on the inch-wide hem; $2. Mme. Collart, at 581 Madison (56th), is still able to show her classics—thin, linen, glove-sized handkerchiefs with frilled net ruffles at $2.45.

Color, when it appears, may be pensive, as in the case of the pale, thin, pastel linen handkerchiefs with minute rolled hems at Collart ($1.35) or the floweret type of print on the clip-cord-bordered handkerchiefs at Bendel ($1). Color may also be spectacular, as in some linen handkerchiefs with multicolored flower designs at Kargère—sheer, with hand-rolled hems, and wonderful with tweeds (seventy-five cents). Altman will show you what it calls California prints—hand-blocked, extravagant designs in exotic jungle motifs, oversize and flaunting colors unheard of in nature or even in California; $1. Bergdorf has huge bouquets of mammoth blooms centred on sheers, but also shows modest scattered blossoms; both varieties are $1. Best, for the same price, has bright prints on linen, the design consisting of scattered flowers on a white ground with a border in one of nine colors.

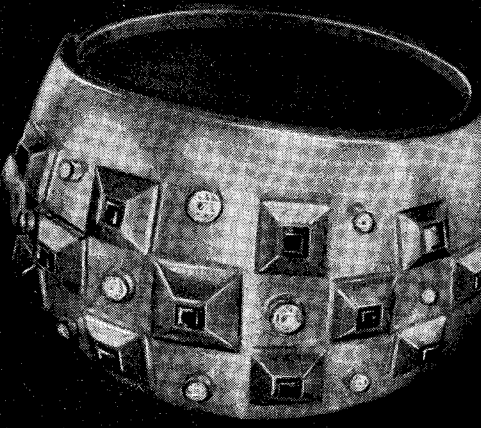
FINE white monogrammed handkerchiefs remain the ideal gift for anyone who is discerning. The time for ordering them with monograms, furthermore, is now, spelled n-o-w. Most shops say they can't take orders after December 1st, and some say not after Thanksgiving. Things may get worse, too. Mosse has handwoven Irish-linen cords and tapes, ready for monogramming, at $36 a dozen for men and $24 for women. Bonwit consents to mark single handkerchiefs, feminine and flowery things, at $3 each, monogramming included. Lord & Taylor, for the holiday trade, do a very special job on

NOEL
NOEL
NOEL

Santa's Gift for Her

Dramatic studded bracelet. Sapphires and diamonds set in 14k gold, $750. Earrings to match, $200.

Prices include Federal Tax



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Shirtwaist Girl?

Fashion's love — the shirtwaist! Whether it's a tailored style or a sequined evening blouse, it deserves the perfect foundation of a "Flexaire" Bra — made for you by Flexees. "Flexaire" Bras bring you unrestricted, free-as-air comfort, yet they model your bosom into lovely, uplifted curves.

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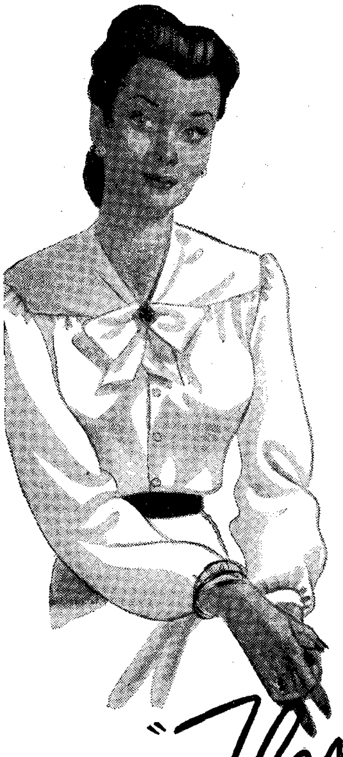
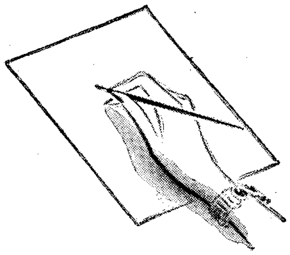


"Flexaire" by FLEXEES

The BRA for Bosom Beauty



Letters written on fine paper compliment those to whom they are addressed.

Hampshire
FINE STATIONERY
HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY, INC.
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From New York's Distinguished
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Gathering Place of Headline Personalities
A NEW
Radio Program
"Ed Sullivan Entertains"
The nationally known newspaper columnist talks about and talks with people in the news.
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MENNEN
BRUSHLESS SHAVE

three monogrammed hand-rolled men's handkerchiefs, at $5.95, and the shop also glories in its cotton khaki G.I. handkerchiefs with the name machine-stitched in full across one corner—practical, unromantic, welcome, and costing $1.95 for six. Altman has classic cords, with hand-rolled edges; a half dozen run from $10 to $18 for men, from $7.50 to $12 for women. At Saks-Fifth Avenue, the prices are $7.50 a half dozen and up for women's; men's are $14 and $15 a half dozen, with monogram. Collart's are absolute elegance, with half-inch hemstitched hems; women's are $24.50 a dozen and men's $44.50, unmonogrammed. McCutcheon has white sheers and linens for both sexes, and they cannot be bettered. Jay Thorpe has men's Irish-linen hand-rolled tapes and cords for $2.50 apiece; the monogram is extra. Bergdorf has *fil-coupé* sheers with formal garland borders, hand-rolled edges, and exquisite initialling that has the restraint of custom monogramming; $3 each. This shop also has tape-bordered handkerchiefs with scattered upper- and lower-case repetitions of an initial embroidered on the tape; seventy-five cents. Bergdorf's handkerchiefs from Madeira, with *fil-coupé* borders, hand-rolled and magnificently initialled, are $3; Lord & Taylor's versions are $1.95 and $2.95.

Petit-point embroidered handkerchiefs can be very dull indeed, but Macy has assembled a group with small, prim bouquets of marguerites, moss rosebuds, or violets that are complete enchantment at $1.41. Lord & Taylor have pre-Vichy French handkerchiefs with white or colored embroideries of little bees and fruits and things; $1. Mosse's Swiss-embroidery handkerchiefs (two for $3) have the signs of the zodiac in the corners. Among Kargère's prizes are silk chiffons in the boldest of prints, for women who like to knot handkerchiefs about their throats, coster fashion; $2.50. Georg Jensen will show you engaging, ladylike Irish-linen handkerchiefs with English eyelet-embroidery borders, the embroidery being in white, burgundy, or blue; $3 and $5.50.

FOR children, Best, among others, has four handkerchiefs embellished with Disney celebrities, including Thumper (sixty-five cents). Mother Goose prints are to be found at Altman, to name only one place. Lord & Taylor have little-girl party handkerchiefs, lace-edged, for thirty-five cents, and almost everywhere you can find linens dolled

A SAUCY SAUCE DOES THINGS FOR MEAT
MAKES CHEAPER CUTS SO GOOD TO EAT

When two old-time favorite condiments get together, you've got an exciting combination for any main-course dish. Spice-up rationed meals with Best Foods Mustard-with-Horseradish. Use it on all foods on which you formerly used ordinary mustard.

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MUSTARD
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A Product of The Best Foods, Inc.

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Dinner Music by Mischa Raginsky and His String Ensemble
Frank W. Regan, Manager
The PARK LANE
PARK AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK

up with Scotties and other animals at twenty-five cents.

Food for the Services

AFTER taking our own private poll on what kinds of food soldiers and sailors like to get from home and comparing the results with the information we gleaned on the subject a year ago, we shall never again doubt that the brass hats are right when they tell us that the problems of this war keep changing. To judge by the letters we have received from fighting men of our own and our friends' acquaintance, their taste in food is not only changing, it is becoming more complicated all the time. Men who a year ago were enthusiastic about peanut brittle and chocolate bars are today judicially discussing the relative merits of curled and uncurled anchovies. The fact is that servicemen have so much to say that it is hard to put all their preferences and prejudices into one composite picture. Some we have just ignored. For instance, we feel that the taste of the sailor at a New England station, who wrote enthusiastically about whole coconuts, is rather too special for our list, and that the sergeant who tells us all soldiers like to get licorice drops in their Christmas boxes is probably, to put it gently, mistaken.

Of course, the ideal way to cope with the problem is to write and ask your pet warrior (male or Amazon) exactly what is wanted. Those of you who haven't time can follow our list with, we think, a reasonable amount of confidence. We regret to say that our poll didn't take in servicewomen. But we understand that chow for Waves and Wacs is about what it is for sailors and soldiers, so it seems safe to assume that their between-meals food preferences run about the same, with allowances for lighter and more finicky feminine appetites. The same should be true of the lady Marines.

NOW for a few general tips. By this time most shopkeepers, fortunately, have learned that patriotic emblems on wrappings are not well thought of in the camps. The plainer, neater, and solider a box is, the better it will be liked. Careful packing, with plenty of that magnificently heavy waxed paper to which only food shops seem to have access, is especially important. For this reason, professionally packed food gifts are usually more satisfactory than your own efforts. Pay no attention, however, to the man who tries to sell

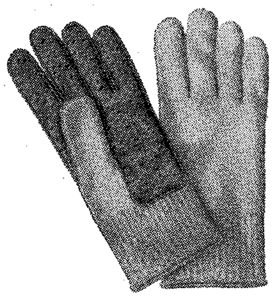
THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

Family feast!

Of all the year's high spots, Christmas is the outstanding family feast. Gifts play a major part in the season's celebration.

For more than a year we have been gathering gift merchandise with special appeal to outdoor lovers.

Send for the Christmas Trail—a gift shop in a book

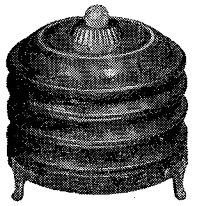


LEATHER PALM GLOVES . . $3.00

He'll drive and practically live in these knitted wool gloves with leather palms. Buff or khaki. Small, medium, large.

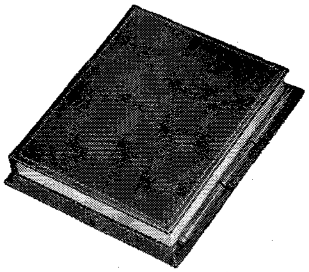
SHOTGUN SHELL JIGGER . . $5.50
Tax included

One "shot" out of this Sterling silver and gilt shell equals a 1½ ounce drink. Engraved "One Shot."



MUSICAL POWDER BOX . . $15.00

This quaint wooden powder box with gilt trim, plays two tunes when the lid is lifted. Holds loose powder.



JUMBO LEATHER DESK PAD, $10.00

Something out of the ordinary in memo pads. This one is of fine tan leather, saddle stitched and has a perforated Jumbo pad and pencil. 7¼" x 8½".

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

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CHICAGO 2, ILL. **VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE** 9 NORTH WABASH

TIME: THE PRESENT

Today—as 73 years ago, furs originated by Baldwin are the New York tradition. Here every important fashion is realized in gleaming perfection. Turn, therefore, to Baldwin for fur and fur-lined coats of maximum beauty. And rebirth of your old favorites.

FURS SINCE 1870

BALDWIN

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34 EAST 10 ST., N. Y. 3, N. Y.

PEARCE blankets

Your Christmas list might well include lovely Pearce Blankets. Many of the boys in uniform now enjoy the warmth and comfort of Pearce Blankets. If your own needs are not too urgent put the money into war bonds and buy Pearce Blankets later.

$8.95 to $15.95

Sample swatch and folder on the care of Pearce Blankets upon request

PEARCE MANUFACTURING CO.
America's Oldest Blanket Mill
LATROBE, PA.

All Wool PEARCE LATROBE, PA EST. 1805

you one of the standard gift boxes without regard for what the recipient may want. As for sticky and more or less messy foods, soldiers seem to look upon them now with more enthusiasm. Evidently experience with boxes from home has taught men in camps that hard, dry cookies are likely to go on getting harder and dryer and that lemon drops and such, though they have their place, still leave something to be desired. Just to make this new and more frivolous taste confusing, the men point out that their personnel inspections are stiffer than most civilians have any idea of and that cake crumbs, oil from sardine cans (the taste for tinned fish is looking up, too), or chocolate smudges on a uniform or a G.I. blanket, although they won't exactly get your darling before a firing squad, won't do him any good, either.

TO start off with a gift about which, as far as we know, there has never been a dissenting opinion from any soldier, we shall tackle fruit cakes. Even here, though, you may run into difficulties, not at the camps but at this end, since good fruit cakes aren't too easy to find this year. Some of the shops which could once be counted on to provide the best are already sold out and have no hope of getting more, and several bakers of homemade cakes have gone out of business. Fortunately, Mrs. Jerome M. Ziegler, 61 East 64th Street, still turns out, to order, magnificent cakes made with a good old prewar recklessness in the matter of eggs, butter, and fruit. These cost $2 a pound; postage is extra. That's the only price we'll quote. Other bakers expect theirs to vary as market prices and conditions change. Mrs. Z., however, says hers will remain constant. The New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th), takes orders for very good cakes, baked in large tins or in individual-size round molds. The small cakes ought to take care of two pressing military problems. Soldiers seem to have become increasingly aware (a) that slicing a cake makes crumbs, and (b) that there's no telling how many men a cake can be divided among. This latter problem frequently results in a host's grossly overestimating his supply. The small ones, obviously, do away with guesswork and the recipient can figure things out so that he stands a good chance of eating a piece of his own cake. Nata Lee, 1046 Madison Avenue (80th), also does individual fruit cakes very well. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street, still have some ex-

Time is golden!

Dependable as it is beautiful, this 14 Karat pink gold watch with 17-jewel Swiss movement. Send for it today, so you'll get it in the St. Nick of time.

$45 shipped anywhere
Federal Tax included

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LEXINGTON AT 60th STREET

The Oval Room

New York's most distinguished restaurant, featuring a Superlative French cuisine.

HORATIO ZITO and his Orchestra

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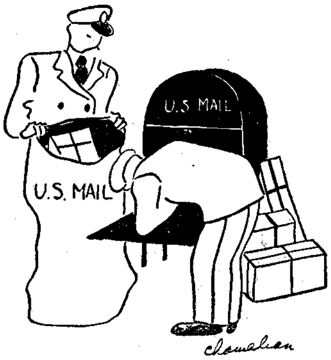
Ritz Carlton
MADISON AVENUE AT 46th STREET

cellent large ones packed in tin boxes (such a box is no small advantage in service life, for it has a number of post-cake uses), and Altman carries a couple of fine varieties.

To fill the new demand for a good small cake, Altman's bakery department has some delicious morsels called walnut chews and some little plain cakes filled with jam and covered with a thin chocolate icing. Both these confections pack easily. Altman also carries authentic shortbread packed in tins. Schrafft makes very good, rich *petits fours*, some iced, some jelly-filled, some sprinkled with nuts, and all very satisfactory to fill up corners of Christmas boxes. Alice Marks, 6 East 52nd Street, has a large collection of delicious, small, homemade cookies all boxed in the competent Marks manner. The varieties are too numerous to describe, but the shop will very helpfully allow you to taste your way to complete satisfaction. Plumbridge, 21 East 65th Street, makes delicious small cakes something like soft *Lebkuchen* with a thin icing, just the thing for a soldier's box. Long French Bakers, 1042 Madison Avenue (79th), have a great assortment of little Viennese and French cakes that ought to be investigated if you are looking for something not too plain and yet not squashy. The same shop also makes very nice brownies. Nata Lee turns out little squares of rich crust filled with apricot jelly, something like a *linzer torte* done in small pieces. Her specialty, though, is an assortment of delicious, paper-thin cookies so expertly packed that they invariably arrive intact.

THERE is still a great demand for nuts of all kinds. We have not been able to discover any Brazil nuts, but for salted almonds, pecans, and other domestic varieties, Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street; Anna Bibro, 860 Madison Avenue (70th); Louis Sherry, 300 Park Avenue (49th); and Vendôme are unbeatable. The New York Exchange for Woman's Work has jars of unusually good glacé nuts, as well as



The perfume of promise...
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JE REVIENS
WORTH
Worth
JE REVIENS
(I will return)
unforgettable fragrance...
he'll remember it...
and you!

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN
SMOKED TURKEY

A Rare Flavor for the Holidays—Give a Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey!

Let your gift to your friends and family this year have a flavor all its own; a different gift to thrill the appetites. Serve Smoked Turkey, hot or cold, in your own home for buffet suppers, dinners, cocktail parties, hors d'oeuvres and canapes.

Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkeys are premium birds, cured in fine herbs and spices, and then smoked over fragrant applewood embers. Golden brown Smoked Turkeys, ready to serve, weigh from 8 to 16 lbs., and cost $1.50 a pound, express prepaid. No deliveries made outside of the U.S.A. If you will send us the names and addresses of friends, an attractively packed Catskill Mountain Smoked Turkey will be delivered on the day you name. A really different gift card and an interesting, descriptive booklet, showing various methods of serving, enclosed in each package. The Forst family has prepared and smoked meats for epicures for more than eighty years; this is your guarantee of complete satisfaction. Write or telegraph your orders today to—
FORST, RONDOUT STATION 8, KINGSTON, N.Y.

Always a Pleasure
COOK'S
Imperial
AMERICAN
WINE
WINES OF DISTINCTION
AMERICAN WINE CO. ST. LOUIS
BERNHARD

jars of popcorn with crushed pecans subtly introduced into the sugar coating. This last maybe won't satisfy an orthodox nut lover, but it's very nice all the same.

THE Army-Navy vote in favor of non-sweets has risen enormously this year. A tin of anchovies can mess up a clean uniform without half trying, but the sort of food that would go with cocktails if there were any cocktails in camp (and maybe there are) is nevertheless in demand. The best compromise is probably to send things like sardines to men who think such provender worth the extra policing involved. Herring tidbits, smoked salmon in tins (but remember, a pound takes a dozen points out of your ration book), herring spreads, smoked oysters, pickled onions, and such like are all excellent for the purpose. You will find these products and many more besides, all of the best quality, at Vendôme, Martin's Fruit Shop, 1042 Madison Avenue (79th), Hammacher Schlemmer, Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop, Altman, Macy, Gimbel, and Old Denmark, 135 East 57th Street. Martin's Fruit Shop has some magnificent pound-and-a-half tins of French *foie gras* that seem scarcely credible in these relatively lean days, and by this time you must know about Vendôme's famous caviar. For all these spreads, one practical soldier suggests sending along a bundle of wooden medical spatulas, because kit knives have a way of being at the bottom of a service or sea bag when wanted.

If you know anything about the monotony of the bread served at mess, you won't need to be told that decent pumpernickel or rye bread on which to spread *hors d'œuvre* is always welcome. Swedish-style hardbread will also do the trick.

Although there is a brisk demand for cheese, we think you should be mighty cautious in what you send and that you should count your ration coupons carefully before you break loose. The cannonball Edam type is by all odds the most satisfactory for shipping, but it may not please all cheese fanciers. (The smallest, a two-pounder, will cost you twelve points.) The fragile little crocks containing various cheeses, of which there are still a few here and there, would be an actual menace stowed in a service bag, and so would a Camembert, in spite of its neat little box. If your sailor or soldier really craves cheese (we know a lot who do), we think the only safe way is to send it packed in a screw-top jar or tin. Macy, of course,

Miracle Silver Chest

The new secret weapon against tarnish . . . its lining treated to keep flat silver service as sparkling as when put away! Holds 132 pieces of silver in compact arrangement. Silver chest, 11" x 16¾" x 4", comes in Antique Black with Chinese design. $11.00
Shipped express collect

A HOUSE FAMOUS FOR QUALITY FOR OVER NINETY-FIVE YEARS
Hammacher Schlemmer
145 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

DINNERS that Click

- A tribute to the American standard of living.
- Delicious food . . . moderate prices . . . pleasant atmosphere.
- Luncheons 12 to 3 P.M.

Dinner $1.25 up, served week days 5-8:30 P.M.
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The Café Lounge and Bar
Luncheon
Cocktail Hour
Dinner - Supper
Continuous Dancing
daily from five o'clock
SAVOY-PLAZA
Fifth Avenue at 58th Street

has as large and satisfactory collection of cheeses as you will find anywhere, and Bloomingdale, Vendôme, Maison Glass, and Old Denmark have some very excellent products.

IN spite of their new, recherché taste in appetizers, our fighting men keep right on wanting candy, quantities of candy. Hard candies—lemon drops, hopjes, and so on—are looked upon as a pleasant necessity, like cigarettes and chewing gum, but for real enjoyment fancier confections are better. All a soldier's repressed desire for gooey sweets—the lemon pies, cheese cakes, and things which are just too messy for barracks life—can be satisfied by a box of chocolates with rich, juicy fillings. Such luxurious candies are still being turned out at Rosemarie de Paris, 664 Fifth Avenue (52nd), Altman & Kuhne, 700 Fifth Avenue (55th), Henny Wyle, 557 Madison Avenue (56th), Anna Bibro, and Louis Sherry, Fifth Avenue at 59th Street, among other places.

Before bringing this lecture to a close, we had better remind you that, although the Post Office authorities have not announced any deadline for mailing Christmas boxes to the armed forces within the continental limits, they advise shipping by December 1st. Now fly to it, and good luck.

•

QUERY

God moves in the municipal hand
That ripped my street its whole gray
length;
A shovel huge with noisome strength
Has bitten into stone and sand
And tossed up granite like a foam.
Above this scene of sudden shock
There hangs the damp of clay and rock
And iron drilled from its deep home.
Now men have come who bend and
shout,
They pick things up and drop them
down,
The street is damming up the town.
What is this drama all about?
What does the Deity intend?
Well, someday it must end.

—ANN HAMILTON

•

PERSONS who saw woman caught in 82 streetcar doors, Monday, Aug. 16, contact HO. 3084 at once.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

One of those Mondays that linger in a woman's mind.

You can count on us!

Blackie & Whitey
"Cheerio, America— despite difficulties, we're still carrying on!"

BLACK & WHITE

We've still got our heads up—and we're still shipping BLACK & WHITE to our friends in America! Every bottle being sent to you was made long before the war! Every drop is 8 years old—the same good old BLACK & WHITE you've always known and welcomed!

EIGHT
YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

THE ARMY LIFE

XXXVIII—BLESS US ALL

PEOPLE are fond of coming up to warrant officers—a little-known species of soldiery to which I happen to belong—and saying to them, with galling consistency, "Ah, yes, a warrant officer. Neither fish nor fowl, isn't that it?" The clear inference to be drawn from this negative definition is that second lieutenants and master sergeants, flanking us in the military system, are, respectively, fish and fowl—an allegation both groups would vigorously deny. Just precisely what a warrant officer is, however, is evidently a deep mystery to all civilians and not a few soldiers, and I feel that if I break the restrained silence in which we W.O.'s have so long and unhappily labored, there may be no repetition of an embarrassing little scene that took place the other night. I was waiting to buy an admission ticket from a Canal Zone movie cashier, a lady who has undoubtedly passed the time of day with more soldiers than has many a U.S.O. hostess, and as I came up to her cage, she was engaged in a telephone conversation, probably with a lieutenant. "Just a moment," I heard her say, "while I take care of this—say, what are you, anyway?" she concluded, looking at me. It is high time I clear up a few points.

That we warrant officers are a relatively obscure fraternity was perhaps best indicated by the fact that *Life*, a magazine whose readers should by now know everything, recently felt obliged to explain to them, in one of its rare footnotes, that "W.O." stands for you know what. The occasion was an illuminating article on popular martial airs. W.O.'s are mentioned in a military song called "Bless 'Em All," a favorite among British and Australian troops long before Americans began affectionately taking it into their repertoires. We W.O.'s are, as it happens, among those specifically blessed.

Warrant officers sometimes get the feeling, because of a lack of civilian understanding of their status, that they are not members of the American armed forces at all. Several months ago, for instance, when I returned briefly to the United States from Australia, I was asked to the home of a San Francisco lady who began to ply me simultaneously with cocktails and questions, such as what did I think of American girls and was I surprised by the way she talked. I replied that I thought American girls were fine, an opinion of long standing which nearly a year away from them had failed to alter, and I admitted to being only a little bit surprised by her talk. I was referring to content, and not, as it later turned out she thought, to accent. After a further exchange of puzzles, she finally said, "You don't *talk* like an Australian." I told her that I was not an Australian. "You said you came from there," she said, peevishly. I replied that I had certainly said so but that American soldiers, these peripatetic times, could be found coming from most anywhere. "Well," she said, "I never saw an American soldier wearing insignia like *that*." I thought she was going to call the M.P.'s.

WE had better get down to facts. There are, to begin with, two grades of us—warrant officers junior grade, and chief warrant officers. All of us wear on the left side of our collar, where commissioned officers sport crossed rifles or sabers or other indications of their arm or branch of service, a golden eagle clutching two arrows in its talons and enveloped in a symmetrical wreath. (This probably has some significance, but nobody has ever told me what it is, and warrant officers have trouble enough answering questions about themselves without going out of their way to ask them.) During a brief and giddy period, several months ago, we were required to discard our eagles and wear less remarkable insignia on our collar—such as the crossed rifles, if we were infantrymen—but this order was later rescinded. We look back upon the episode as a master stroke of post-exchange salesmanship; after the first order, many of us threw away our eagles and invested heavily in other emblems, and when the second order came through, we obediently went out and bought new eagles.

The W.O.'s uniform is distinctive in two other respects. On our visored hats, we wear that old wreathed eagle, and on our cloth caps we are supposed to wear not the gold-and-black braid of a commissioned officer but a silver-and-black combination. Since most military stores do not keep our braid in stock, having few calls for it, we generally crown ourselves with gold and black and hope that no one will haul us in for a violation of the rules. Furthermore, junior warrant officers, like myself, wear, on their cap and the right side of their collar, a single brown bar with a horizontal gold stripe bisecting it. (We pin the same sort of bars to the shoulders of our blouses, or do if we are lucky enough to be stationed at a place where it ever gets cool enough to wear a blouse.) Chief warrant officers, whose titular abbreviation is "C.W.O.," a fact which causes them to be confused with Chemical Warfare officers, wear bars with a vertical gold stripe. Otherwise we dress like commissioned officers, and we also live and eat with them, are entitled to the salute (there is an old and apocryphal legend to the effect that we rate one salute a day, on rainy days), and are even addressed, by enlisted men who can make out what we are, as "Sir." We have practically all the privileges of commissioned officers. We do not hold commissions, however, and are therefore entirely different. We are frequently described by journalists, who like to pretend that they have inside dope on an esoteric subject, as the highest kind of non-commissioned officer. We are not non-commissioned officers, either; the highest-ranking noncoms wear six stripes, whereas we wear none. We are a separate class, in between. Neither fish nor fowl, you might say.

WHY there are warrant officers at all I do not pretend to know, but as long as I am one I shall consider them useful. For a while our position was really enviable. Nobody could ever decide whether we should be grouped with officers or with noncoms. The result was that whenever an order went out to the effect that all officers were required to do something, the warrant officers sat complacently in their chairs with a they-can't-mean-me expression. When all noncoms were required to do something, the W.O.'s looked serenely out of the window. Some of them lived in officers' quarters and ate at enlisted messes; others lived in enlisted men's barracks and ate at officers' messes. Then, a while back, orders began appearing which started off "All officers and warrant officers will . . ." and the jig was up. Although we are slowly being kicked upstairs, we still, while on foreign service, get the twenty per cent additional pay the enlisted men do. Commissioned officers get a niggardly ten per cent, so warrant officers overseas are almost always better off financially than second lieutenants, who can't understand what's going on.

Warrant officers were once nearly as scarce as generals, but our numbers have multiplied in suitable proportion to the increasing perplexities of Army administration. Most of us are classified as administrative or technical specialists; there are also two other varieties of warrant officer—band leaders, and mine planters on ships operated, to almost everyone's astonishment, by the Coast Artillery. Even when all lumped together, though, we are still few enough to make some people think we belong to a fairly intimate family. Not long ago I received a letter from a young lady who said she had run into a warrant officer with a mustache at a dance in Houston, where I have never been; she had forgotten his name, but did I by any chance know him.

Warrant officers try to make the best of the odd situations in which they find themselves, and from time to time feel compelled to establish their own code. Up to a year and a half ago, W.O.'s did not wear bars, though they wore officers' uniforms, and enlisted men accordingly sometimes failed to salute them, noticing that they did not reflect sunlight at key points. One old warrant officer, notoriously touchy about his prerogatives, would always violently admonish noncoms for such neglect of duty but stubbornly insisted that he should not upbraid privates for the same misdemeanor. His reasoning was that a private, with his whole life before him, would learn about warrant officers sooner or later, but that noncoms could properly be expected to be thoroughly acquainted with the customs of the service. This attitude frequently brought about the peculiar situation of the warrant officer's carefully examining the arms of enlisted men, looking for stripes, while the enlisted men were studying his collar and cap insignia and trying to figure out whether he was a war correspondent, a factory representative, a Red Cross field director, or merely a major who had left his ornaments on yesterday's shirt.

We are supposed to be addressed, in conversation, as Mister, which causes some people to whom we are introduced to take us for naval officers and causes us occasionally to think, with a start, that we are civilians. There was once, it is said, a lady warrant officer, who somehow achieved the rank during the last war and hung onto it with such resolute pride that she has become a legend among us. To the day of her death, we W.O.'s in the tropics like to tell each other on hot winter nights, she insisted stoutly on being addressed as Mister. Bless her, too. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

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ANGRY WORDS
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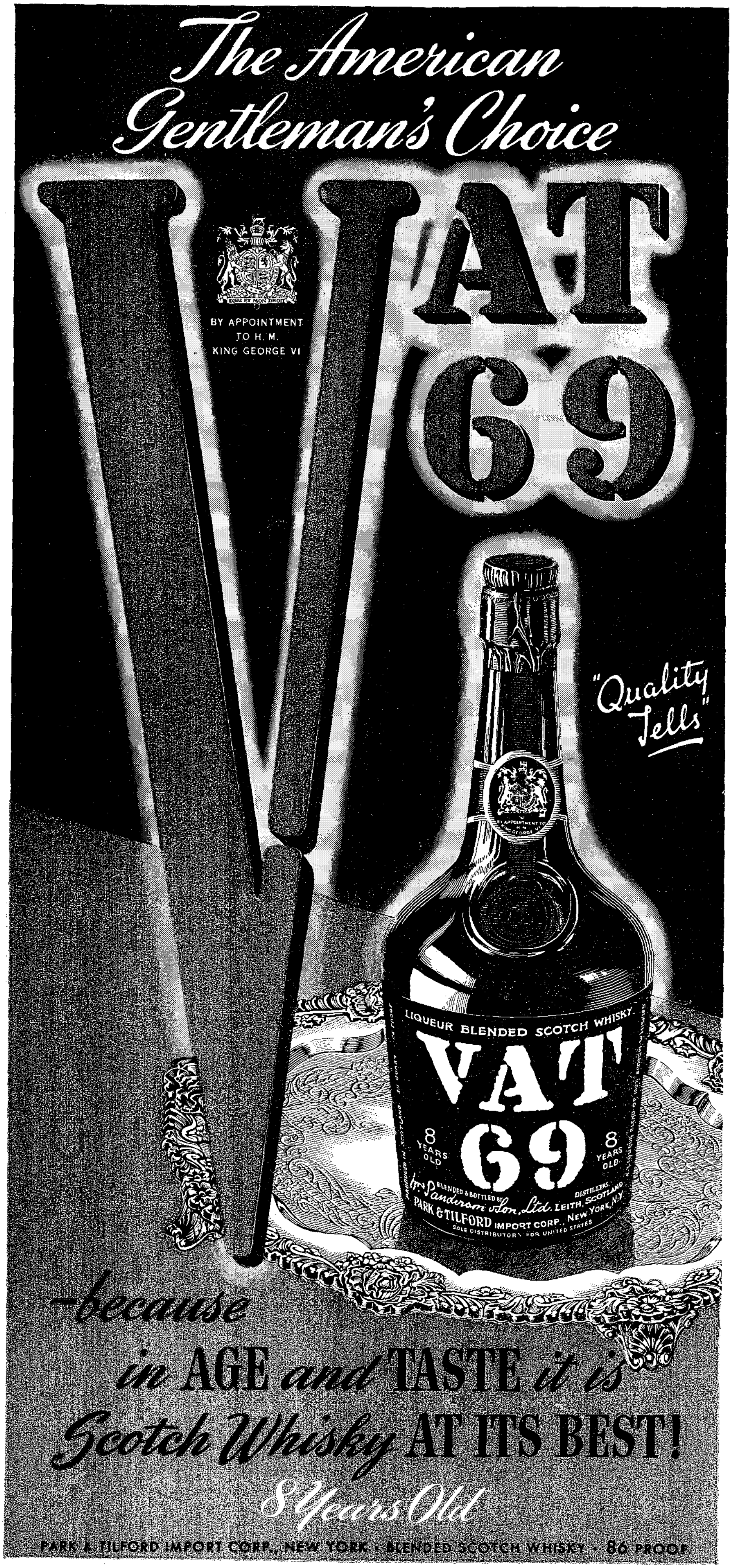
PEACE DEBATE
—*Bangor Daily News.*

Like petulant, disagreeable doves,
The men of peace put on the gloves.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THE ART GALLERIES

Artists in America

A PAINTER, by the very nature of his occupation, ought to be more sensitive than most to any change in his physical surroundings. Buildings, costumes, faces—these vary if he moves from one nation to another, and not only these but the very medium he sees them through—the air—alters subtly according to the climate. The clear air of the West and the more luminous New England atmosphere are both quite unlike the soft hazes of France, and one would think that some change must inevitably appear in the work of any artist who shifted from one to the other. It has been one of the puzzles of my life these last few years to note how seldom this occurs in the case of the Europeans who have made the jump to this country.

They paint, for the most part, exactly as they did abroad, and I confess that in an obscure sort of way it annoys me. There is some chauvinism in my position, certainly. I keep telling myself that if a man has developed a style and a set of symbols that express his ideas satisfactorily, there is no reason he should change them merely because he happens to run up against a new pattern of geographical phenomena. Is art international or isn't it? On the other hand, it seems to me that a good deal of insularity is indicated on the part of the painters in question. It is as if they deliberately shut themselves off from the scenes around them, and there is so much that needs painting in this country that I can't help regretting their attitude.

What brings all this up is the current exhibition of paintings by Marc Chagall at the Pierre Matisse. Chagall has always focussed his attention principally on his native Russia, and it is quite understandable that at this juncture his mind should turn toward that country more than ever. Indeed, one of his major efforts in the show, a study of a flaming, war-shattered village, is frankly labelled "Obsession." Yet I was somehow disconcerted to find a set of four pieces listed as having been done in Connecticut, where he has lately been living, that contain not

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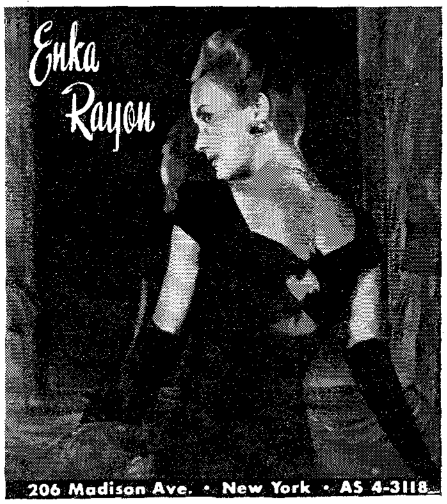
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the slightest reference to the region. A visit he made to Mexico, incidentally, apparently was more inspiring. Not only are the paintings he did down there full of local symbols, such as burros, guitars, shawled women, and sombreroed peasants, but a couple of the pieces, "The Journey" and the green-tinted, highly imaginative "Le Cheval de Lune," are among the best things in the show. Connecticut, however, seems to have left him cold. Cocks crow and lovers float dreamily above blue village vistas; all of Chagall's familiar fantasy is present in its beguiling idiom. But the villages, like the peasant lovers, are all European, not New England, and as an old Connecticut man myself, I feel vaguely resentful.

I MISSED Karl Zerbe's first New York exhibition a couple of years ago. Now he is having his second one, at the Downtown Gallery, and he reveals himself to be a sensitive and highly skilled painter indeed. He works in encaustic, an ancient and very exacting method in which melted wax is employed as the vehicle for the pigment, and he uses it in such fashion as to bring out the maximum of the luminosity the medium affords. His style alternates between a discursive naturalism, in such slight but graceful pieces as his "Park Street, Boston" and "House, Dartmouth Street," both quite straightforward in treatment, and a romantic symbolism which finds its expression in such pieces as "A Mirror" and "Armory." This last composition contains a rather complicated set of elements, among them a picture frame wound round with barbed wire, a Roman head, lengths of red plush cord, a heraldic eagle, and a suit of medieval armor, and if I read its meaning correctly, it is an expression of the artist's concern with the war. It is a little cluttered in treatment to give full weight to such a message, and the symbols employed are all fairly obvious ones. Nevertheless, there's an easy persuasiveness about it, as there is about all Mr. Zerbe's painting, that gives it considerable appeal.

THE last year, I'm afraid, hasn't been a wholly good one for Charles Burchfield, a new set of whose water colors is on view, through this Saturday, at the Rehn Galleries. Recently he has been going in for larger and larger paintings, and although up to now he has usually been able, because of his store of experience and technical equipment, to supply them with adequate content and interest, this time, it

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seems to me, he has overreached himself. The big ones in the collection—"July," "April Woods," and the really huge and unnecessarily complicated "Two Ravines"—show a straining for effect and a concern for the merely monumental that rob them of value. I liked *only* the smaller, more spontaneously handled pieces, such as the gray "Iron Bridge and Winter Sun," and the oddly patterned "Snow-Covered Roof."

AT the Norlyst Gallery, through this Saturday, there is a group show of paintings by younger artists, remarkable for the number of new names it presents. I was particularly taken by two extremely delicate studies in abstraction by X. Gonzalez, called "White Textures" and "Textures," as well as by André Racz's expert pencil technique in his drawing, "The Beach." I liked, too, Hubert Davis's dark "Window at Night" and "The Bouquet," by A. Saporetti. . . . At the Bignou there is a collection of twelve paintings by as many French nineteenth-century masters that is raised well above the level of the run of such roundups by the presence of two canvases—"Les Petits Cavaliers," by Manet, and "Le Foyer de la Danse à l'Opéra," by Degas—that have never been shown in New York before. The Manet, an early one, is a copy of the painting of the same subject by Velásquez in the Louvre and is interesting only historically. The Degas, however, a study of ballet girls practicing, is a stunning accomplishment, light, luminous, and extraordinarily spacious in feeling. There is a fine early Monet, "La Seine à Honfleur," that's worth noting too, as well as the grave, thoroughly distinguished "Gravelines, Petit Fort Philippe," by Seurat.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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[*Leaflet found in a bundle of laundry*]

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MUSICAL EVENTS

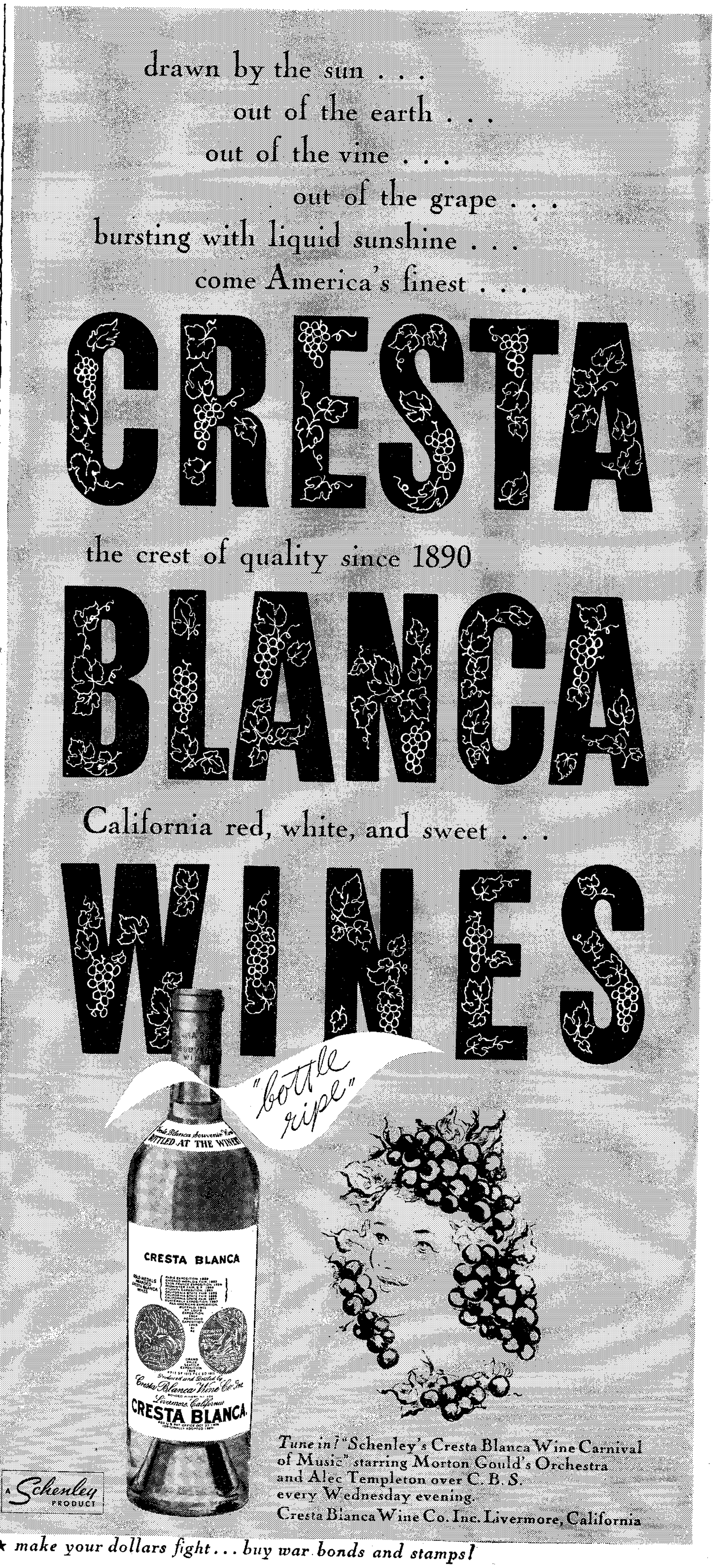
Return Engagements

Chamberlain

THE general enthusiasm that seems to be part of this season's Philharmonic-Symphony concerts was all over the place when Bruno Walter returned last week for a spell of guest conducting. The ticket holders tossed hearty ovations at Mr. Walter throughout the evening, and the eminent director went about his music with so much avidity that it was hard to believe that he has been conducting orchestras for some fifty years. Starting off with one of the most stimulating performances of "The Star-Spangled Banner" heard in Carnegie Hall this year, he then treated Haydn's symphony in G (No. 13 or No. 88, according to which Haydn catalogue you prefer) to a vigorous workout. Some of the tempi may have been exaggerated, but the whole work was thoroughly alive. Brahms' first symphony was done with plenty of glow and a few unconventional touches. Mr. Walter must have led each of these compositions on dozens of other occasions, yet his presentations of them on Thursday evening had what George Arliss once called "the illusion of the first time."

Between Haydn and Brahms there was Miklos Rosza's Theme, Variations, and Finale, a novelty for New York but not for Mr. Walter, who had already conducted it in Europe. The theme is in the manner of a Hungarian folk song and the variations are in the manner of a composer who knows how to write brightly and concisely for orchestra. Mr. Rosza now does music for films, and if he hadn't produced his Theme, Variations, and Finale before he took on movie assignments, he probably would be accused of showing Hollywood influences by those who are wary of almost anybody in the business of writing cinema music. The novelty didn't have enough heft to be a standout, but it was good sound, and Mr. Walter and the orchestra touched it off flashingly.

LAST season, Robert Shaw and his Collegiate Chorale got a lot of us into an agreeable dither when they appeared at a Town Hall concert devoted to music by William Schuman. Since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then, they have been all around the town, lending excellent vocal assistance at musicales of many kinds. They were back in Town Hall last week for an evening all their own—an ambitious program of contemporary British choral music.

This session demonstrated once again the unusual abilities of Mr. Shaw as a molder and director of ensemble. The Chorale membership does not include many full-time professional singers and there is quite a turnover in personnel these days, but Mr. Shaw had his hundred and thirty-seven choristers sounding as if they had been working together for several years. There were a few tentative moments in the singing and the articulation of words wasn't always as clear as it has been at other recitals by the group, but when you put everything together, you had a concert that was impressive and inspiring.

Generally, the music revealed the great skill of present-day British composers of vocal music. There were many distinguished items in the long list. A virtuoso item was a series of excerpts from William Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast," which was so well done that one hopes Mr. Shaw and the Chorale will team up with an orchestra and perform the whole work.

WHENEVER Marian Anderson sings, you may count on hearing a remarkable voice used with musicianship and intelligence. At her Carnegie Hall concert, there were some oddly compressed low tones early in the evening, but after the prefatory old Italian airs, Miss Anderson's singing evened out. It was unusual to hear Brahms' "Vier ernste Gesänge" sung by a woman instead of a baritone or a bass. There's no rule, though, that these songs may be performed only by men. Miss Anderson sang them with a convincing devotion far removed from the ready-made solemnity that is generally bestowed on them.—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

The past was still there, in the future, and he must say goodbye to the present, which would be in the past. From now on, he would look ahead.—*From a story by Faith Baldwin in Cosmopolitan.*

Which way? Over his shoulder?

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Detroit Free Press*]

Dr. Birch says that when this entire family was wiped out by guns and bayonets in the cellar of the Ipatiev house in 1918, the Russian royal hemophilia was eradicated.

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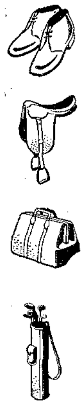

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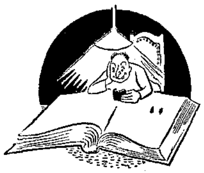
BOOKS

Lieut. Brown Goes to the Mediterranean Theatre



IN "To All Hands," Lieutenant John Mason Brown, who has made a graceful transition from critics' row to flagship's deck, may be said to have invented single-handed a new literary, or perhaps rhetorical, form. The pieces that comprise the book were written to be spoken as daily broadcasts to the fifteen hundred soldiers and sailors aboard the flagship of the amphibious force that formed part of the Sicilian invasion. Lieutenant Brown was bridge announcer and his job was to use the ship's public-address system to talk to the men every day about what was going on aboard ship and, as much as could be told, what was going on throughout the convoy and on all the fighting fronts to boot. Rear Admiral Alan G. Kirk thought of the idea and, in his instructions to Lieutenant Brown, said, "Only one man out of ten, you know, on a modern ship in combat can see what is going on. I want you to do their seeing for them. After all, this is a democratic war, and I believe that men who are willing to give their lives for democracy have the right to be included in what's going on." If the Admiral measures up to what he sounds like, we could use him in Congress after the war. Shucks, we could use him right now.

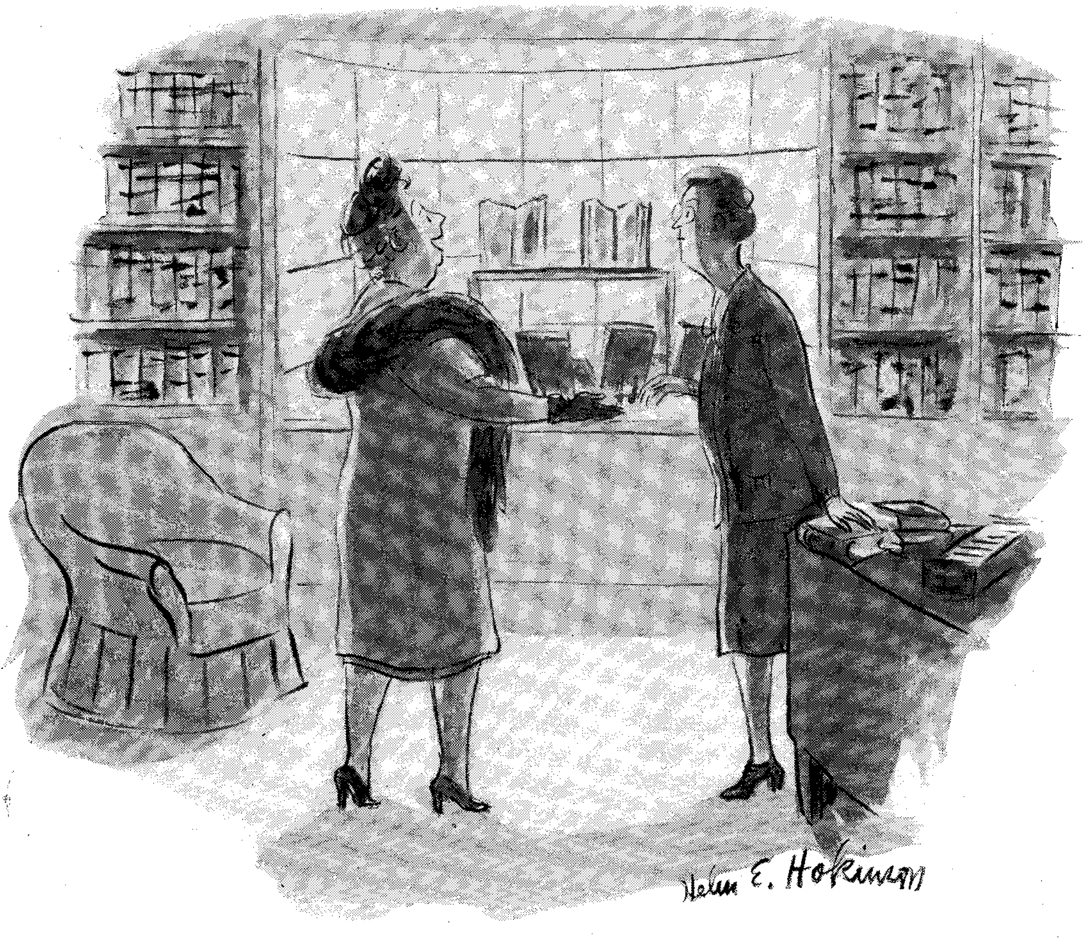
Well, these broadcasts, Lieutenant Brown being the kind of man he is, turn out to be extraordinary jobs in print, as well written as they must have been well spoken, a kind of emotional reporting, completely unstereotyped, full of jokes, gags, topical references, and quotations (why not?) from Shakespeare and Matthew Arnold. They are also moving, for Lieutenant Brown, though he has a light pen, has also a serious mind. Finally, they are sincere and effective propaganda.

The book trade has troubles these days, and the advance proofs I saw did not include the more than eighty photographs and paintings, supplied by sailor artists and sailor photographers, that will go into this volume, but I'll bet they're good.

PUBLISHERS like Ferris Greenslet, who guides the serene destinies of the Houghton Mifflin Company, will in twenty-five years be but a memory cherished by old codgers such as your correspondent. For proof of this melancholy fact, read his brief, sketchy, and thoroughly mellow and characteristic autobiography, "Under the Bridge." It deals in part, as you might expect, with experiences with writers, but the writers go back in time to Edward Eggleston and William Dean Howells and Charles Eliot Norton and many of the second-generation Boston Brahmins so perfectly evoked in Van Wyck Brooks' "New England: Indian Summer." There are stories, too, of Willa Cather, Henry Adams (Greenslet may admire him, but the portrait is that of a gratuitously disagreeable old man), Lord Grey, Stanley Baldwin, George Edward Woodberry (Greenslet's mentor), and particularly John Buchan. There is much talk of fishing, probably good talk, too, though on this point I am not competent to judge.

Mr. Greenslet belongs to that dying race of men of letters who quote Latin without self-consciousness, abhor sloppy scholarship, and have editorial standards derived from a lifetime of serious reading. They are a group who belong, as Mr. Greenslet himself would put it, to the pre-internal-combustion-engine era. But there is nothing quaint or funny or old-fashioned about them or about the world Mr. Greenslet casually revives for us. That world lacked many things ours has, but it seems, as ours does not, to have been largely populated by mature people.

A POSTHUMOUS collection of Woollcott leavings, called by the publishers, for no easily discernible reason, "Long, Long Ago," is out and ready to delight the hearts and mist the eyes of friends and admirers of the incomparable Woollcott. Here are stories about all sorts of people, from Miss Cor-



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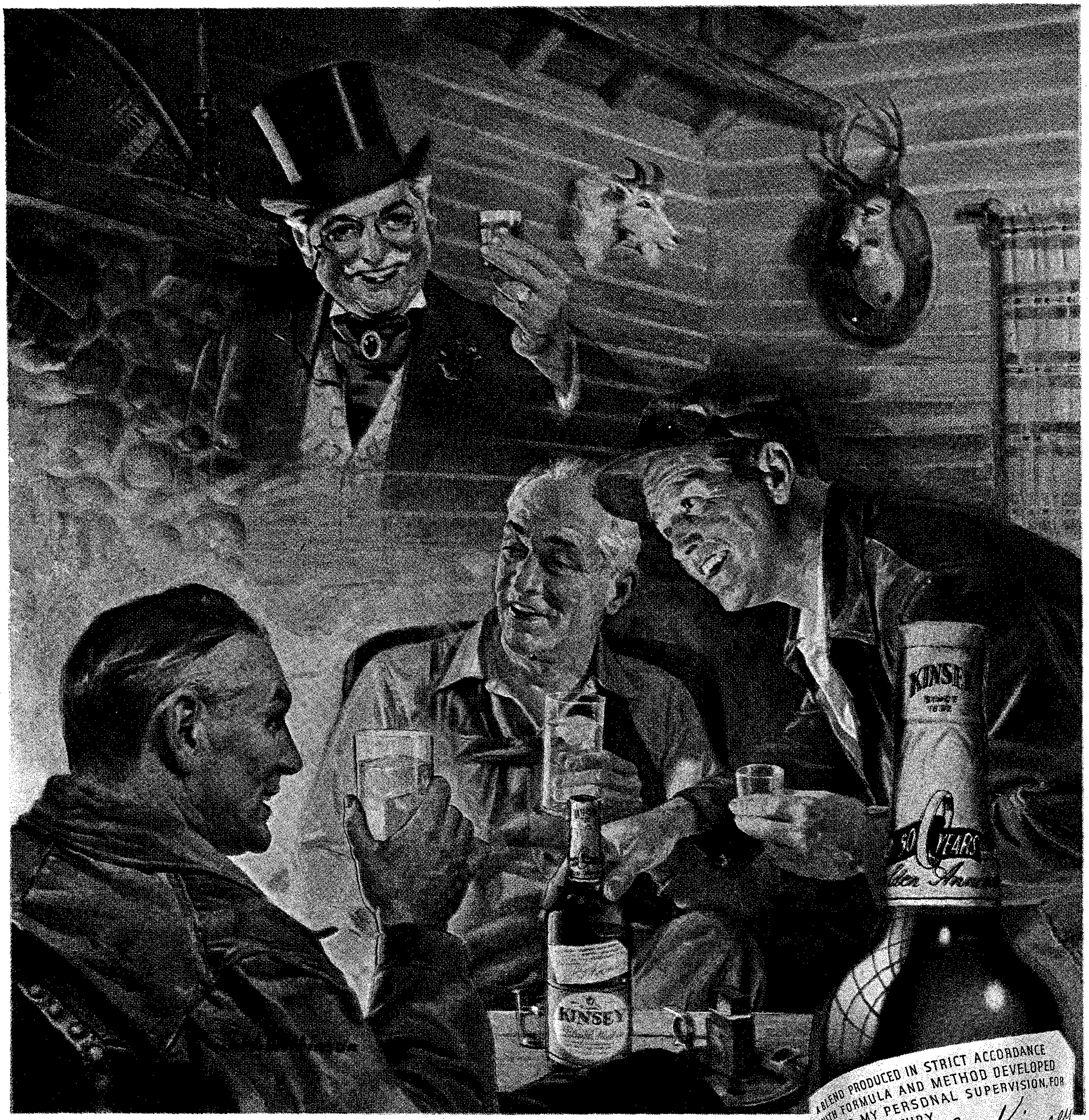
nell to the homespun paragrapher, Robert Quillen, whom Woollcott knew or tracked down. Here are his so-so reconstructions of some famous murder trials, with an account of one case—that of the English schoolboy, Archer-Shee—that is truly rewarding. Here are miscellaneous pieces and anecdotes and radio broadcasts and legends of the *déjà vu* and literary enthusiasms and shouts of delight about plays—all *echt* Woollcott, all the product of a completely unified personality. For Woollcott was ever himself, always coherent, marked with a single style. Those who thought him a poseur were, I think, wrong. He never played any part but himself, but of course he was a theatrical personality.

So are these carefully written oddments, in no invidious sense, theatrical—filled with a feeling for audience values, for the laws of timing, for the requisites of a good curtain. Like certain kinds of good theatre, they handle sentimentality to perfection, always stopping short of bathos, always safely within the terrain of perfect taste. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

THE appearance of a pocket-sized anthology of British and American verse called "The Triumph of Life: Poems of Consolation for the English-Speaking World," which is edited, with an introduction, by Horace Gregory, brings up the questions: can a collection of lyric poetry "console" and what is the history of this kind of vade mecum? It came in with Romanticism, periodical literature, the cottage piano, and elegant compendiums like "The Keepsake" and "Beauties of Literature." It arrived accompanied by a mass of suitable and elevated writing, all now, fortunately, dead. It came in with the tract, that signal of religious doubt and dissension, with the spread of literacy and the rise of the middle class.

Even before reading print became, among other things, a pain-killer, people had several recourses to assuage their grief. They could listen, pray, take action, and mourn. The classic and Elizabethan drama illustrates what a fine comfort action—usually in the form of quick revenge—could be, and primitive mourning runs through hundreds of anonymous ballads, none of which is included in this volume. The fact that three of the great English elegies are also three of the great English lyrical set pieces gives a book of this kind a firm base. Mr. Gregory has included all three: "Lycidas," "Adonais," and "In Memoriam," the last in its long, long



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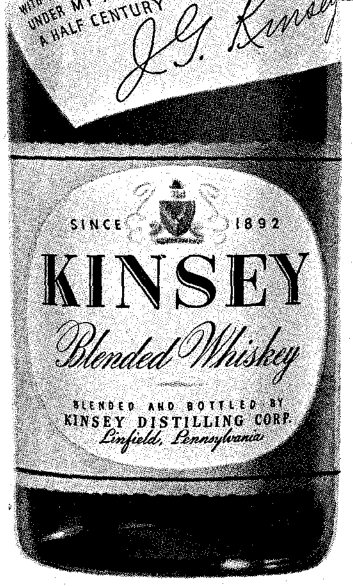

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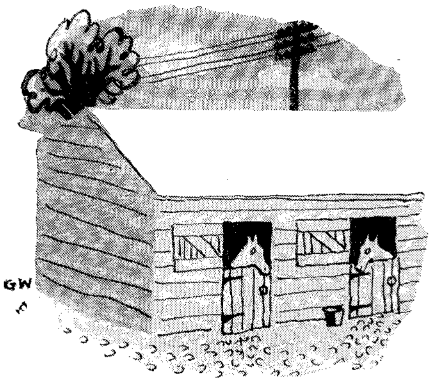
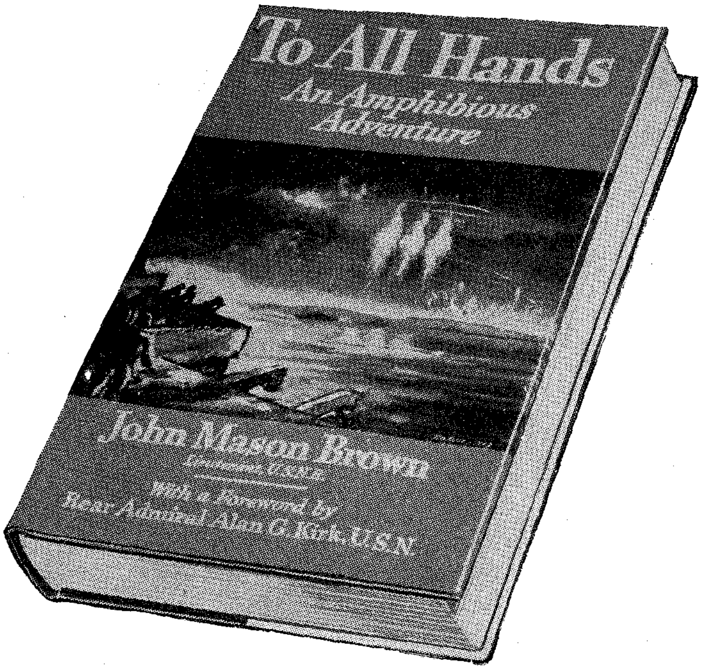
entirety. He has also included many other elegies and epitaphs, Gray's among them, some rather inconsequential as literature. He has drawn freely, moreover (nearly two-thirds of the selections, however, stem from the nineteenth century or our own times), on the one English century which produced religious poetry of a high order in quantity—the seventeenth. Then, as David Cecil says, "with the growth of high Anglicanism on the one hand and Puritanism on the other . . . religious poetry rose to its greatest height."

From the modern point of view, the consolatory side of "Lycidas" and "In Memoriam" is less evident than their impact as pure literature, or as a formidable piece of invective in the case of the first and a mass of speculation about the general situation in the nineteenth-century in the case of the latter. (Verlaine said of "In Memoriam" that when Tennyson should have been broken-hearted he had many reminiscences.) Much of the ecstasy in the works of the seventeenth-century religious poets now sounds strained. Even the grave, inspired, serene, and sincere George Herbert has moments of hollowness. Poems by these men—and Mr. Gregory includes them all—are presented out of context, in non-chronological order. Because of this arrangement, in contrast with other times, other manners, their frequent lapses into pietistics are unusually evident. Mr. Gregory has broken his material up into sections, themselves with rather baroque headings: "Of Lovely Women and Great Men, of Wars and Heroes," "Of Saints and Hymns, Reflections and Devotions of Life Beyond Earth," for example. He has not omitted "Of Love and Earthly Passions," and as an example of "Of the Spirit That Speaks in Its Own Voice" we get the witty and bitterly secular "Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift."

Robert Bridges' "The Spirit of Man," published twenty-seven years ago, still stands as the best example of this kind of anthology. Bridges did not limit





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himself to poetry, and he ranged freely through many literatures besides those of England and America, although he cold-shouldered the Germans. More philosophy thus got in, and more points of view. From English literature, he drew strongly on both Shakespeare and Blake. Mr. Gregory gives these two masters—the latter one of the greatest mystics of all time—two poems apiece. It is understandable that one gets little "consolation" out of Shakespeare; catharsis rather than comfort rings out of Lear's "Howl, howl, howl, howl!" and the consolation in Blake is not on the surface.

In his preface, Mr. Gregory affirms his belief that modern poetry is about to follow the same cycle that English poetry took in the movement from seventeenth-century "metaphysical" toward eighteenth-century "devotional." This I do not believe. The best modern poets attest and reinforce by their recorded experience the findings of the best modern scientists. They approach the tragedy of life with clear-sightedness that sometimes amounts to harshness. They know that the only way to get rid of suffering is to suffer. This tendency would be seen more sharply if the editor had included such poems as Hopkins' "terrible" sonnets, Yeats' "To a Friend Whose Work Has Come to Nothing" and "Death," Yeats' translation of Swift's epitaph and the fragment from "Oedipus at Colonus," and Hardy's spiritually realistic "The Something That Saved Him." These poems come to mind as truly "consolatory," because they state that modern man corroborates many of the stern findings of ancient wisdom, so far as spiritual triumph over earthly despair is concerned. The

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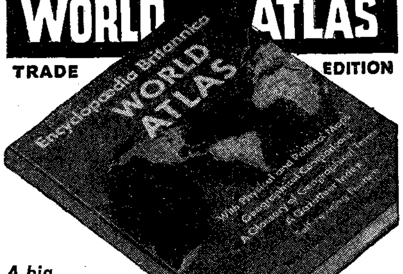

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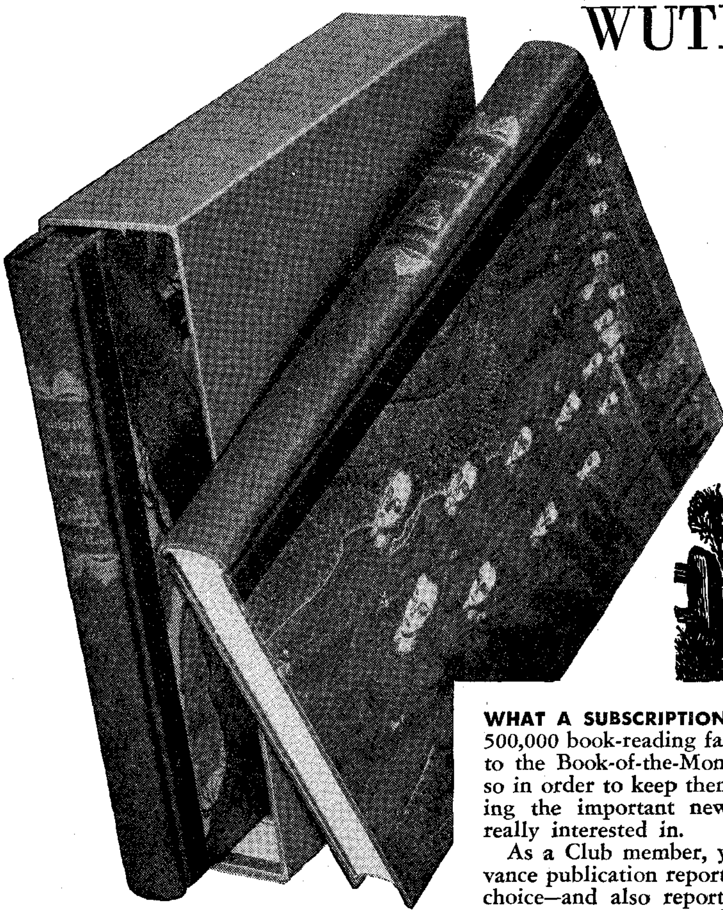

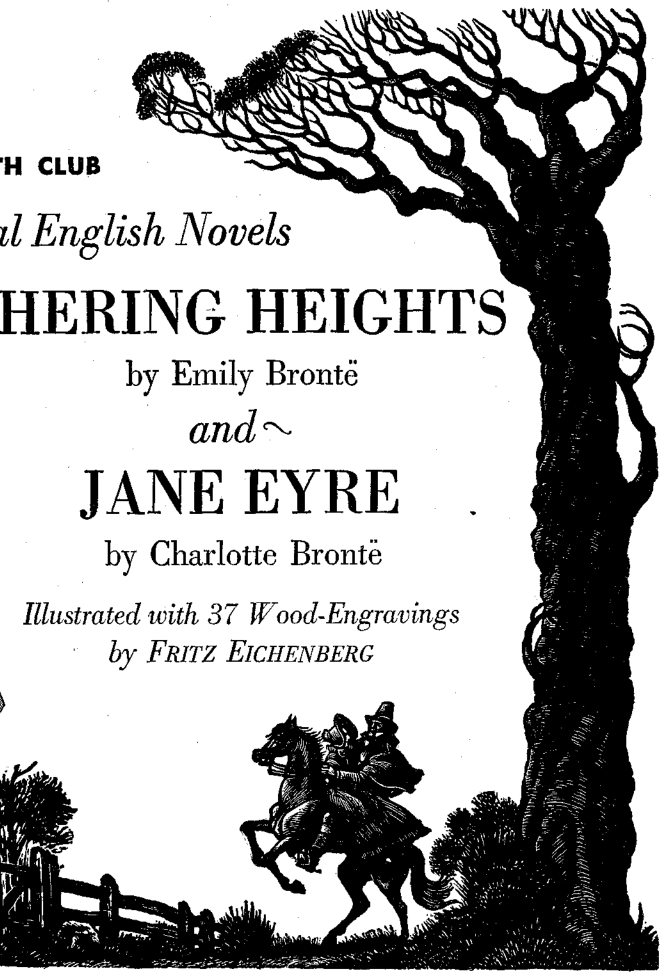

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"grief work," as psychologists put it, must be accomplished. Then *"l'eau coule et le coeur oublie."*

Mr. Gregory, after generally taking pains not to cut his other selections, has not only cut but rearranged Wallace Stevens' "Sunday Morning," for what reason I cannot say. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WILD RIVER, by Anna Louise Strong. A story which would have been timely a decade ago, when the Soviet five-year plans were inspiring much indifferent fiction. Stepan, a wild, thieving waif, is reclaimed to an honest and useful life by participating in the construction of the Dnieper Dam. He becomes superintendent, and it eventually falls to his lot to blow up the dam in order to foil the advancing Germans. There is tragedy in the ultimate futility of the effort and sacrifice that created the dam, but Miss Strong fails to convey it because she never achieves reality. She writes in the humorless clichés of propaganda and her characters are the stereotypes of Soviet inspirational fiction.

A TOWER OF STEEL, by Josephine Lawrence. This is the second of the author's novels, both done in primer style, about everyday people in wartime America. This one centres in the offices of a New York law firm, where four girls work, discuss their family quarrels, their absent soldier beaux, and their wardrobes, and are staunchly loyal to their boss. Miss Lawrence can reproduce the flat, commonplace conversation of decent, not overly bright young office workers with phonographic fidelity. She makes no attempt, though, to trace the causes of the confusion of their lives or to speculate upon their uncertain futures, but is content to present her story as an honest and unfortunately not very interesting picture.

GENERAL

COW BY THE TAIL, by Jesse James Benton. Autobiography of a rare old-timer, eighty and still going strong, who went out to Texas with his family in the seventies, came to know most of the outlaws, rode herd on the trail to Dodge City, wandered over most of the Southwest, and fell in love with a Comanche girl. A package of prime Americana, as likable as anything of the kind we've had in several seasons. It may, however, have been slightly

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The Whistle	*by* HUGH WALPOLE
The Character of Dogs	*by* ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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The Pacific Is My Beat, by Keith Wheeler. A Chicago *Times* correspondent who calls his book "an amateur's report of an amateurs' war" (too modest on both counts) gives us his version of the American attacks on Marcus, the Marshalls, and Wake, and the fighting in the Aleutians. This is a rapid narrative, sharply written, with a realistic but at the same time ironic touch. You've read about most of this before, though. Photographs.

Escape from Java, by Cornelis van der Grift and E. H. Lansing. What happened when the Japs took over in Java. Mr. van der Grift, a Dutch public-utilities man in Batavia, watched the invaders apply the German "soft treatment," with occasional flashes of brutality. He left Java, with two companions, in a small sloop and managed to get safely across three thousand miles of the Indian Ocean. An enlightening story, not too well written. Photographs.

Lonely Midas, by Harry Emerson Wildes. Biography of that enigmatic early Philadelphia merchant, Stephen Girard, who calmly rolled up a fortune in the midst of such assorted pickles as the Revolution and the War of 1812 (which he helped finance), a demented wife, and a furiously avaricious family. A clear if rather chatty retelling of a very tangled story, which includes a good deal of new material. Illustrated.

Oscar of the Waldorf, by Karl Schriftgiesser. About what you would expect—glamour names, those departed joys, memorable food and wines, and some good stories.

Men and Coal, by McAlister Coleman. Vigorous history of the American coal miners' unions and the men who made them, with detailed emphasis on the period between 1933 and August of this year. The author, a veteran labor reporter and liberal, does a good job of untangling the issues behind the current disputes in the coal industry. Well informed, readable, and on the whole fairly temperate. Excellent foreword by John Chamberlain.

The Glorious Adventures of Tyl Ulenspiegl, by Charles de Coster, translated by Allan Ross Macdougall, illustrated with a hundred woodcuts by Frans Masereel. A first-rate complete translation of the classic epic of Flemish freedom.

Georges Seurat, by John Rewald. In

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PUERTO RICO, U.S.A.
STUDIO OF DEATH! A CENTURY AGO IN A POORLY LIGHTED DUNGEON OF FORT SAN CRISTOBAL, A CONDEMNED ARMY OFFICER PAINTED A REMARKABLE MURAL OF 7 SPANISH GALLEONS----- WELL PRESERVED TO THIS DAY.
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"HOUSE OF AGES"--- LA FORTALEZA IN SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICAN CAPITAL, HAS BEEN THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE OVER 300 YEARS AND WAS A FORT 100 YEARS BEFORE THAT. IT WAS BUILT IN 1533.
WOOD IS A CHIEF IMPORT INTO WELL-FORESTED PUERTO RICO. PRIMARY USE IS TO MAKE CHARCOAL, PRINCIPAL COOKING FUEL, FOR WHICH NATIVE PUERTO RICAN TIMBER IS TOO VALUABLE.
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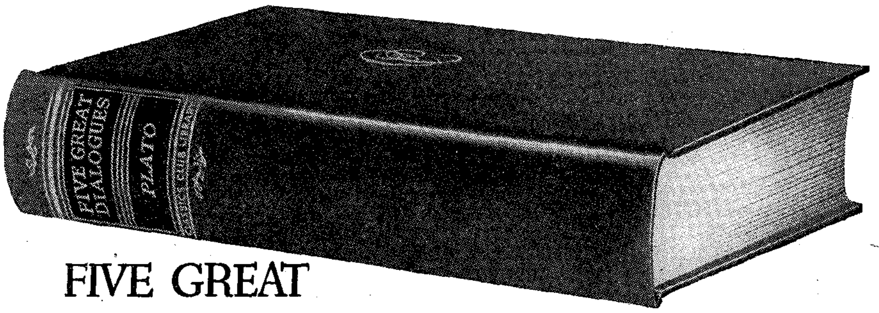

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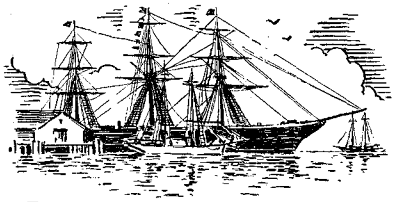

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an admirably compact fashion, this book presents the chief facts that are known about the career of this short-lived but tremendously important nineteenth-century French painter. Ninety-seven halftone illustrations.

MEN, WOMEN AND DOGS, by James Thurber, with a preface by Dorothy Parker. Some two hundred pages of drawings by an artist whose work has often been compared with Matisse and sometimes with that of a little child. Everything in the book, except a few decorations, first appeared in this magazine, and practically nothing in it is likely to reassure you about the present state of marriage, manners, or even the world itself. Mrs. Parker's foreword is a very deft and genial work of art, too.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

LOOK YOUR LAST, by John Stephen Strange. Barney Gantt, the detective news photographer, recently turned feature writer too, gets interested in the murder of a Mr. Smith in New York in 1941. Smith, it seems, had connections with members of the international oil cartel and these gentlemen, in turn, were open-minded about the ideas of Hess and his gang. The result is a really splendid tangle which should keep you interested even if you're cool toward stories of international intrigue. One of the best of this season's crop of mysteries.

UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN, by Mignon G. Eberhart. The evidence, as usual, piles up alarmingly against one of Mrs. Eberhart's helpless heroines, a young woman who isn't used to finding corpses on her estate, near an Army camp in Florida. The weather is bad, things keep going splash in the river all night, and you are assured of your full quota of horrors as well as a very workmanlike plot.

•

ANTICOSTI, island province of Quebec, Canada, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, 49° to 50° N., 61° 40′ to 64° 30′ W., length 135 m., breadth 30 m. Pop. 250, chiefly lighthouse-keepers.—*From the Encyclopædia Britannica.*

And their daughters?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Savannah (Ga.) Evening Press*]

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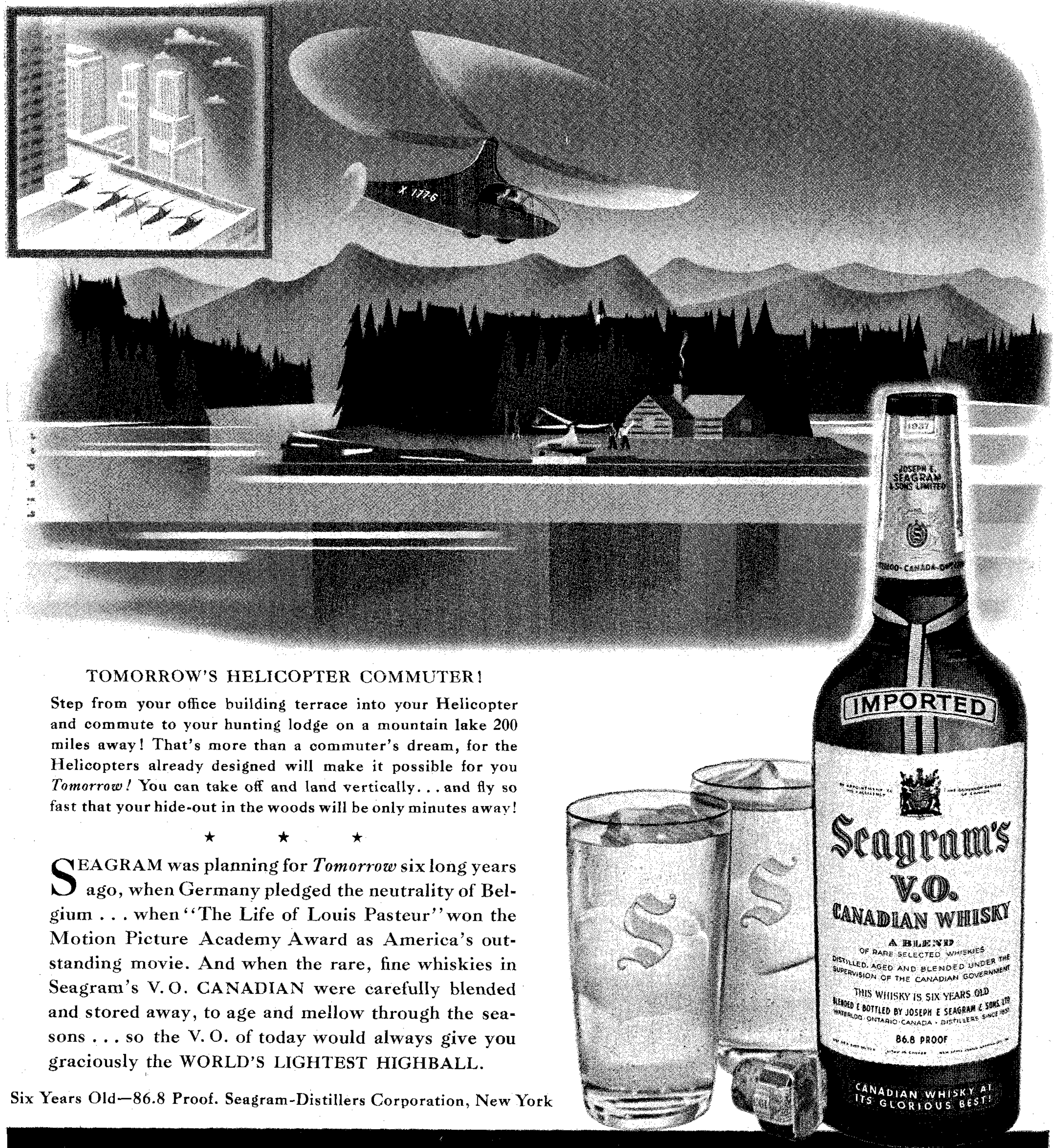
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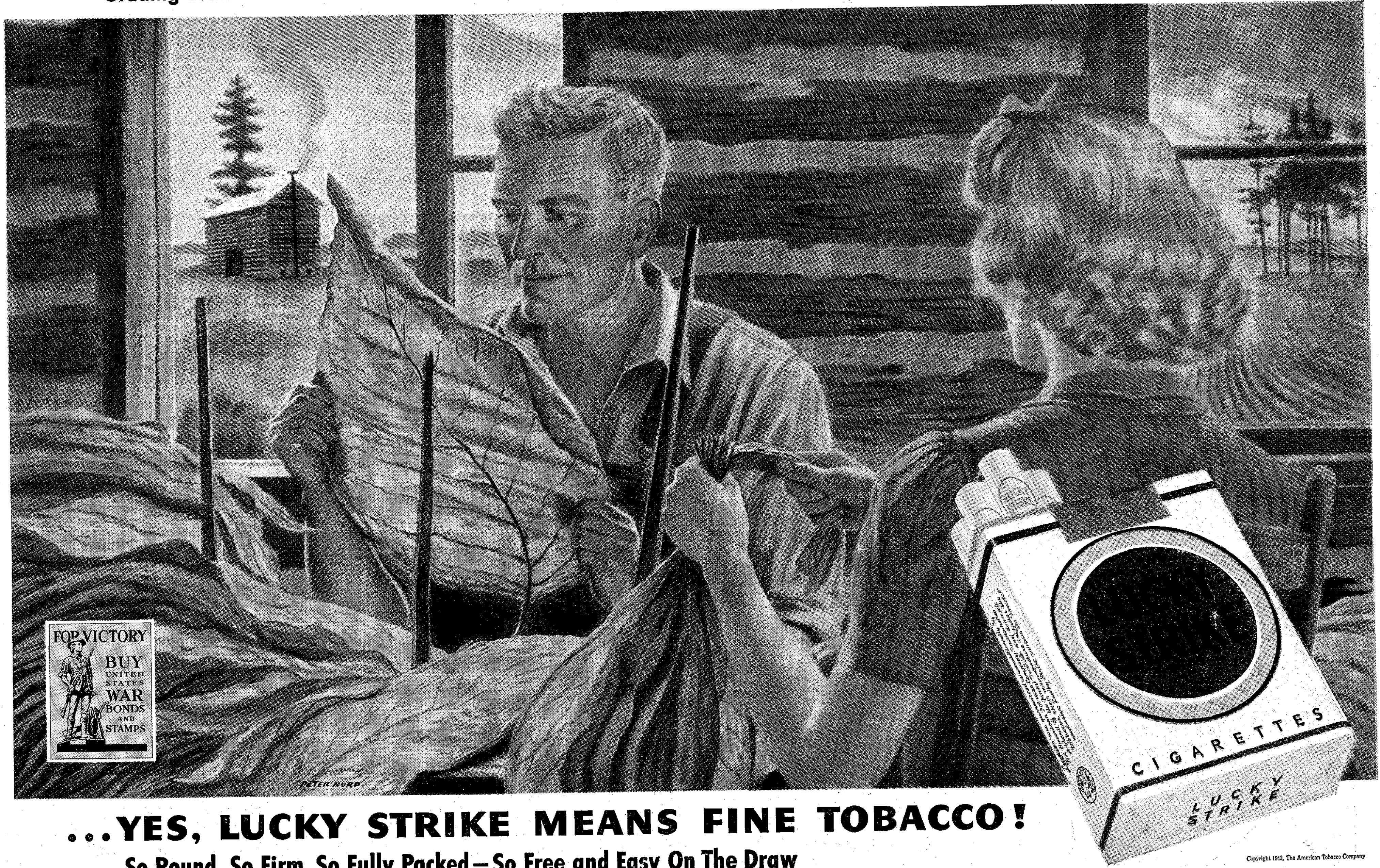
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